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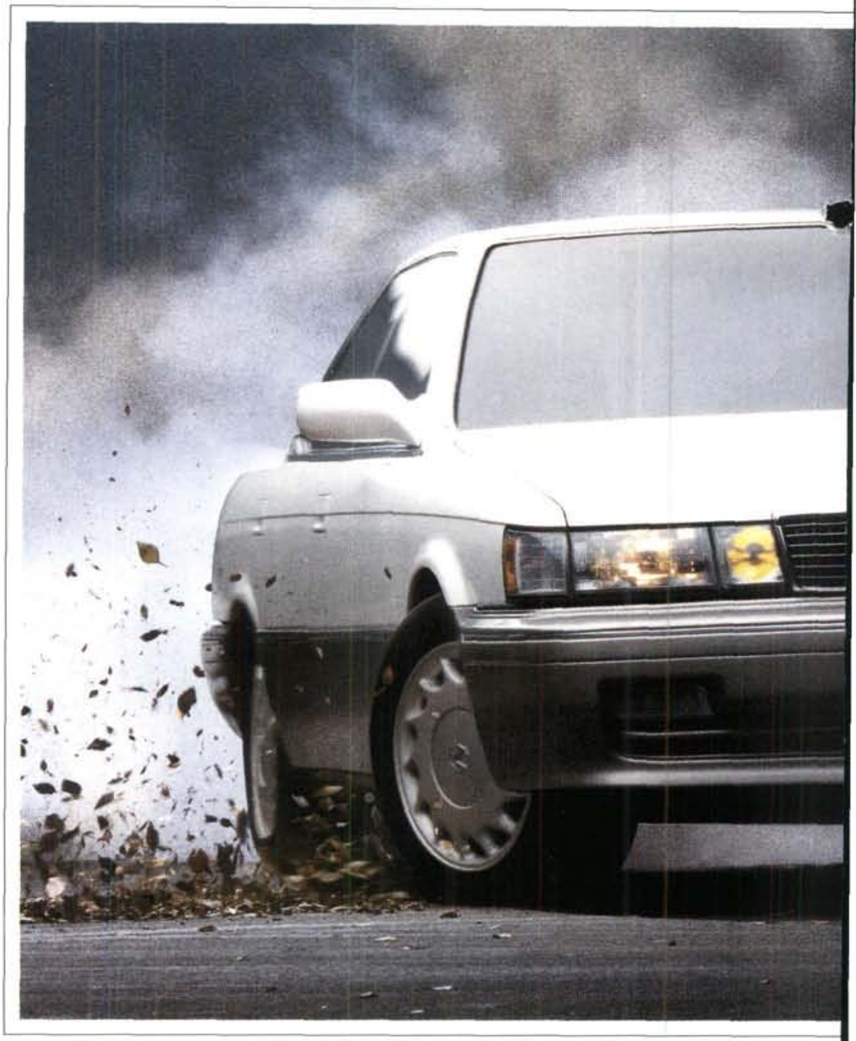

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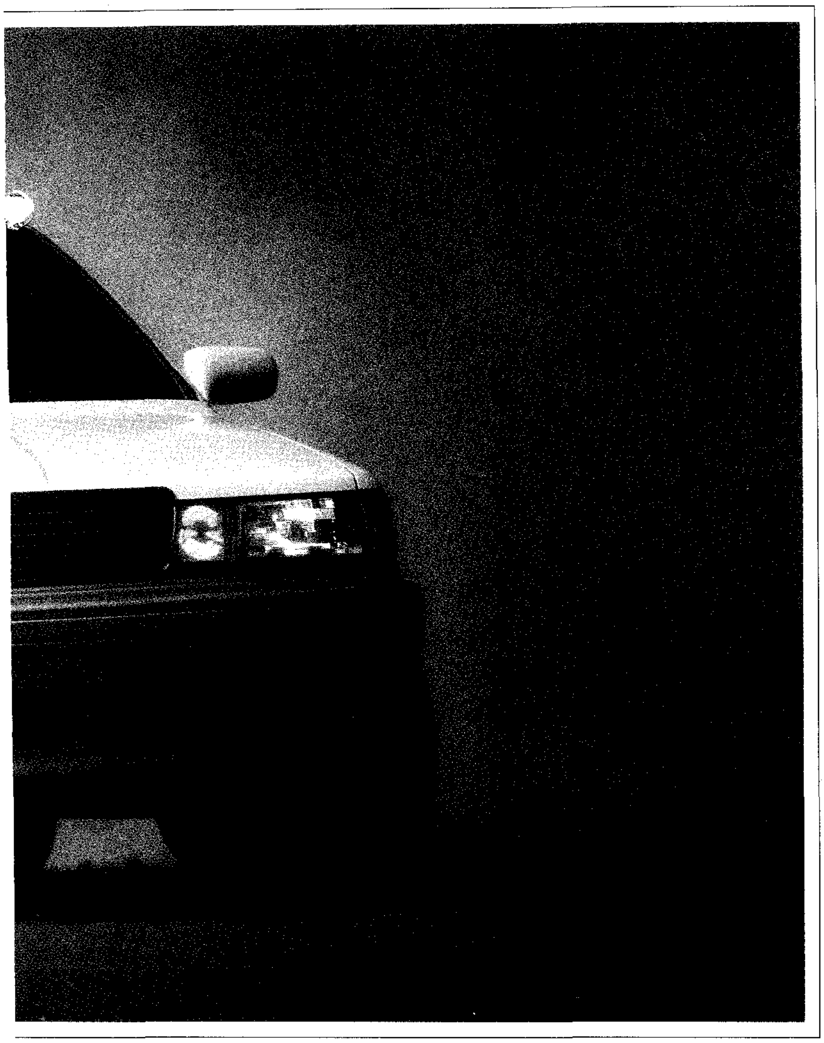

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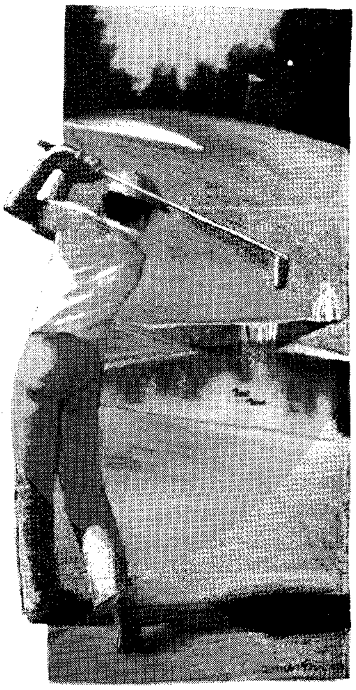

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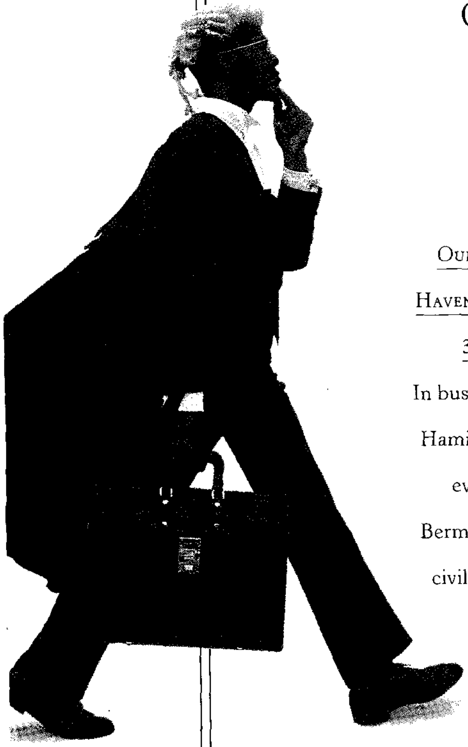

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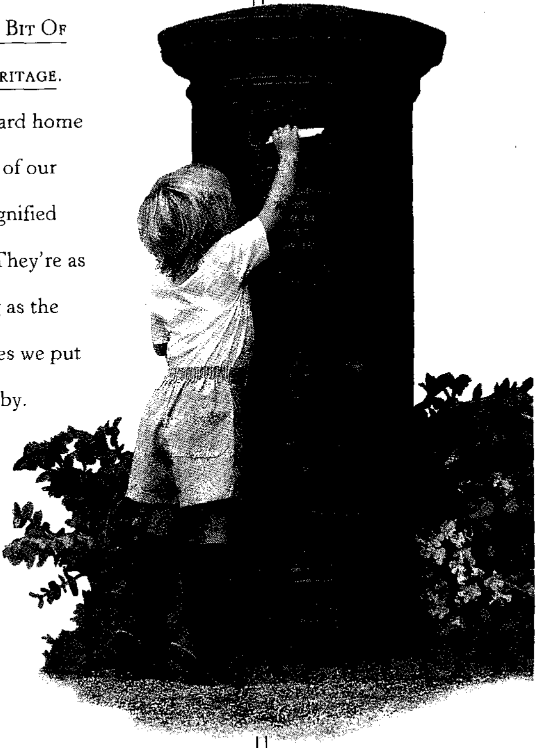

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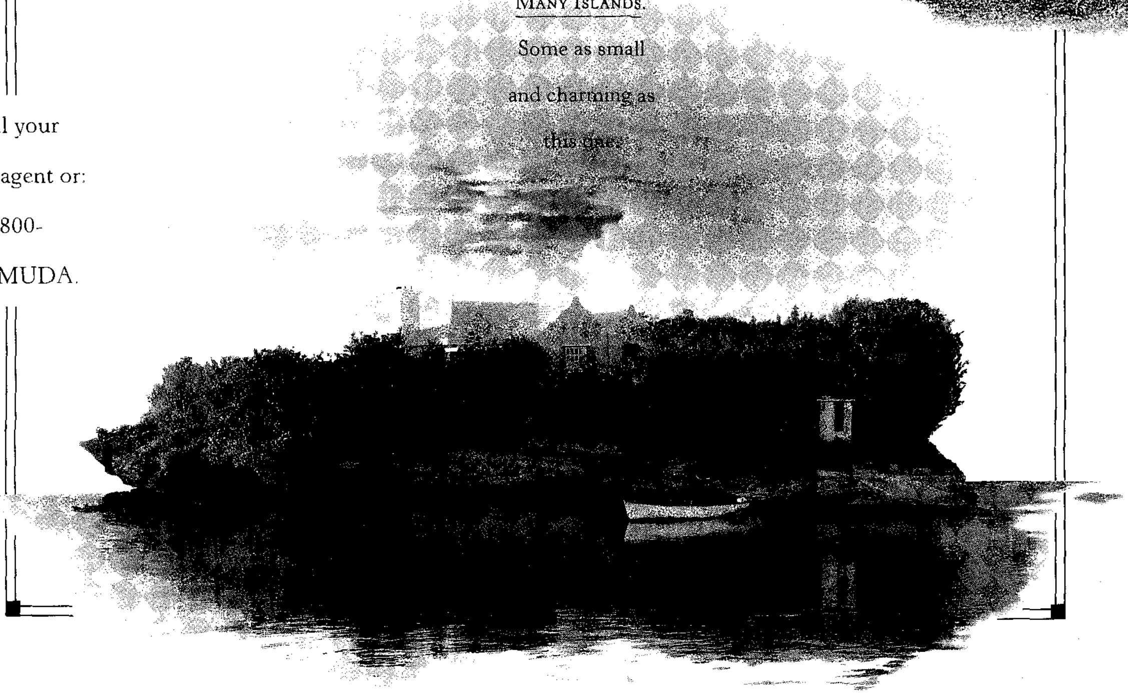

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THERE are perhaps no theatrical devotees more fervent than the fans of Stephen Sondheim. The critical drubbing received by the composer's last show, "Assassins," did not dishearten them; if anything, it strengthened their allegiance, helping to mark who among them were true believers and who mere fellow-travellers. Many of these enthusiasts made a transatlantic trip during the past few months to catch the recently closed London production of Sondheim's grimmer-than-Grimm 1987 show, "Into the Woods." They brought back delighted reports about the direction and the design (by the unregenerate English aesthetes Richard Jones and Richard Hudson, late of "La Bête"), and about the audiences ("God, it was good to be among people who consider fairy tales fit fare for grownups"). Some of their largest dollops of praise, however, were reserved for an Act I duet that was added to the show in London.

The new number, called "Our Little World," falls between "Maybe They're Magic" and "I Know Things Now." Sung by Rapunzel and the Witch, it sets up the pair's later duet, "Stay with Me," and features well-known Sondheim themes and technical devices. ("Children are a blessing if you know where they are," the song begins. "Nothing's so distressing, though, / As when they keep you guessing / So be sure you don't leave any doors ajar.") Those who didn't make it to London don't have to wait for the recording of that cast (due in May) to meet up with the new selection. They can hear it this week, in a production of "Into the Woods" being given by the Fashion Institute of Technology Student Association's Theatre Ensemble (through March 23; call 760-7432 for reservations). Those who can bear to watch the musical shorn of the song should tune in to PBS on March 20, when "American Playhouse" will present "Into the Woods" with its original Broadway lineup.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER AND EBB—A musical revue, with Bob Cuccioli, Karen Mason, Brenda Pressley, Jim Walton, and Karen Ziemba. Opens March 18 at 6:30. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 246-0102.)

I HATE HAMLET—Nicol Williamson, Celeste Holm, and Evan Handler in a new comedy by Paul Rudnick. In previews. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

THE KINGFISH—A play about Huey Long by Larry L. King and Ben Z. Grant. With John McConnell in the title role. Previews through March 23. Opens March 24 at 3. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

MISS SAIGON—Jonathan Pryce, Lea Salonga, Hinton Battle, Barry K. Bernal, Liz Callaway, and Willy Falk in the musical by Claude-Michel Schönberg, Alain Boublil, and Richard Maltby, Jr. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. Previews begin March 23. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 563-2266.)

RED SCARE ON SUNSET—Charles Busch wrote and stars in this comedy about an actress battling Communism in nineteen-fifties Hollywood. The cast also includes Julie Halston and Arnie Kolodner. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

YORK THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting a revival of **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** Jack Cirillo heads the sixteen-member cast. Opens March 22 at 8, and runs through April 28. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366.)

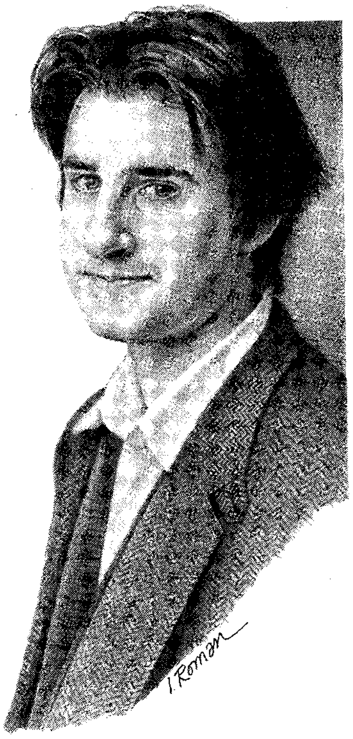
PYGMALION—Anthony Heald is Professor Henry Higgins, Madeleine Potter is Eliza Doolittle, and Earle Hyman is Colonel Pickering in this production of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Paul Weidner. Previews through March 23. Opens March 24 at 2. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

NEW THIS SEASON

ABSENT FRIENDS—Alan Ayckbourn's almost continuously funny comedy, with melancholy undertones, about three English suburban couples who give a tea for an old friend whose fiancée has recently drowned. As the action proceeds, we come to realize that he is in better shape, emotionally speaking, than anyone present. The performance, under Lynne Meadow's direction, is all any playwright could wish for. Peter Frechette is the bereaved; Brenda Blethyn is the hostess; and Ellen Parker, Gillian Anderson, David Purdham, and John Curless are among the consolers. The distinguished setting and costumes are by John Lee Beatty and Jane Greenwood. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/25/91.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes March 24.)

BELLE REPRIEVE—A version of "A Streetcar Named Desire," with the Split Britches and Bloolips ensembles. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway, entrance on North Moore St. 274-1450. Closes March 31.)

THE BIG LOVE—Tracey Ullman stars in a comedy by Brooke Allen and Jay Presson Allen. It is based on Florence Aadland and Tedd Thomey's 1961 book about an affair that Aadland's teen-age daughter had with Errol Flynn. (3/18/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



Jon Robin Baitz, author of "The Substance of Fire"

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (11/19/90) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CAMP LOGAN—A play by Celeste Bedford Walker. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918. Closes March 31.)

CANDIDA—Laurie Kennedy has the title role in this production of Shaw's play. Presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company and directed by Gus Kaikkonen. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

CARREÑO—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—**ROAD TO NIRVANA**, Arthur Kopit's comedy about a pair of Hollywood producers, is a work of inspired ridicule. Doffing its cap to Mamet's "Speed-the-Plow," it takes off on its own in dialogue that is conducted almost entirely in obscenities. Obscenity could seldom have been used with more ingenuity or humor. The performance goes well under Jim Simpson's direction. Jon Polito and Peter Riegert play the producers, and Saundra Santiago is the gorgeous girlfriend of one of them. (3/18/91) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes March 31.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in a revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

THE FEVER—A one-man play written by, and starring, Wallace Shawn. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. March 21-31 at 8.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and direction are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

A FIERCE ATTACHMENT—Tovah Feldshuh in a one-woman play written by Edward M. Cohen and based on Vivian Gornick's memoir of the same name. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667. Closes March 24.)

HENRY IV, PARTS I AND II—The sixteenth and seventeenth plays in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, both directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. (3/11/91) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Both plays close April 7.)

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—A revival of the 1962 Jerome Weidman–Harold Rome musical, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes March 24.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

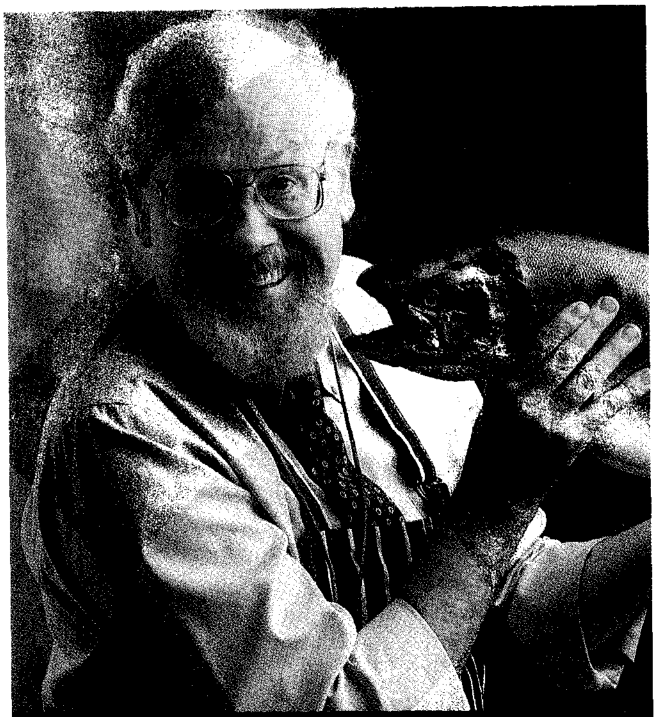
JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting three plays in rotating repertory: Ibsen's **WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN** (through March 29) and a double bill of George Büchner's **WOYZECK** and **LEONCE AND LENA,** which were adapted by Eric Bentley. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

THE LEARNED LADIES—The Molière work, in a new translation by Freyda Thomas. Featuring Jean Stapleton. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 7.)

LOST IN YONKERS—A new play by Neil Simon. The cast consists of Irene Worth, Mercedes Ruehl, Kevin Spacey, Jamie Marsh, Danny Gerard, Lauren Klein, and Mark Blum. Directed by Gene Saks. (3/11/91) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

MAMBO MOUTH—John Leguizamo's one-man show, in which he portrays seven Hispanic characters. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

MULE BONE—This play with music, a collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes, was written in 1930, during the Harlem Renaissance, but was never produced, because the authors quarrelled. The setting is a small Florida town with an exclusively black population. The first act, brimming with episodes (and humor and characters), is just this side of chaos, but the second act tells a clear story about the trial of a young man who knocks out his best



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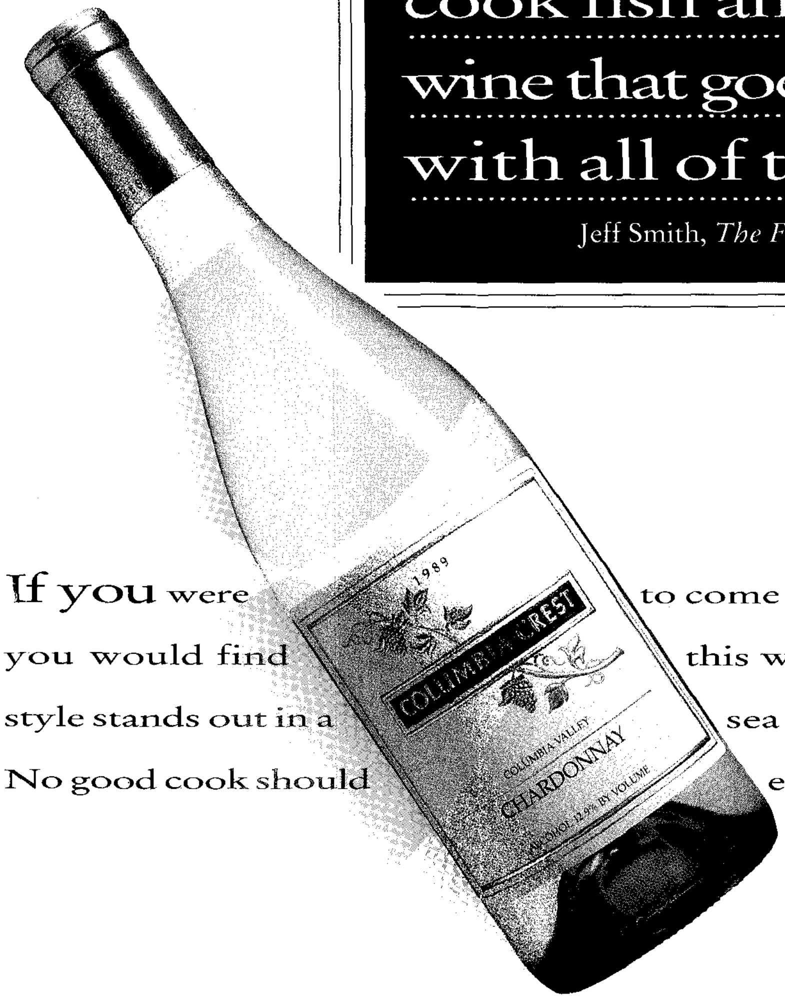
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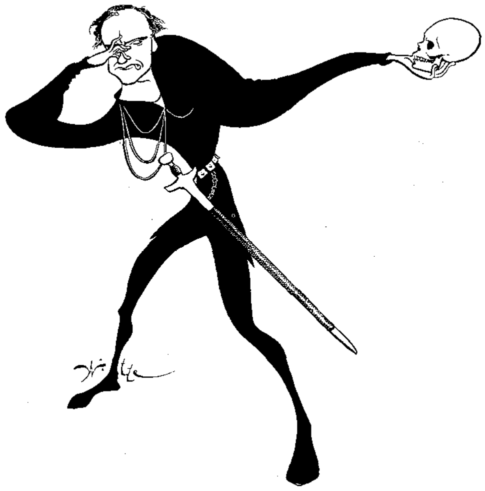
friend with a mule bone. Under the strong direction of Michael Schultz, every moment is lively. The members of the company represent the cream of black theatre over the past twenty years or so. Taj Mahal was both composer and arranger. (2/25/91) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The troupe's season opens with **THE LITTLE TOMMY PARKER CELEBRATED COLORED MINSTREL SHOW,** a new play by Carlyle Brown. (Master Theatre, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St. 663-8170. Closes March 31.)

Occasional Grace—A "site-specific" production by the En Garde Arts company. Written by Michael Ahn, Neena Beber, Magdalia Cruz, and Talvin Wilks, with music by Amina Claudine Myers. Directed by Bill Rauch. (St. Luke's Lutheran Church, 308 W. 46th St. Closes March 23. For information about tickets, call 274-8123.)



Nicol Williamson in "I Hate Hamlet"

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Room of One's Own—Patrick Garland's adaptation of the Virginia Woolf classic, starring Eileen Atkins. The show is imported from London; Mr. Garland directed. (3/18/91) (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film about C. S. Lewis that he wrote for the BBC is essentially a tourist trap. It Broadwayizes everything that in the movie was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky; with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

The Speed of Darkness—Steve Tesich's play—about a Vietnam veteran named Joe, his family, his war buddy, and his guilty secret—is unsatisfactory, despite the presence of Len Cariou, Stephen Lang, and Lisa Eichhorn, among other good actors. (3/11/91) (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Substance of Fire—A play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Patrick Breen, Sarah Jessica Parker, Ron Rifkin, Jon Tenney, and Maria Tucci. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Sum of Us—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Taking Steps—This very funny farce by the inspired English playwright Alan Ayckbourn is a technical as well as a dramatic triumph. The action, which takes place in a three-story suburban house, is played on a one-level set; the actors mime climbing up and down steps indicated on a path surrounding the set. The plot deals with a marriage that is coming apart, to the surprise and shock of the husband. The performances, unfortunately, do not match the precision of the play (except for those of Christopher Benjamin, as the husband, and Spike McClure, as a young solicitor). But no ineptitude can dim the brilliance of this comedy. (3/4/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run will celebrate its thirty-first birthday in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** A 1970 musical by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Sherman Yellen. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it recreates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

DANCE

THERE may be some dance fans in New York who still aren't aware that Merce Cunningham will be bringing to City Center this week his new work "Trackers," whose choreography he generated with the aid of a computer. There may also be a Loch Ness monster in Scotland or a yeti skulking around Tibet. Of course, in the case of "Trackers," verification of its existence will not, alone, give the idea life. Many people still have trouble absorbing the results of Mr. Cunningham's old ideas, like his use of chance in the sequencing of choreographic phrases. If you go to the theatre not only to study dancing moment by moment but also to glimpse the long threads of fantasy, physical exposition, and covert intelligence that make dancing an art form—albeit one that is woven and unravelled night after night, like the fibres of Penelope's tapestry—then Mr. Cunningham's methods can seem arbitrary, even arrogant, at least when they're considered in the abstract. When his dancers are actually dancing before you, they configure themselves into all sorts of warm-blooded images. But then, as soon as you begin to respond with a quickening pulse and a sharpened focus—that is, from the emotions outward—you must remind yourself, "Wait, there's no intention to deal with emotion here." The whole experience is "tantalizing but disquieting."

That last phrase is Mr. Cunningham's; during a recent press conference, he used it to describe the experience of composing dance on the computer, which he does with the aid of a sophisticated program in three-dimensional animation, developed at Simon Fraser University. He especially likes how the program can function as an instantly readable notation system. "The dancers can look at this and *do*," he said. "It's immediate." We observed that by taking the choreographic process out of the studio and putting it on a screen he seems to be bypassing psychology at last. "Psychology!" he said, and roared with laughter. "Nothing bypasses that."

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. March 19 at 8: "Polarity," "Trackers" (première), and "Cargo X." . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: "Points in Space," "August Pace," and "Trackers." . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Polarity," "Native Green," and "Trackers." . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: "Points in Space," "August Pace," and "Pictures." . . . ¶ March 23 at 2: "Exchange," "Native Green," and "Inventions." . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: "Polarity," "Neighbors," and "Trackers." . . . ¶ March 24 at 3: "Neighbors," "August Pace," and "Trackers." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Music and Dance of Sumatra—Three troupes of dancers and musicians from the Aceh and Minangkabau regions of Sumatra. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 19-23 at 8 and March 24 at 2 and 7:30.) . . . **NOTE:** An audience discussion with the companies will follow the performance on March 22.

Tere O'Connor—Presenting "Grounded Angel Triptych" and "Nursing the Newborn Pig" (première). With a company of six dancers. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 21-23 at 8:30 and March 24 at 3.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through April 7. March 26 at 8: "Cantilever Two," "Killer-of-Enemies" (première), and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Today, with Dragon," "New Moon," and "Heyoka." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Steve Kriekhaus—In the New York premières of "Missouri Pacific," "Address," and "5 Scenes from the Plumber's Dream." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 27-30 at 8:30.)

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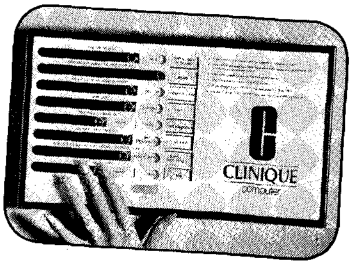

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NIGHT LIFE

WHEN we last heard Sally Ann Howes, last summer, she was musing that it was queer to be losing her timing this late in her career. This was, of course, in the lyrics to the song "Send in the Clowns," the show-stopper delivered by Désirée Armfeldt, the actress-of-a-certain-age in Sondheim's "A Little Night Music." Miss Howes sang her song from the stage of the twenty-eight-hundred-seat New York State Theatre. The part fit her like a glove. After all, in her almost fifty years in "the profession" she has proved a trouper through and through: scion of a British theatrical family, a child film star (in the early nineteen-forties), a West End and Broadway favorite in such shows as "Brigadoon" and "My Fair Lady" (a lead she inherited from Julie Andrews).

Now Miss Howes is figuring out how to scale down to a more intimate venue, with the Algonquin's hundred-seat Oak Room hosting her cabaret début. "I just love the word 'début,' " she said at the outset of her show. "It has such a youthful ring to it!" Not so her matronly, operetta-style soprano, which packs its strongest punch in numbers of a mature inclination, like "Losing My Mind" (from "Follies") and Cole Porter's "Make It Another Old-Fashioned, Please" (served here from atop the piano, with a full measure of bitters). Elsewhere, the spirit of début abounds. Opening night included several memory lapses (worthily recovered, to be sure: "I'm not used to seeing so many people so near to me!"), a nervous fit of giggles, and an oddly decorous stab at cabaret programming. The show is terribly wholesome—it includes a medley about dancing, another about beauty, and another about her late son, the composer Christopher Adler, and it even ends with a *hymn*.

It's a pleasant way to spend an hour, especially if you've always wished you had a classy British aunt. But you may leave wondering why Miss Howes didn't sing a Noël Coward set, and why the waiters forgot to come round with tea.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

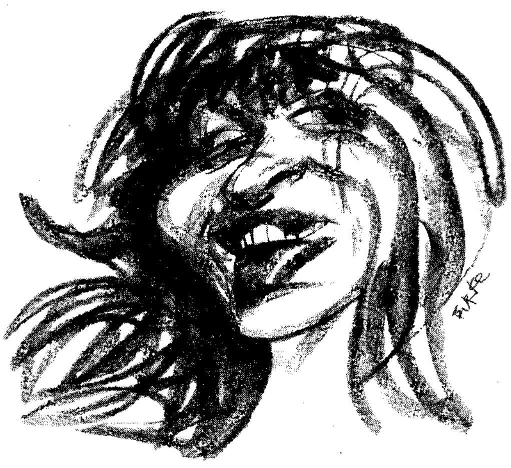
Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer **SALLY ANN HOWES** is currently making her cabaret début in the Oak Room. Shows, which continue through April 6, take place Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **LA GRAN SCENA OPERA COMPANY,** an all-male troupe that pokes fun at a few of opera's sacred cows, begins a run on March 19. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine. Also beginning on March 19, cabaret singer **SHARON MC NIGHT** holds forth at eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays and at nine on Sundays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. March 18-21 belongs to the **JAY LEONHART** trio, and the fiery saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads an octet March 22-23. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. R. & B. singer **RUTH BROWN,** who was in John Waters' "Hairspray" and won a Tony for her performance in Broadway's "Black and Blue," will be on hand March 19-24. The pop-jazz trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** begins work on March 26, along with Big Bop Nouveau. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON** is around through March 19, followed by **SUN RA** and his Intergalactic Arkestra on March 20. **RONNIE SPECTOR,** whose career stretches back to the days when she sang "Be My Baby," etc., for the Ronettes, is here March 22-23. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.



Ronnie Spector at the Bottom Line

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because once the first chord is struck, the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. Saxophonist **RALPH MOORE'S** foursome is in residence through March 23. Bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** pianist **BENNY GREEN,** and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** work out beginning March 25. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, beginning March 19, **EARTHA KITT.** Ms. Kitt, who doesn't so much sing her lyrics—mostly tales of men and money—as growl them, and who stalks a stage like a lioness protecting her cubs, has a staggering list of stage, TV, and recording credits. One of her most recent projects was recording a dance single, "Cha Cha Heels," with Bronski Beat. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano beginning March 19. Sets from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Bell-bottoms and peace signs aren't the only nostalgia craze in town: at the Cat Club on Sunday nights, the nineteen-thirties are in vogue. On other nights of the week, the club attracts a scruffy leather-and-lace crowd, but Sundays belong to the Swing Dance Society, whose passion is the Lindy Hop, a dance named after Charles Lindbergh. The dancers are young and old, graceful and flatfooted; the drink of choice is the Swing Dance Punch; and the staff looks alternately bemused and bewildered by the genteel crowd. March 24 belongs to the Joe Carson big band. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. The **GOO GOO DOLLS** perform on March 23. Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL'S** quartet is in charge for two weeks beginning March 19. The **CLIFFORD JORDAN** big band claims Mondays. Music after nine.

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside, you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar. The place brightens up considerably at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows Mondays and Tuesdays at nine, Wednesdays and Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays).

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Not the place for those who fear intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **FRANK MORGAN,** an L.A.-based alto saxophonist who released his first, Charlie Parker-influenced album in 1955 and whose style still incorporates large doses of bop, leads a quartet March 19-24. The singer-pianist-composer **MOSE ALLISON** kicks off on March 26. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—At this posh-looking Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of business people and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which belongs to **JOANNE BRACKEEN** March 19-24; **CALVIN HILL** is on bass. The week beginning March 26 belongs to vibist **WARREN CHIASSON,** pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS,** and bassist **STAFFORD JAMES.** Music from six-thirty.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The schedule, in part: **CLARK TERRY** on March 19, **JUDY BARNETT** on March 23, and **WARREN VACHÉ** on March 26. Music from eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—From the outside, this club, which is housed in a long, low brick building in deserted far-west Chelsea, looks like either a bowling alley or an automobile showroom, but inside you'll find all sorts of African music, as well as calypso, reggae, and other world-beat stuff.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **LORI CARSON** is here on March 19; singer-raconteur **GIL SCOTT-HERON** performs solo on March 24; and **DRUNKEN BOAT,** among others, holds forth on March 26. Music after nine.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A no-frills rock club just off the West Side Highway. **RIDE,** an up-and-coming outfit that combines trippy Byrds tendencies with some darker-sounding guitar noise, performs on March 22, at ten. The Samples will be here on March 23 at 9.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: it's a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to cover with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. **RIDE** is here on March 21, with Springhouse; **YO LA TENGO,** who in recent shows have returned to their earlier, feedback-saturated selves, perform on March 22; and the grungy Boston outfit the **LYRES,** the official garage-rock band of the East Coast, claims March 23. Show times at ten on Thursdays and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. **HELEN REDDY** is the current attraction. In the early seventies, it was hard to turn on a radio without hearing "Delta Dawn," "Angie Baby," "I Am Woman," or some other Reddy blockbuster. In recent years, the singer has continued to perform—in the theatre as well as the concert hall—but the place her name crops up most often is on late-night-TV ads for compilation records. Her show here is her New York cabaret début. Dining. Music at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. **VINCE GIORDANO** and his swellegant band, the **NIGHTHAWKS,** perform music by Fletcher Henderson, Hoagy Carmichael, and other old-timers every Tuesday. Music from five on Sundays, from eight on Mondays, from eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from five-thirty on Wednesdays and Fridays, and from nine on Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you can usually find some worthwhile bands. **MEAT LOAF,** whose teen drama "Bat out of Hell" was, believe it or not, one of the biggest-selling albums of the seventies, performs on March 23. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** and his quintet continue through March 24; trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and his foursome commence on March 26. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** a band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis, holds sway March 18-21. The avant-garde pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** is in charge March 22-24; and **BUTCH MORRIS'S** eleven-piece outfit begins work on March 26. Music at nine-thirty.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

HAS Oliver Stone convinced you, too, that Jim Morrison was the demigod who died for our sins (or at least the sins of Los Angelenos) and inspired you to live life in the Lizard King's image? Well, then, get thee to Sunset Boulevard. But not to the Whisky A Go-Go or any of those clubs along the Strip where the leader of the soft parade unleashed his lyric power. If the Rider on the Storm, praised be he, ever wished to appear in a vision to a majority of his brethren, he would do best to materialize a little further east—directly over Ralphs supermarket, to be exact, right before La Brea.

Rockin' Ralphs, as it's known as far west as Venice Beach, is not near any rock club of distinction, yet after nine P.M. its clientele must be responsible for half the West Coast sales of Black Rage by Fanci-Full. Up and down the aisles they meander, singing, dancing, rockin' out, headphones turned up to nine, munching one or two potato chips from a bag they've taken off the shelf (then putting it back), or eating half a banana. Jim would be proud of them. Not one person buys anything healthful.

—"No! I will not eat that," screams a damsel with crimson-and-poison-apple streaks to her boyfriend with a canary-yellow forelock. "How can you buy that for breakfast? Spam ruined my life!" Frantically, she searches the wall of cereal, asking fellow-shoppers, "Franken Berry, have you seen Franken Berry? I love that and Count Chocula." Nix on both. Happily, love rules again with the sighting of a two-foot-in-diameter plastic-wrapped pepperoni pizza.

—"I'm thirsty," says a Chrissie Hynde look-alike to her boyfriend, who's up ahead, engrossed in his beer selection. Thinking she's alone, she picks up a container of fresh orange juice, rips off the seal, and throws her head too far back for a chug, propelling herself backward to the floor as the quart empties its contents all over her. But rock's women are tough. She rights herself, runs her sticky fingers through her sticky hair, pushes her cart past her beloved, calmly whispering to his back, "I'm heading for paper towels."

—Two dudes are sailin' at the cash register, emptying their cart in tandem, with Nicholas Brothers precision, when one of them stops dead in mid-clutch. "How can you?" he asks the other, holding a fifth of rum in his face, "This stuff can kill you." Turning on his heel, he disappears down an aisle with the offending bottle, re-emerging with another. "Drink this, and you'll thank me," he says as the cashier rings up the fifth of Scotch.

—"Honey, let's get SpaghettiOs," he says. "Can't we get Chef Boy-ar-dee ravioli?" she says. "But I like SpaghettiOs," he says. "But I grew up on this stuff," she says. "O.K., let's get both," he says. "I'm going to get a can opener and then we can eat them both in the car!" she says. "Yeah, both!" he says.

Love me two times, babe.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—The hundred-and-twenty-first version of the Greatest Show on Earth. (Nassau Coliseum. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-516 794-9300. Through March 19. . . . ¶ Madison Square Garden. March 21-April 28. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

"The Easter Show"—A springtime extravaganza, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. March 22-April 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Big Apple Circus—In its annual visit to the outer boroughs. (Cunningham Park, Queens. March 25-April 7. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

Virtual Reality—Three nights in which artists—including John Dykstra, Florence Ormezzano, and Christin Clark—show off their computer-generated environments. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. March 21-23 at 8.)

Jessie Allen—In a performance called "History, or Lying in My Kitchen," in which dolls, clay, and chocolate-chip cookies are used as props. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 979-7362. March 21-24 at 8.)

Penny Arcade—In "La Miseria," a one-woman performance work about growing up in an Italian-American family. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. March 21-24 at 9:30. Through March 31.)

"Seventeen Kilos of Garlic"—A monologue with music (a six-piece jazz band) and dance by Dan Froot. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. March 21-23 at 10.)

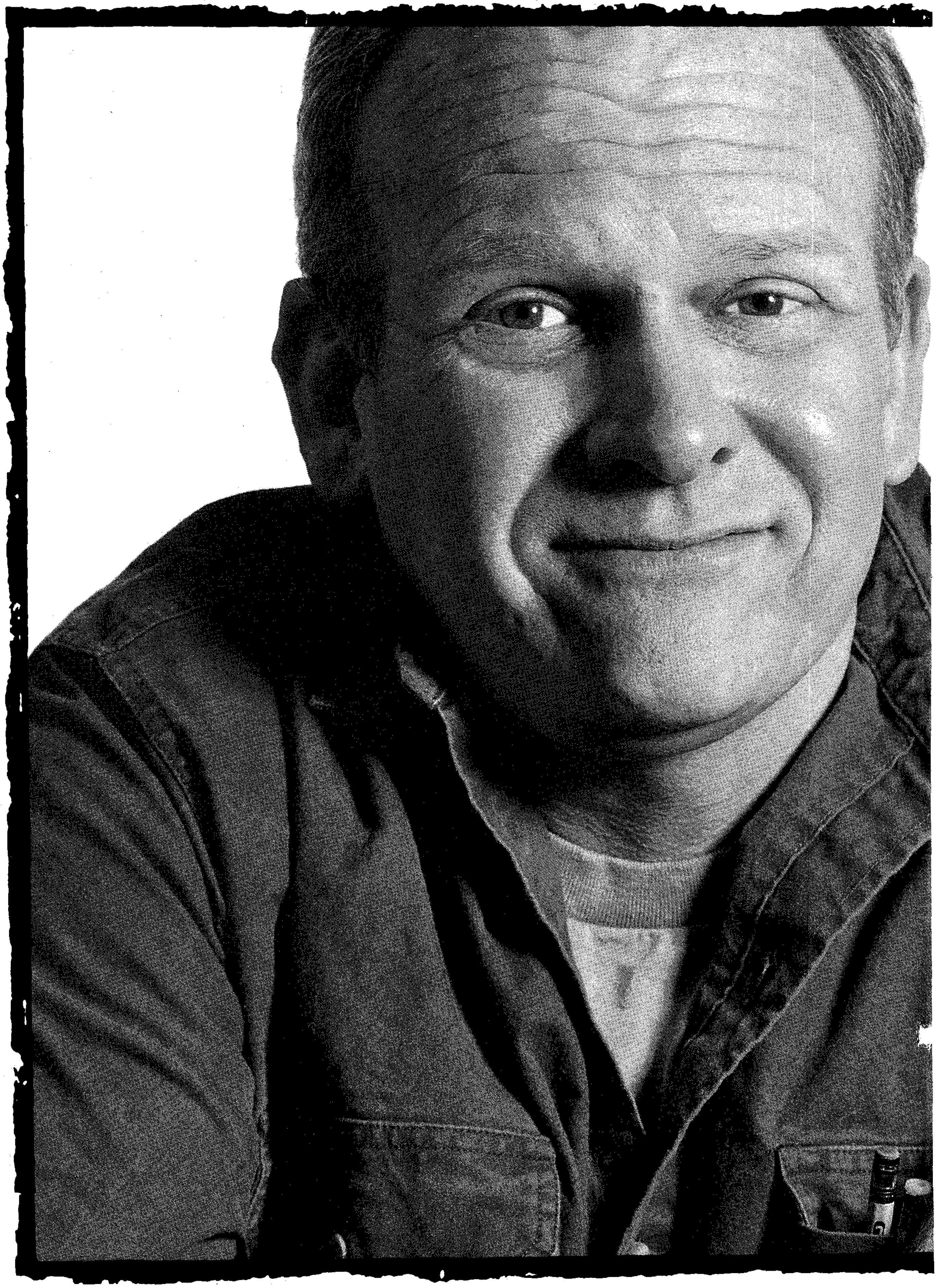
Hasty Pudding Club—A hundred-and-forty-three-year-old tradition, in which young Harvard men dress in clothes their grandmothers might have worn (had they been a little less respectable) and put on a show. This year's musical is "Safari Sagoodi," a sendup of Hollywood in the nineteen-forties. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. March 22 at 8 and March 23 at 5 and 9.)

"Combination Skin"—A one-act performance, written and directed by Lisa Jones, with members of the Rodeo Caldonia High Fidelity Performance Theatre. The singer Alva Rogers caps the evening. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. March 23 at 8 and March 24 at 3.)

Dagmar Onassis—A Greek-American contralto, sometimes also known as John Kelly. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 24 at 8:30.)

ROLLING

"Fast Track" and "Speedwheels," two of the newest examples of public art in the subway system, hang on walls at either end of the grim passageway that connects the Grand Central–Times Square shuttle and the 4, 5, 6, and 7 trains. High-spirited assemblages of metal parts, they include copper springs and bars, steel wheels, brass disks, and wavy aluminum sheets that, says artist Dan Sinclair, the works' creator, "remind me of what a hankie would look like if you fluttered it out of a subway-car window." The sculptures bring to mind many other images of motion: the bars between the wheels evoke the machinery on old-fashioned locomotives; the disks, which are deeply grooved in tightly packed concentric circles, resemble spinning records; and the six strips of steel projecting from the left flank of "Speedwheels" look like the tail of a falcon in flight. Sinclair says that he intended "to create works that seem to have grown on the site," and that the most common question passersby ask about his handiwork is, "Does it really move?"



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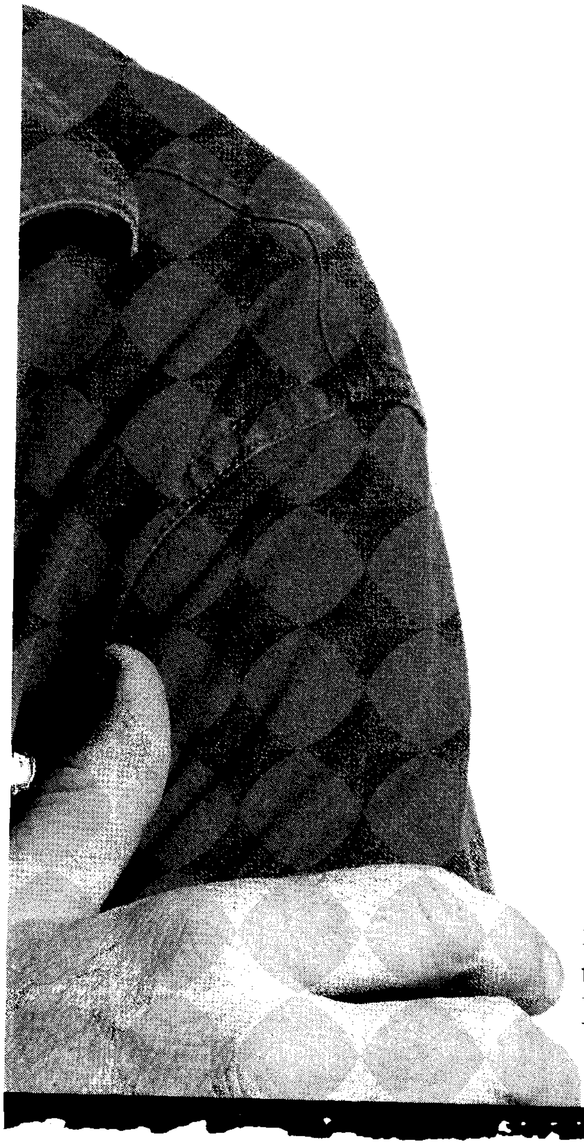

"The idea of computers in the factory used to scare the daylights out of me. Now I run one."

"I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.

"But what happened is, they retooled the plant and while that was going on they sent me to school, to an IBM-sponsored course at the community college.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART

R. M. **Fischer** has been among the brighter stars of a tinkerers' revival since the late seventies. At that time, without being too cute about it, he made fountains and light fixtures with low-tech elements such as plastic buckets and watering cans. Jeff Koons was working in a very similar vein at the time, and as Koons got slicker and more ambitious, so did Fischer. But Fischer did not move on to neo-Pop, kitsch, or hyperconsumerism. He moved on to more serious hardware and scavenged parts, and his sculptures, while still usually functional, soon began to convey a sense of high craftsmanship, even of piss-elegance. His last show, for instance, a season or so ago, featured elaborate clocks—very sophisticated and rather gorgeous architectonic timepieces—that were reminiscent of Art Deco.

Fischer's current show (Janis, 110 West 57th Street; open Mondays, through March 23) seems both a summary and a breakthrough. Like the circa-1980 pieces, these new works have a ramshackle air, function simultaneously as fountains and light sources, and are composed of assorted found, store-bought, and fabricated parts. Like the artist's mid- and late-eighties work, they have a sensuous metallic sheen and look expensive. What's new is their overt symbolism and elegiac clout. Fischer's work now seems far closer in spirit to Christian Boltanski's than to Koons'. "Adam's Ribs," for example—with its bucket, tubing, and brass-boned triptych, to which Stars of David have been affixed—at once suggests the figure of a post-industrial archangel and an aesthete-plumber's basement shrine.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A very atmospheric array of the classic Suprematist works of Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with early, chunky Fauvist figures, and a number of intensely peculiar late paintings from the thirties. Even in the earliest paintings one can sense the pulsating, from-the-feet-up energy that, when mixed with the romance of Slavic folklore, has traditionally meant spirit in Russian art. It becomes quite clear, too, that Malevich's Suprematist works—paintings like the amazing "Black Square," "Black Cross," and "Black Circle," all from 1923, or his exquisite white-on-white compositions—are icons. Through March 24. . . . ¶ An exhibition of nine paintings and eleven works on paper by Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840). All the works were lent by the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums, in the Soviet Union. Through March 31. . . . ¶ "The Fauve Landscape" brings together nearly a hundred and twenty-five paintings made between 1904 and 1908 by the principal Fauvists—Derain, Matisse, Braque, and their circle of friends. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Seventeen Dutch-style cupboards made in the New York area between 1650 and 1800. Through April 7. . . . ¶ "Sacred Mountains in Chinese Art." Through March 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

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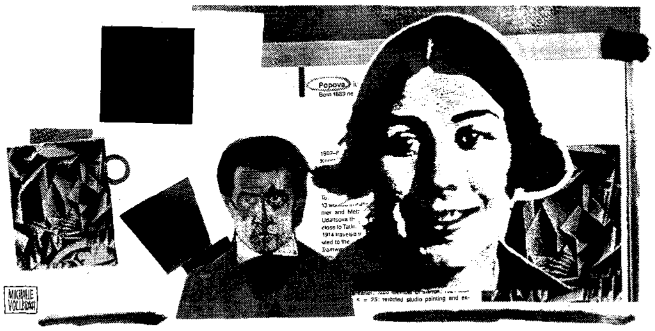
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Art of the Forties" is a cacophonous, exceptionally interesting show (including around three hundred works in many mediums, all from the museum's collection), chock-full of messy meanings and emotions and wild contrasts. There is Matisse's exultant "Jazz" but also the little-known Alton Pickens' perfectly ghoulish "Carnival." There is Pinin Farina's gleaming red sports car, the "Cistalia 202 GT," but also David Siqueiros' rough and mud-caked red "Hands." In short, the exhibition offers the viewer an intense and bifurcated picture of a decade that was itself schizophrenically fragmented. Through April 30. . . . ¶ "Liubov Popova." This unprecedented survey of paintings and drawings by an avant-gardist of the Russian revolutionary period provides an ideal counterpoint to the Malevich show currently at the Met. Popova (1889-1924) was clearly more of a sensualist, as well as a worldlier citizen, than her colleague. Her "Painterly Architectonics," for instance, from around 1916-18, which are among her best works, convey more visual charm but much less spiritual heat than Malevich's Suprematist icons. This exhibition is also at once more immediate and less dramatically moving than the one at the Met—perhaps in part because Popova died before the Stalinist chapter of the epic unfolded. With both shows in mind, however, one might politely suggest that Cubo-Futurism, seen en masse, is a bore. But Popova's brilliant book and costume designs are perhaps without rival in this period. Through April 23. . . . ¶ For the museum's "Projects" series, Michael Craig-Martin has created a mural-size three-part wall drawing using architectural drafting tape. Through April 23. (A complementary show of Craig-Martin's work is at Nolan, 560 Broadway, through April 6.) . . . ¶ "Ben Franklin Dreams the New World," a video installation by Peter Rose. Through May 12. . . . ¶ "British Photography from the Thatcher Years" includes seventy-five photographs by Martin Parr, John Davies, Paul Graham, Chris Killip, and Graham Smith. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Kasimir Malevich at the Met and Liubov Popova at MOMA

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of more than a hundred drawings by Jasper Johns. The works span the artist's career and are in a variety of mediums, including pencil, charcoal, pastel, oil crayon, and watercolor. Through April 7. . . . ¶ A small show of twenty-nine more or less surrealistic works on paper made between the late nineteen-thirties and the recent past. Many artist from the New York School—from Gerome Kamrowski to Robert Motherwell, from Pavel Tchelitchew to Jackson Pollock—are represented, along with such contemporary artists as Lee Bontecou and Carroll Dunham. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Sixty paintings, sculptures, and prints from the nineteen-eighties, including work by Barbara Kruger, Susan Rothenberg, and David Salle. Through March 24. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Albert Bierstadt." Appropriately subtitled "Art & Enterprise," this show—the first major Bierstadt exhibition in almost twenty years—is good old vulgar entertainment. This German-born, more or less self-taught late-Hudson River School painter (1830-1902) was an inspired stuntman-artist who relied on a grab bag of compositional and technical tricks to convey his visions of Manifest Destiny. Most often, this means anecdotal scenes and incidental details (dot-and-daub work) in the foreground, with broad and woozy strokes for mountains above and beyond. Through May 5. . . . ¶ "Sewing and Reaping: A Weaver's Tale" is a large-scale lobby installation by Reeva Potoff, composed of huge, diagonal, veil-like "curtains" that are anchored by the room's two front columns. The curtains suggest nets, leaves, ashes—evanescent nature. One of the columns is wrapped in a skeinlike covering composed of pages from the great 1911 edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica—evanescent reason. The second column has a "skirt" of carbon paper—evanescent, or obsolescent, technology. The title refers to Velázquez's painting "The Fable of Arachne"—the tale of a mortal weaver whose hubris caused Athena to turn her into a spider. Potoff's materials and allusions may be lovely, but this piece is too fuzzy for us. Through March 31. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An annual exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculptures. Artists represented include Martha Diamond, Theophilus Brown, Stanley Boxer, and Winifred Lutz. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—Thirty-eight contemporary Japanese quilts in a show that explores the American influence on Japanese quiltmaking. Through April 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—A show of thirty-five antique and contemporary quilts, along with crib and doll quilts and several pieces of quilted clothing. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A beautiful and entertaining group of drawings by the influential Swiss Romantic Henry Fuseli (1745-1825), who lived in London. Mad eighteenth-century hairdos abound (move over, Frida Kahlo!), along with highly literate depictions of scenes from Shakespeare and some very sexy interpretations of Greek mythology. In a melting "Eros and Psyche," from 1808, the curtain of modesty turns to vapor with one brush of Cupid's bow, and the artist, free now to boast, announces (in Greek), "This is, indeed, my Eros, not Titian's." Through March 28. . . . ¶ Eastman Johnson's "The Cranberry Harvest, Island of Nantucket" was first shown at the National Academy's 1880 annual exhibition, and it is now the centerpiece of a show that includes thirteen of the artist's other cranberry-harvest studies and paintings. Through March 24. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The first document presented by the museum in the "Markers of Change" series will be one of the twenty-three surviving original copies of the Declaration of Independence. . . . ¶ "Art What Thou Eat" is a show of eighty nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, all having to do with those three square meals a day. Images range from Samuel Marsden Brookes' "Steelhead Salmon"

(1885) to David Wojnarowicz's "Tuna" (1983). Through March 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

QUEENS MUSEUM, Flushing Meadow Park—"The AIDS Epidemic Series": twenty-one large-scale paintings and eight drawings by Luis Cruz Azaceta. Through April 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"KULCHER QUEEN AND KULCHER BOOKS"—An exhibition of more than forty books and magazines that Lita Hornick published through the Kulcher Press, including "Screen Tests," by Gerard Malanga and Andy Warhol, and "Interlocking Lives," by Alex Katz and Kenneth Koch. Through June 28. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

SHORT LIST—**HANNELORE BARON,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through April 20); **RALSTON CRAWFORD,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through April 20); **MARKUS LÜPERTZ,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through March 30); **JONATHAN SANTLOFER,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through March 30); **JOHN WALKER,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through April 2); **MAX WEBER,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JAMES COLEMAN—A major, museum-quality exhibition of narrative works by an Irish artist little known in this country. "Charon," a slick slide presentation with a documentary-style voice-over, consists of fourteen vignettes about "the photographer," a mutable character who is variably male and female, black and white, young and old. The show also includes a major video work as well as three films that can be viewed upon request. Through March 23. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BILL JENSEN—Of all the contemporary artists working in the line of American abstraction traceable to the nature-inspired paintings of Hartley and Dove, Jensen has always been the most compelling, the one psychic traveller who seems to have thrust himself into the very core of painting and come back with timeless realizations. Like his previous work, his new paintings are small and derived from nature, but his unparalleled, intense force fields of magnetic energy have given way to fragmented form and more lyrical imagery. These works are more studied, and even somewhat more labored. There are still reminders of the old, embattled scumbly surfaces, but now most of the paint is applied with a fluid brush. Perhaps Jensen's best works were born of conflict: the works here suggest a more resolved spirit. Through March 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK / EVA HESSE (1936-70)—Resnick's "Straw" paintings, from the early nineteen-eighties, are austere in spirit, despite their densely impastoed, loamy surfaces and their resonant earth tones, and they exude completeness. / A group of small gouaches from 1960 to 1961. These are sophisticated, restrained, yet remarkably intense little pieces. Here, as elsewhere in the Hesse œuvre, a seemingly fragile and precociously introspective sensibility is buttressed by the rigor of a formidable intellect. Through March 23. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

SHORT LIST—**JOE ANDOE** and **JAMES ROSENQUIST,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through March 23); **KAREL APPEL,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 6); **ROBERT CARACCIOLO,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through March 30); **JOHN CHAMBERLAIN,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through April 13); **DIETER HACKER,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 30); **JOHN HIMMELFARB,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 11); **GWEN JOHN,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through March 23), **WOLF KAHN,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 30); **LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 17); **MELISSA MEYER** and **JIM MELCHERT,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 23); **PAUL ROTTERDAM,** Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through March 23); **EMIL SCHUMACHER,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 6); **WILLIAM TUCKER,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through March 30); **TIMOTHY WOODMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 6).

GALLERIES—SoHo

GREG BARSAMIAN—These sculptures that transform before the eye in dazzling and dizzying ways fall into the how-did-he-do-that category. The main piece consists of a ring of toy helicopters, circling a darkened room, that turn into angels and back again. In another piece, many pairs of slime-green hands seem to emerge from a bubbly tar pit and scoop up a rubbery-resin lizard from the pages of a book titled "The State of California," which sits on a rotating base. The flashing disco strobe lights that animate the works may distract you from noticing that their meaning is not nearly as developed as their execution. Through March 27. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

MEG CRANSTON—You may want to enlist a staffer to guide you through this show of objects, paintings, photographs, and an installation work, although a little background information may suffice. Cranston's odd and touching viewpoint has a surrealistic smile and a thirst for the sardonic. The most affecting work consists of a dozen cobalt-blue canvases, each of which has a person's height and weight painted in come-hither pinkish tones. Entitled "Jane and John Doe," it documents with chilling matter-of-factness the so-called vital statistics of all the unidentified corpses found in one month in Los Angeles. In a separate, smaller room is a mammoth inflated beachball larger than some studio apartments that's filled with what is supposed to be the amount of breath expended while reading aloud all of Jane Austen's works. Through March 30. (Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

DAN FLAVIN—These "monuments" to the Russian Constructivist Vladimir Tatlin date back to 1967 and are the best-known, and perhaps least understood, works of this major minimalist artist. The sculptures are symmetrical, have a cool white light, and look as if they were ready for flight. But they are anti-monumental in almost every way—satires of monuments rather than the things themselves. They are ironic odes to art and revolution, containing an awareness of their inspiration and of the fate of art in a revolutionary society. Through March 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL HARDESTY—An installation consisting of a huge ball painted phosphorescent green and bathed in black light, with loud, droning meditation sounds filling the air—the theatrical product of someone who may very well have seen Kubrick's "2001" one too many times. Through March 23. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

DOUGLAS HUEBLER—In the mid-seventies, Huebler—another first-generation Conceptualist eclipsed by today's flashier versions—created a series of installation works that looked like maquettes of formalist paintings. They were accompanied by insanely detailed texts suggesting an elaborate narrative of different colors receding into space and dealing with viewers' perceptions of the statements given. These were sendups of formalist art criticism. The suggested illusions, however preposterous, were all quite convincing, and Huebler thereby declared a basic tenet of Conceptual art: that meaning comes in the manipulation of language. The paintings in his current show—texts on vinyl and plywood—are elaborations of related ideas first developed at that time. With great humor the artist spoofs Greenbergian analysis and proposes a principle of art that applies as much to Renaissance painting as it does to Conceptual art: that what illusion boils down to is mind over matter. Through March 30. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

KIM JONES—In another affecting installation work, the mud man of SoHo presents a minefield of mud-caked clumps of sticks on the floor and, on the walls, muddied jockey shorts with pairs of scrotal stick-mines hanging from them, some already detonated. The piece perhaps suffers a bit from the literalism of the liberation of Kuwait, which is directly referred to in mud-slung newspaper headlines. In a related installation, pages of *Playboy* nudes are coated with disfiguring decorative doodles, and small sculptures of plastic rats are covered in mud and have sticks shoved in their mouths; these pieces are undeveloped and lack the artist's usual pungency. On the floor in front of them, however, is a magical sculpture of a muddied, pint-size version of Michelangelo's "David," who wears a lacy twig shroud and has his feet anchored in a primordial mound of the dried brown stuff. Through March 30. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

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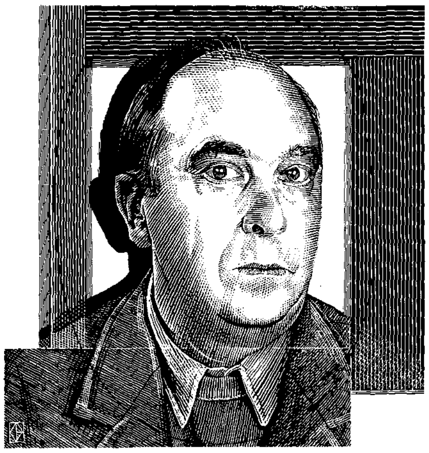


Robert Mangold

Robert Lostutter—Maniacally precise watercolors that are structured like the pages of a naturalist's sketchbook but that contain images of flowers whose colors seem inspired by LSD and of men's faces with gargoylish noses and feathers extending from their cheeks. Some are drawn in pencil with obsessively meticulous, minute lines; others have shocks of intense colors, like parrot green and punk fuchsia. The flowers are S & M versions of O'Keeffe, while the faces have the sinister cast of the best of Chicago's famed Hairy Who. Through March 29. (LedisFlam, 584 Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Studies for the "Attic Series." A very attractive group of paintings, each containing a circle, an ellipse, or a figure eight on a geometrically shaped canvas. The works are beautifully painted, in delicate colors, while the canvases and their images seem to have been linked to create optimal attenuation in the best Kellyesque manner. Through April 6. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

David Reed—New paintings, which are abstract in the old sense of the word and as velvety as the voluminous drapery in Italian Mannerist and baroque painting. Through March 23. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

David Row—The artist's new paintings, at long last, have color—beautiful, off-key, hothouse colors that fall somewhere between the palettes of de Kooning and the designer Romeo Gigli. Row layers, rubs, scumbles, and waxes as usual. But where once this process resulted in works as straitlaced as school uniforms, it now leads to things as mysterious, acid, and juicy as pomegranates. Through March 23. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf / Larry Bell—Scharf has always been something of a master at unifying lots of color and visual activity in lively compositions, and there is a magical buoyancy to a number of these paintings, particularly the ones with light-saturated, spotlit objects floating on their surfaces. His choice of what to paint, however, tends to fall short of his abilities; he often borrows from other sources, without showing the intellectual conviction of a true appropriationist. In several of these works, for example, the artist seems indebted to Rauschenberg's silkscreens and Warhol's early paintings for his backgrounds, as well as to Wojnarowicz and Bickerton for his imagery and compositional thought. / Bell's problems are more entrenched. Known for his pristine, airtight boxes with subtle light effects trapped on their surfaces, over the years he has had difficulty moving his fragile and compelling vision forward. His newest works—paintings—treat the same issues, but they look totally different. Utilizing complicated technologies and a collage method, Bell has come up with a series of razzmatazz works that resemble bad abstract illusionistic painting. The compositions have a picturesque violence to them—like Chamberlains that have been ironed flat onto canvas—but the magical tension of his earlier work seems to have evaporated. Through March 23. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—A late work by the architect-turned-sculptor that consists of ten aluminum "elements" each composed of triangles and parallelograms. These are coolly public forms on an intimate scale strewn about the floor. Through March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Franz Erhard Walther / Sol LeWitt—Seven recent sculptures of dyed canvas sewn into deep rectangular shapes, arranged in constructivistic groupings. / Four wall drawings, from 1973 to 1974, that are among the artist's least visually seductive but also among his more strategically engaging. The most compelling is "The Location of Eight Points on One Wall," executed according to a complex and insanely rational set of instructions about locating midpoints. The work and the instructions seem to be a parable of the search for middle ground, and have a manner bordering on theatre of the absurd. Through March 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

"7 Women"—A very interesting show of works that describe how men see women. For Mel Ramos, the prototypical woman poses as gas-station cheesecake, and for John de Andrea she crouches on the floor, vulnerably naked. For Yves Klein she was literally used as a paintbrush. For Stephen Balkenkol she is a hacked landscape. For Thomas Ruff she is a placid blank slate awaiting life, but for Robert Mapplethorpe she is the sculptor Louise Bourgeois—strong, independent, resolute, with one of her defiantly sexy sculptures confidently tucked under her arm, as if it were her holster. Through March 23. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

"Artists' Books"—This somewhat deceptively titled show does not include many examples of the cheap, mass-produced, ephemeral works that are known as "artists' books," although there are a few of them, including Ed Ruscha's "The Sunset Strip," which consists of black-and-white photos of just that. There are works by some significant contemporary book artists, like Sol LeWitt, but none of the works that are key to the field are here. Instead, the exhibition's emphasis is on exquisitely produced books, many of them with fine prints, and on collaborations between known artists and writers, like Barbara Kruger and Stephen King, or Jasper Johns and Samuel Beckett. Most of the work is from the past few years, and it is installed in a lively way. There are delightful, tiny, inexpensive books printed in India by Hanuman Press, which on every level are debatable as artists' books, and there are also attempts to introduce the "reader" to new interpretations of the "book," such as a videotape of Jenny Holzer's "Laments." In short, there is much to savor here if you don't hold the show to its title. Through March 30. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Twentieth-Century African Ladders—A small, wonderful show of ladders made by the Dogon tribe of Mali and the Gurunsi tribe of Burkina Faso for use in their homes. The ladders look like tall wood sculptures and make abstract figurative references to the god Nammo, who, according to Dogon cosmogony, is responsible for humankind's original descent from the heavens. Through April 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

"The Fugitive Image"—A nice little show of four works. Some of them were transformed in the process of creation: others are undergoing change—albeit infinitesimal—even as they are viewed. Included is one of Andy Warhol's notorious "piss" paintings—one of the less interesting, small, multipanelled examples; an airily brushed photo-emulsion painting by Sigmar Polke; a Jiří Georg Dokoupil grid of burnt orange-juice circles; and a very cosmic, dark painting with clusters of caviar by Georg Herold. In different and witty ways, all four comment on consumption, in both the consumerist and the biological sense. With such materials as fish eggs, juice, paint, and urine, this show could just as easily be titled "The Other Side of Alchemy." Through March 23. (Rubenstein, 130 Prince St.)

Short List—**vito acconci,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through April 6); **rené pierre allain,** Pretto, 54 MacDougal St. (through March 23); **greg colson,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through March 30); **michael craig-martin,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through April 6); **newton and helen mayer harrison,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through April 6); **joseph kosuth,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through April 13); **robert morris,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway, and 65 Thompson Street Gallery (both through March 30); **mel pekarsky,** Einstein, 591 Broadway (through March 30); **david rabinowitch,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through April 30); **colin thomson,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

"Something Pithier and More Psychological"—Since its opening in the summer of 1988 the Simon Watson gallery has explored the very contemporary theme of the crisis of the body, and it has done so with the probing curiosity once associated with alternative spaces. The gallery's current show of drawings and photographs is a very thoughtful examination of this hyperawareness of the body, and although it makes no direct reference to AIDS, in a number of instances the weight of the epidemic can be felt. Robert Gober's three drawings—of a sink drain, a sleeping man, and a dress on a cross (or, more accurately, a cross-shaped tree in a dress)—confirm his status as today's most profound and starkly poetic portrayer of distance, of a mournful sense of unfulfilled desire. In the context of this show Laurie Simmons' photograph of a dancing model dressed as a toilet becomes an image of societal degradation and body-obsessed self-loathing. John Lindell's white drawing and Steven Evans' black one, each containing faint, sexually defiant images, point up the alienation of sex from social interaction, and of art from life. Jack Pierson's drawing of a field of "I"s suggests a crisis of identity, while Mike Kelley's drawings of what he calls a "coil of shit" and Chuck Close's large Polaroids of his own eyes provide a certain historical breadth. Through March 23. (241 Lafayette St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE spell of Lucas Samaras drew us to Pace-MacGill on 57th Street. There we found photographs full of all the qualities we so admire about this artist: experimentation, craftsmanship, candor, riskiness, wit, and loneliness. The show reveals the autobiographical possibilities of photography, as well as its richness as a medium that can be approached in all sorts of ways. These images provide a macroscope of Samaras's art—they include elements of his paintings, his sculptures, and his furniture—and they also give an intimate view of the maker of all this magic.

You can sense how much of a hermit Samaras is from the fact that he is the only person in his pictures. All of the photographs on display have been created since Samaras moved from an Upper West Side apartment that was a small, dark cocoon to a high-up place in a midtown skyscraper that looks down on Manhattan and beyond. Since Samaras often includes autobiographical references in his work, this change in his life is a significant aspect of his latest show. A number of the photo-works feature his new environment, with its windows that reveal the sky and city outside. This exhibition resounds with the knowledge of what it's like to live alone: to look at oneself, to amuse oneself, and to rely on oneself.

Short List—**sophie calle,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (both through April 20); **sarah charlesworth,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through March 30); **john coplans,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through April 20); **mary heller,** Ledel, 168 Mercer St. (opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays, through April 6); **peter hujar,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through March 30); **grace knowlton,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 6); **lisette model,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6; through March 24); **lucas samaras,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through March 30); **josef sudek,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (through April 25).

MUSIC

IT is often the case that a very gifted pianist will have an almost astonishing facility for making up music in well-known styles: pseudo-Brahms, pseudo-Poulenc, pop music in a dozen flavors, what have you. He or she has simply absorbed these vocabularies (perhaps analytically, perhaps not) and can hold forth in them without preliminary effort. One often finds this quality in musicians who have no pretensions as composers, and the conclusion is easily drawn that such abilities are not the same thing as a creative gift. We are tempted to wonder whether, in a less fragmented and confused musical culture, these talented people might have just set to work in the current local style and been composers plain and simple—some to emerge as important artists, others to function as reliable artisans. When we think of the unhappy state of "serious" musical culture at the moment, and of the great number of obviously gifted musicians who wander the globe as soloists and do not seem to feel that there is any point in their making up any new music, we conclude that something is wrong with this picture.

Then we think of William Bolcom and the mixture of acclaim and skepticism that has greeted his work. Here is a brilliant, facile pianist who knows his way around every kind of style, who has in extraordinary degree the kind of abilities described above, and who sees no reason *not* to go ahead and compose. Mr. Bolcom is very much the man of the hour, with premières coming up from the Lyric Opera of Chicago, the New York Philharmonic, and (soonest) the mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, who is to sing a new song cycle based on texts by American female poets, at Carnegie Hall on March 26. We assume that the songs of the cycle will be in various styles, probably readily identifiable, changing from, say, Copland to the blues in the same way that earlier composers might change from a scherzo to an adagio. We have heard many Bolcom pieces and enjoyed them, but we do not have a sense of Mr. Bolcom's compositional "voice" as we do of Ravel's or Gershwin's or Bartók's. Sometimes this is disappointing, but who or what is to blame? Is it that the possible "voices" are all taken, and that now artful, thoughtful ventriloquism is the way to go? Is it that we have not listened hard enough or well enough to Mr. Bolcom? We aren't sure, and, in any case, whatever he is doing, he does well. Miss Horne has something of a similarly eclectic background in mainstream, pop, and contemporary music; they should be a good match.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—PARSIFAL, a new production directed by Otto Schenk, with Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Franz Mazura, and Robert Lloyd; conducted by James Levine. (March 18 and March 25 at 6:30.) . . . With Jessye Norman, Gary Lakes, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Franz Mazura, and Robert Lloyd; James Levine. (March 22 at 6:30.) . . . KÁŤA KABANOVÁ, with Gabriela Beňačková, Mignon Dunn, Susan Quittmeyer, Wieslaw Ochman, and Aage Haugland; Charles Mackerras. (March 19 at 8.) . . . With Gabriela Beňačková, Leonie Rysanek, Susan Quittmeyer, Wieslaw Ochman, and Michael Devlin; Charles Mackerras. (March 23 at 8.) . . . LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, with Felicity Lott, Marie McLaughlin, Frederica von Stade, Andreas Schmidt, and Samuel Ramey; James Conlon. (March 20 and March 27 at 8 and March 23 at 1:30.) . . . I PURITANI, with Edita Gruberova, Chris Merritt, Paolo Gavanelli, and Paul Plishka; Richard Bonynge. (March 21 and March 26 at 8.) . . . PENSION FUND BENEFIT: James Levine conducts Act III of FAUST, Act III of MADAME BUTTERFLY, and Act IV, Scene 1, of DON CARLO. With Mirella Freni, Alfredo Kraus, and Nicolai Ghiaurov (all of whom are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their Metropolitan Opera débuts), as well as Tatiana Troyanos, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Vladimir Chernov, and Samuel Ramey. (March 24 at 7:30.)

Musical Theatre Works—Presenting two fully staged one-act operas with music by Thomas Z. Shepard to librettos by Sheldon Harnick: "A Pig of a Molette" and "A Question of Faith." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-6022. March 20-22 and March 26-27 at 8, and March 23-24 at 3 and 8. Through April 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. March 19 at 7:30: Paavo Berglund conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 32 (the so-called "Italian Overture"), Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, and Prokofiev's Second Piano Concerto (with Horacio Gutiérrez). . . . ¶ March 21 and March 23 at 8, and March 22 at 2: Christof Perick conducts Mozart's Symphonies No. 25 and No. 38, and his Piano Concerto in E-Flat, K. 482 (with Jeffrey Kahane). . . . NOTE: Mr. Kahane joins members of the orchestra for a pre-performance recital, open to ticket-holders, of Mozart's Piano Quartet, K. 493, on March 21 at 7.

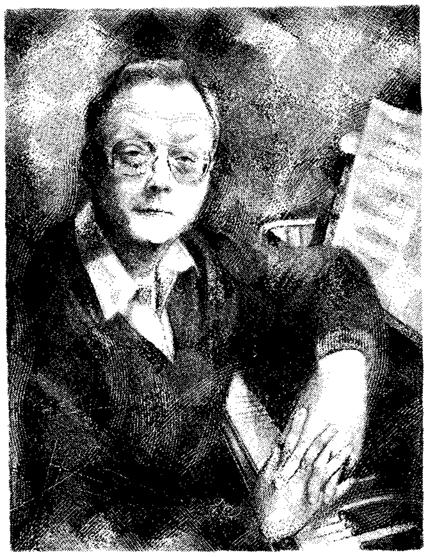
Festival of International Youth Orchestras—At Carnegie Hall. The next generation of orchestral musicians from around the world presents a series of free programs that combine standard symphonic repertoire with recent works by their respective nations' composers. NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF SPAIN, conducted by Edmon Colomer. (March 21 at 7.) . . . TOHO GAKUEN ORCHESTRA, conducted by Ken Takaseki. (March 22 at 7.) . . . CAMERATA OF THE AUSTRALIAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA, conducted by John Hopkins. (March 23 at 3.) . . . SEOUL JUNIOR PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, conducted by Eunseong Park. (March 23 at 7.) . . . NEW YORK YOUTH SYMPHONY, conducted by Samuel Wong. (March 24 at 3.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Lest the event be overlooked in the bustle of the Mozart year, the orchestra, conducted by Constantine Kitsopoulos, reminds us of J. S. Bach's three-hundred-and-sixth birthday by performing, among other works, his festive Concerto for Four Harpsichords and Orchestra. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. March 21 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Riverside Symphony—George Rothman conducts music by Debussy and Prokofiev (his Sinfonia Concertante, with cellist Carter Brey), and the New York première of Michael Gandolfi's "Transfigurations." (Alice Tully Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Maximiano Valdes conducts music by Mozart, Berlioz, and Saint-Saëns, as well as the American première of Fauré's Violin Concerto, with soloist Rodolfo Bonucci. The one-movement concerto slipped into obscurity following its first performance, in 1880, but Fauré did not forget it entirely: he reused two of its themes thirty-five years later in his final opus, the E-Minor String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. March 22-23 at 8 and March 24 at 2.)

St. Thomas Choir—The choir, soloists, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's, all directed by Gerre Hancock, perform sacred works by Holst, Finzi, Britten, and Walton. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013. March 19 at 7:30.)


William Bolcom

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directs compositions by Chinese and Japanese composers (including Bright Sheng, Minoru Miki, and Toru Takemitsu), as well as David Loeb's "Minase Sangin." (Merkin Concert Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directs the choir and an orchestra in two Bach motets, a suite, and the Cantata No. 21. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 23 at 8.)

St. Bartholomew's Choir—James Litton directs Fauré's "Requiem," accompanied by organist William Trafka. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. March 24 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Collegium Antiquum Singers—Mary Jane Newman directs the choir and an instrumental ensemble in Alessandro Scarlatti's Stabat Mater and psalms by Nicola Porpora. Presented by the Friends of Music. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. March 24 at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pianists John Browning and Charles Wadsworth join the group for a program of Mozart, Schumann, Ravel, and Barber (his "Souvenirs," for piano, four hands). (Alice Tully Hall. March 19 at 7:30.)

Peter Frankl and the Shanghai String Quartet—The Hungarian pianist joins the quartet to perform three piano concertos by Mozart—K. 413, K. 414, and K. 415—in the composer's own transcriptions for reduced forces. (92nd Street Y. March 19 at 8.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist perform music by Biber, Couperin, Leclair, and Tartini. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. March 20 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing an all-Mozart program: three quartets and (with violist Pinchas Zukerman) the C-Major Quintet, K. 515. (Alice Tully Hall. March 20 at 8.)

Thomas Trotter—In his New York début, the English organist (who is noted for his performance of orchestral transcriptions) presents a program likely to use a large percentage of the 12,422 pipes in the St. Bartholomew Church's five-manual Æolian-Skinner organ. The program includes works by Duruflé, Edward Bairstow, and Alexandre Guilmant, as well as an arrangement of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre." (Park Ave. at 50th St. 751-1616, ext. 226. March 20 at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Pianist, plays and lectures on Liszt's "diabolical" pieces, including the "Totentanz" and "Mephisto Waltz." (92nd Street Y. March 20 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Presenting music by Mozart, Beethoven, Strauss, and Ravel. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. March 21 at 7:30 and March 24 at 4.)

Portland String Quartet—With pianist Paul Posnak, performing Bloch's Piano Quintets No. 1 and No. 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 22 at 7.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Stephen Rogers Radcliffe conducts Respighi's "Trittico Botticelliano," as well as concertante works, spotlighting several of the group's members as soloists: Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro," with harpist Elizabeth Etters; Rossini's Variations for Clarinet, with Alan Kay; Ibert's "Concertino da Camera," with alto saxophonist Michael Whitcombe; and, in its New York première, Keith Pruitt's "Dominance and The Seduction," a concerto for piano and chamber orchestra, featuring David Korevaar. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6100. March 22 at 8.)

Music Mobile—Presenting chamber music by Elliott Carter (his Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello, and Harpsichord), Pierre Boulez, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. March 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Yefim Bronfman—The pianist, who earlier this month became the tenth recipient of the prestigious Avery Fisher Prize, performs an all-Russian concert: Tchaikovsky's "Dumka," Op. 59; Prokofiev's Sixth Sonata; and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." (92nd Street Y. March 23 at 8.)

Leontovych String Quartet—The Ukrainian foursome is joined by two of their countrymen—violinist Oleh Krysa and pianist Alexander Slobodyanik—for Chausson's Concerto for Violin, Piano, and String Quartet. (Ukrainian Institute of America, 2 E. 79th St. 860-3891. March 23 at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Presenting chamber music by Ravel. (Florence Gould Hall, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100. March 23 at 8.)

Mitsuko Uchida—Performing four Mozart piano sonatas (K. 281, K. 309, K. 310, and K. 311) and the D-Minor Fantasia (K. 397). (Alice Tully Hall. March 24 at 3.)

An die Musik—The chamber group performs an all-Beethoven program, including original works and transcriptions. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 24 at 4.)

Los Angeles Piano Quartet—Performing quartets by Schumann, Brahms, and John Harbison. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. March 24 at 5.)

Lisa Beznosiuk—The London-based baroque flutist performs eighteenth-century music, assisted by harpsichordist Maggie Cole. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. March 24 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitar, performing music by Scarlatti, Sor, Granados, and Rodrigo. (Alice Tully Hall. March 24 at 7:30.)

William Bolcom—The composer's theatre and cabaret works are the focus in performances by Katharine Buffaloe, Amy Burton, Cris Groenendaal, Eddie Korbich, Kurt Ollmann, and others (including an appearance by the intrepid duo of Mr. Bolcom and Joan Morris). The concert includes excerpts from his new musical-theatre work, "Casino Paradise"; "Cabaret Songs" to texts by Arnold Weinstein; and a suite from a resetting of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" by Mr. Bolcom and his teacher, Darius Milhaud. (Alice Tully Hall. March 25 at 8.) . . . **note:** A preview of the concert will be presented in a benefit at Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St., on March 24 at 5. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.

William Purvis—The horn player, assisted by pianist Gilbert Kalish, plays music by Schumann, Hindemith, Thea Musgrave, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 25 at 8.)

Mindy Kaufman—The flutist (more often heard as the piccolo player of the New York Philharmonic) plays a recital of Bach, Schubert, Lowell Liebermann, and others; with pianist William Wolfram and harpsichordist Gerald Ranck. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. March 25 at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, with pianist Martin Katz, performing the première of "I Will Breathe a Mountain," a cycle of songs by William Bolcom, set to poems by Emily Dickinson and other women. The program also includes works by Vivaldi, De Falla, and Pauline Viardot. A daughter of Manuel García (who introduced Italian opera to New York, in 1825), Ms. Viardot was a leading mezzo-soprano on the opera and recital stages of nineteenth-century Europe. In addition, she composed (including vocal settings of Chopin's mazurkas) and served as muse to numerous musicians, poets, and authors (especially Turgenev, who was an on-and-off member of her household for years). (Carnegie Hall. March 26 at 8.) . . . **note:** The concert is preceded at 6:45 by an interview-discussion with Mr. Bolcom, open to ticket-holders.

Concert Artists Guild—A dozen of the organization's past first-prize winners (including singers Irene Gubrud and Elaine Bonazzi, pianist William Black, and the Alexander String Quartet) perform a program that includes new works by Peter Lieberson and Lee Hoiby (the latter with the composer at the piano). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 26 at 8.)

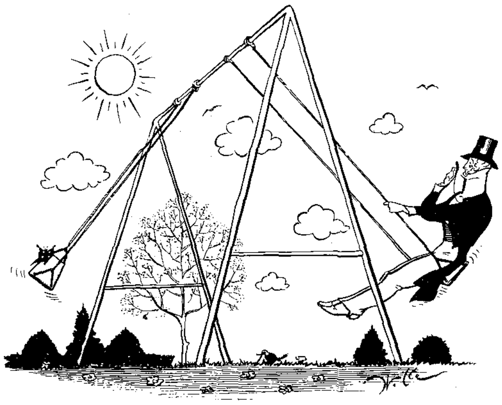
20th Century Consort—The eight-member group, the resident contemporary-music ensemble of the Hirshhorn Museum, in Washington, D.C., presents works by Nicholas Maw, Henri Lazaroff, Kathryn Alexander, and Paul Schoenfield. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. March 26 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Rina Dokshinsky—Piano, performing the B-Minor Sonatas of Liszt and Chopin, as well as music by Mozart and Frank Martin. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. March 26 at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Pianist, performing Mozart's F-Major Sonata, K. 533/494; Beethoven's Six Bagatelles, Op. 126; Chopin's "Bolero"; Brahms' Three Choral Preludes, Op. 122; and more recent works by Oliver Knussen, Alexander Goehr, and Peter Lieberson (his "Breeze of Delight," written in 1989 as a birthday present to Mr. Serkin). (Carnegie Hall. March 27 at 8.)

Talich String Quartet—The ensemble, formed twenty-seven years ago in Prague, performs quartets by Smetana and Janáček, as well as Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet, with guest artist Caroline Stoessinger. (92nd Street Y. March 27 at 8.)

Akoshia String Quartet—The centerpiece of the program is the première of "The Variations Project," a collection of variations by nineteen composers on a theme from Beethoven's Op. 74 string quartet. The project, commissioned by the ensemble, includes contributions from Conrad Cummings, Kamran Ince, Aaron Kernis, David Lang, David Soldier, Michael Torke, and Carolyn Yarnell. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. March 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Grateful Dead—A Grateful Dead concert is an institution old enough and strangely American enough to warrant an exhibit at the Smithsonian. It's a movable Chautauqua, a portable Mardi Gras, a temporary city where any evening of the week can be the weirdest Saturday night of your life. It's an even bet whether the music will lift off toward ecstasy or meander and noodle through the swamps of repetition, but, either way, the bumper sticker is correct: there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. March 27-29 at 7:30.)

"Masters of Indian Music"—Ustad Ali Akbar Khan and Swapan Chaudhuri. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. March 23 at 8.)

The Boys—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. March 24 at 2.

"Lyrics & Lyricists"—The third program in this season's salute to Richard Rodgers features songs from "Jumbo," "South Pacific," "On Your Toes," and other shows. Performers include June LeBell (narrator), the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, Ann Hampton Callaway, Kim Criswell, Davis Gaines, and Bob Stillman. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. March 24 at 2:30 and 8 and March 25 at 2 and 8.)

Count Basie Orchestra—Frank Foster conducting. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 24 at 8.)

Roulette—March 22: Chris Cochrane. . . . ¶ March 23: Guy Klucevsek. . . . ¶ March 24: Don Byron. (228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Evenings at 9.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, March 20 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, March 20. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, March 26. (Game time, 7:30.)

Rangers—Vs. the Islanders, March 24. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, March 26.

Islanders—Vs. the Washington Capitals, March 21. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, March 23. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, March 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, March 27. (Game time, 7:45.)

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except March 24, at 1. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Animal Walk—An event for insomniacs of all ages: on March 21 at 3:30 A.M., the Ringling Brothers' elephants, horses, camels, llamas, and zebras will be taking their yearly constitutional from the Long Island City train yards to Madison Square Garden (via the Midtown Tunnel). Before they settle into their new lodgings on Thirty-third Street, they'll have breakfast—apples, carrots, lettuce, whole loaves of bread—in the plaza in front of Macy's.

Flower Gardens—The Greater New York Orchid Show will be held this year in the Winter Garden, at the World Financial Center, instead of uptown at the New York Botanical Garden. Attractions include thousands of species of orchid, orchid walking tours, orchid videos, orchid art, and orchid lectures. (March 21-23 from 10 to 9, and March 24 from 10 to 5. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ A Gertrude Jekyll-style English flower garden will be reproduced at the New York Botanical Garden starting March 23. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, from 10 to 4.

Readings—March 21 at 7: Peter Davison and Herbert Morris read from their own poetry. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: Paul Theroux reads from his new novel, "Chicago Loop." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ March 22 at 8: Robert Bly reads from his own prose. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: Joseph Brodsky and Jonathan Aaron read from their own works. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)

Talks—At the New York Public Library, March 25 at 6: Victor Navasky, the editor of *The Nation*, gives a lecture called "In Defense of Unfairness." . . . March 27 at 6: Mary Gordon talks about gender roles in American literature. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ At the Pace Downtown Theatre, March 27 at 7:30: Phyllis Schlafly and Sarah Weddington duke it out. (Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. No tickets necessary.)

Memoranda—The New York Armory Antiques Show, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St., will take place on March 20, from 4 to 9; March 21-23, from noon to 9; and March 24, from noon to 6. Tickets will be available at the door. . . . ¶ Spring starts at 10:03 P.M. on March 20.

IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY.

Miata Special Edition They had names like Healey, MG, Triumph and Jag. They smelled of engine oil and leather. And a chosen few were the deep green of the English countryside. If these memories are familiar, this Miata is for you. Its coat of British Racing Green and tan interior evoke the best of the classic roadsters.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead" (directed by Tom Stoppard), with Tim Roth and Gary Oldman. From March 22: "City Zero" (Karen Shakhnazarov).
Theatre 2: "Ay, Carmela!" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura and Andrés Pajares.
Theatre 3: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).
Theatre 4: Through March 21: "Shadow of China" (Mitsuo Yanagimachi), with John Lone. From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."
Theatre 5: "Iron & Silk" (Shirley Sun), with Mark Salzman.
Theatre 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through March 21: "Because of That War" (1988, Orna Ben-Dor Niv; in Hebrew) and "Berlin/Jerusalem" (1989, Amos Gitai; in German).
March 22: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (1985, Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata; and "The Last Temptation of Christ" (1988, Martin Scorsese), with Willem Dafoe.
March 23: (Separate admissions) "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "The Last Temptation of Christ."
March 24: (Separate admissions) "The Tall T" (1957, Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Boone; "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "The Last Temptation of Christ."
March 25: Theatre closed.
March 26: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "American Gigolo" (1980, Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton.
From March 27: (Separate admissions) "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters"; and "Cat People" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 3: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco, Linda Hunt, Roger Rees, and Robin Bartlett.

Cinema 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Vanishing" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen. From March 22: "Julia Has Two Lovers" (Bashar Shbib), with Daphna Kastner.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Blues" (Pavel Lounguine; in Russian).
Theatre 3: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (Chuck Workman), a documentary.
Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris, John Hurt, Tom Berenger, Brenda Fricker, and Sean Bean.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "L.A. Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.
Theatre 5: Through March 21: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†). From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."
Theatre 6: "Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Cadence" (Martin Sheen), with Charlie Sheen.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 21: "The Hard Way" (†).
From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco, Linda Hunt, Roger Rees, and Robin Bartlett.
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen. From March 22: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 3: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris, John Hurt, Tom Berenger, Brenda Fricker, and Sean Bean.
Theatre 4: "Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Jan Rubeš.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"GoodFellas" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Reunion" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jason Robards.
Theatre 2: "Cadence" (Martin Sheen), with Charlie Sheen.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.

John Goodman as "King Ralph"

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Awakenings" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen. From March 22: "Defending Your Life" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks, Meryl Streep, Rip Torn, Lee Grant, and Buck Henry.
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.
Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Doors" (†).
Theatre 2: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"True Colors" (Herbert Ross), with John Cusack and James Spader.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†). From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 21: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: "Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Paris Is Burning" (†). From March 27: "L'Ange" (1982, directed by Patrick Bokanowski) and "Rehearsals from Extinct Anatomies" (1988, the Brothers Quay).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through March 26: "Blood in the Face" (†). From March 27: Paris Is Burning" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio.
Theatre 2: "The Hard Way" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (Peter Weir), with Andie MacDowell and Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 21: "Song of the Exile" (Ann Hui; in Cantonese, with Mandarin and English subtitles). From March 22: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 2: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco.
Theatre 3: "King Ralph" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 5: "Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Jan Rubeš.
Theatre 6: "Awakenings" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 8: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 9: "The Hard Way" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 3: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 21: "Scenes from a Mall" (Paul Mazursky), with Bette Midler and Woody Allen.
From March 22: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Closet Land" (Radha Bharadwaj), with Madeleine Stowe and Alan Rickman. From March 22: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek, Whoopi Goldberg, and Dwight Schultz.
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (†).
Theatre 3: "King Ralph" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).
Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin, Joe Pesci, Daniel Stern, John Heard, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 6: "The Hard Way" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Doors" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Godfather Part III" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 21: "Heaven and Earth" (Karuki Kadokawa; in Japanese), with Takaski Enoki and Masahiko Tsugawa.
From March 22: "Mister Johnson" (Bruce Beresford), with Pierce Brosnan, Edward Woodward, and Maynard Eziashi.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "La Femme Nikita" (Luc Besson; in French).
Theatre 2: "Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead" (Tom Stoppard), with Tim Roth and Gary Oldman.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Alice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Grifters" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Jan Rubeš.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: "Open Doors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ju Dou" (Zhang Yi-Mou; in Mandarin).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Hard Way" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman. From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."
Theatre 3: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cadence" (Martin Sheen), with Charlie Sheen.
Theatre 5: "L.A. Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Doors" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "If Looks Could Kill" (William Dear), with Richard Grieco.
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "If Looks Could Kill" (directed by William Dear), with Richard Grieco.
Theatre 2: "If Looks Could Kill."
Theatre 3: "Guilty by Suspicion" (Irwin Winkler), with Robert De Niro, Annette Bening, George Wendt, Patricia Wettig, and Sam Wanamaker.
Theatre 4: "L.A. Story" (†).
Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 6: "Sleeping with the Enemy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Perfect Weapon" (Mark DiSalle), with Jeffrey Speakman.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Cadence" (Martin Sheen), with Charlie Sheen. From March 22: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, Whoopi Goldberg, and Tony Goldwyn. From March 22: "Cadence."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through March 21: "The Silence of the Lambs" (†).
From March 22: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of Ooze."

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Hard Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Class Action" (Michael Apted), with Gene Hackman, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Colin Friels, Joanna Merlin, Larry Fishburne, Donald Moffat, and Jan Rubeš.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "New Jack City" (†).
Theatre 2: "New Jack City" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
March 18: "Major Barbara" (1941, directed by Gabriel Pascal), with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams; and "Blithe Spirit" (1945, David Lean), with Constance Cummings, Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford.
March 19-20: "The Citadel" (1938, King Vidor), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Donat, and Rex Harrison; and "Men Are Not Gods" (1937, Walter Reisch), with Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence, and Harrison.
March 21-23: "My Fair Lady" (†).
March 24-26: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964, Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
From March 27: "Children of Paradise" (1945, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Bresseur, and Maria Casarès.

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through March 19: "Distant Voices, Still Lives" (1989, Terence Davies), with Freda Dowie and Peter Postlethwaite; and "Privates on Parade" (1982, Michael Blackmore), with John Cleese.
March 20-23: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (1989, Woody Allen), with Martin Landau; and "The Plot Against Harry" (1969, Michael Roemer).
March 24-26: "After Dark, My Sweet" (1990, James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern; and "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
From March 27: "C'Est la Vie" (1990); and "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through March 21: "Robot Carnival" (1990), nine short animated films by Japanese directors.
March 22-23: "Akira" (1989, Katsuhiro Otomo; in Japanese), an animated film.
March 24-26: "Lensman" (1984, Yoshiaki Kawajiri and Kazuyuki Hirokawa), an animated film.
From March 27: "Robotech: The Movie" (1986, Ishiguro Noburo and Carl Macek), an animated film.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 18: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
March 19: "Red River" (1948, Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953, George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
March 20: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann), with Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill.
March 21: "Dr. No" (1963, Terence Young) and "Thunderball" (1965, Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
March 22-23: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956, Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemyng; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965, Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom.
March 24: "Throne of Blood" (1957, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese) and "The Lower Depths" (1957, Kurosawa; in Japanese), both with Toshiro Mifune.
March 25: "Woman in the Dunes" (†); and "Face of Another" (1966, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai and Eiji Okada.
March 26: "Women in Love" (1970, Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Sons and Lovers" (†).
March 27: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—An international festival of new films by new directors. March 18 at 6: "Legends" (Ilana Bar-Din, United States). . . . ¶ March 18 at 9 and March 19 at 6: "Fallen from Heaven" (Francisco Lombardi, Peru). . . . ¶ March 19 at 9 and March 20 at 6: "Time of the Servants" (Irene Pavlaskova, Czechoslovakia). . . . ¶ March 20 at 9 and March 21 at 6: "Peaceful Air of the West" (Silvio Soldini, Italy and Switzerland). . . . ¶ March 21 at 9: "The Captive of the Desert" (Raymond Depardon, France). . . . ¶ March 22 at 6: "Home Less Home" (Bill Brand, United States). . . . ¶ March 22 at 9 and March 23 at 12:15: "Slacker" (Richard Linklater, United States). . . . ¶ March 23 at 3: "The Captive of the Desert." . . . ¶ March 23 at 6: "Cabeza de Vaca" (Nicolas Echevarria, Mexico). . . . ¶ March 23 at 9: "Days of Being Wild" (Wong Kar-wai, Hong Kong). . . . ¶ March 24 at 12:15: "The Guard" (Aleksandr Rogoschkin, U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ March 24 at 3: "Cabeza de Vaca." . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "Days of Being Wild." . . . ¶ March 24 at 9: "Home Less Home." . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "The Guard." . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "The Birthday Trip" (Lone Scherfig, Denmark). . . . ¶ March 26 at 9 and March 27 at 6: "Homemade Movie" (Fumiki Watanabe, Japan). . . . ¶ March 27 at 9: "Outremer" (Brigitte Rouan, France). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information, call 877-1800, ext. 489.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Programs about contemporary comedians and people who influenced them. Garry Shandling: March 19-23: "What's Happening to Me?" (1988, Showtime/Fox), an episode of "It's Garry Shandling's Show"; "Coast to Coast Big Mouth" (1965, CBS), an episode of "The Dick Van Dyke Show," with Van Dyke and Mary Tyler Moore; and highlights from shows featuring Steve Allen, Dick Shawn, George Carlin, Richard Pryor, and Albert Brooks. . . . Roseanne Barr: From March 26: "Guilt by Disassociation" (1989, ABC), an episode of "Roseanne"; "The Unemployment Story" (1976, CBS), an episode of "All in the Family"; and "TV or Not TV" (1955, CBS), an episode of "The Honeymooners." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." March 19-23: "See It Now: Anatomy of a Symphony Orchestra" (1952, CBS), with Edward R. Murrow. . . . From March 26: "Gala of Stars" (1981, PBS), with Marilyn Horne, Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma, Itzhak Perlman, Victor Borge, Liza Minnelli, and others. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Salute to Monty Python." March 19-23: Episodes 1-5 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From March 26: Episodes 6-10 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15, 2:30, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:15 and 2:30; and Saturdays at 12:15.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Second St. (477-2714)—March 20-21 at 10, March 22-23 at 10:30, and March 24 and 27 at 10: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974, Steve Gebhardt). . . . ¶ March 21-22 at 8: A program of films by Paul Garrin and Nam June Paik. . . . ¶ March 22-23 at 10 and March 24 at 8: "War Is Menstrual Envy—Part One" (1990), "Police State" (1987), and "Whoregasm" (1988), all by Nick Zedd. . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: "A Trilogy" (1985), "Tending Towards the Horizontal" (1989), and "At Present" (1990), all by Barbara Sternberg. . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: A program of films by Naoto Yamakawa. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: A program of films by Takamine Tsuyoshi. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: "Sleep of Reason" (1984, Ula Stockl; in German).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—March 21 at noon: "Birth with R. D. Laing" (1977, Sam Pillsbury) and "Asylum" (1973, Peter Robinson). . . . ¶ March 26 at noon: "Committed" (1984, Sheila McLaughlin and Lynn Tillman). . . . ¶ March 26 at 2:30: "Misconception" (1977, Marjorie Keller) and "It Happens to Us" (1972, Amalie Rothschild).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—March 23 at 1, 2:30, and 4 and March 24 at 2 and 4: Five different programs of films by Stan Brakhage.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 20 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980, Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, Roger Pierre, and Marie Dubois. . . . ¶ March 27 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "How to Make Love with a Negro Without Getting Tired" (1989, Jacques Benoit; in French), with Isaach de Bankolé, Maka Kotto, and Myriam Cyr.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—March 22 at 6:30: "Zazie" (1989, Go Riju; in Japanese) and "The Enchantment" (1989, Shunichi Nagasaki; in Japanese). . . . ¶ March 23 at 1: "Afternoon Breezes" (1980, Hitoshi Yazaki; in Japanese). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6:30: "The New Morning of Billy the Kid" (1986, Naoto Yamakawa; in Japanese) and "Another Side" (1980, Yamakawa; in Japanese).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—March 27 at 1: "Ida B. Wells" (1990, William Greaves), "Langston Hughes: The Dream Keeper" (1988, St. Clair Bourne), "Nationtime, Gary" (1972, Greaves), and "From These Roots" (1974, Greaves). . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (1983, Spike Lee), "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (1989, Bourne), and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1973, Melvin Van Peebles).

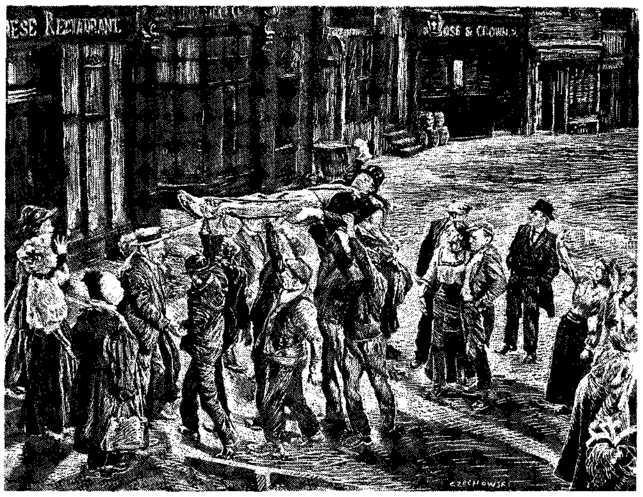
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Alice—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption; the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy; it's a sermon with gags. The large cast also includes Joe Mantegna, Alec Baldwin, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Bob Balaban, and Bernadette Peters (who does a sensational brief turn as a cynical muse).—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Awakenings—This adaptation of Oliver Sacks' account of the awakening of post-encephalitic patients who had been "living statues" for decades is persuasive in its own terms, but it's also a near-perfect example of Hollywoodization. In the book, Sacks, the fabulist of illness, is drawn into his patients' aberrant states—he sees their abnormalities as brilliantly unique forms of consciousness to be charted. In the movie, the director, Penny Marshall, works the audience. She keeps zapping us to feel the humanistic, the obvious; her forte is to make blandness ring true. The movie is all about the doctor (Robin Williams) being a caring individual; Sacks, who's sensitized to prodigious kinds of experience, is turned into an absent-minded professor banging his head. As for Robert De Niro, who's the prize patient—well, when you're playing a silent, somnolent person who wakes up and soon after erupts into madness, you certainly give the impression that you're acting. As the head nurse—a role that's an embarrassment—Julie Kavner still manages to give the best performance. With the frail octogenarian Ruth Nelson as De Niro's mother, and John Heard, Penelope Ann Miller, and Max von Sydow.—P.K. (2/11/91) (59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)



Stanley Holloway in "My Fair Lady"

Blood in the Face—A skillfully made documentary about the radical right wing in North America. The movie's directors—Anne Bohlen, Kevin Rafferty, and James Ridgeway—put on display an alarmingly large aggregation of Fascist loonies: members of the Klan, the American Nazi Party, and other, less well-known organizations, all of them dedicated to spreading the gospel of anti-Semitism and white supremacy. What makes these zealots good subjects for a documentary is that they're compulsive talkers, tirelessly eager to expound their elaborate paranoid theories and make converts to the cause. (It passes the time while they wait for Armageddon.) Some really stunning delusional systems are elaborated here; everyone interviewed in this picture seems in need of a complete neurological workup. The film is fascinating, but it's also frustrating in that it doesn't provide much of a context for its menagerie of crackpots. The filmmakers don't try to explain the origins of these reactionary movements or to assess their current strength. The movie's tone is sometimes cautionary, suggesting that these groups constitute a sizable and material danger, and sometimes merely condescending, encouraging us to respond to the sheer ridiculousness of the radical right's ideas. When the film is over, all we can say for sure is that we've seen a compelling freak show.—T.R. (Film Forum; through March 26.)

Cat People (1982)—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film of the same title. —P.K. (Public Theatre; starting March 27.)

Dances with Wolves—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semier, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Doors—Oliver Stone's film about the sixties rock group focusses on Jim Morrison, its lead singer and main songwriter, who died in 1971, at the age of twenty-seven. Morrison (played by Val Kilmer) presented himself as a combination of shaman and *poète maudit*, and he was a star in life and a legend in death because he made the physical, intellectual, and spiritual excesses of the counterculture sexy. The movie is pure exploitation—an extended, self-important freakout. Stone gobbles up Morrison and the sixties and rock and roll as if they were drugs; he seems less interested in interpreting the Vietnam era than in simply appropriating as much of its unruly, orgiastic energy as he can. He reduc-

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TOKYO SEOUL HONG KONG SINGAPORE TAIPEI OSAKA BANGKOK MANILA SHANGHAI OKINAWA

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

es the richly contradictory experience of that period to the myth of Morrison, and, in the process, reduces Morrison and the Doors as well: the movie restricts the viewer's freedom to imagine the sixties culture as anything but a movement with a single voice, or to imagine the Doors as anything but a metaphor. (Kilmer is physically convincing as Morrison, but his performance can be only an impersonation: what the script—by Stone and J. Randal Johnson—gives him to play is the icon, not the man.) For a while, the obviousness and flat-out vulgarity are sort of entertaining, and it might be possible to enjoy the movie as a camp classic if you could ignore the mean-spiritedness that keeps breaking through—the fundamental hostility Stone seems to feel toward his subjects. He wants to turn the audience (and himself) on, but the movie's bad faith and tabloidlike sensibility leave us exhausted and depressed: we feel like voyeurs of our own memories. Also with Meg Ryan, Kathleen Quinlan, and Michael Wincott; the other Doors are played by Kyle MacLachlan, Frank Whaley, and Kevin Dillon.—T.R. (3/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gemini, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy (1989)—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes; the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Cinema Village; March 24-26.)

The Godfather Part III—Lightning didn't strike three times. It's a big, ambitious project, and it looks like the first two "Godfather" movies, but the internal force has vanished, and the quality of feeling—what gave the films their lyricism and made the public bond with them—is gone. In the first two pictures the director, Francis Ford Coppola, took opportunistic, sensationalist material and turned it into drama. Now he doesn't transform the sensationalist material (the Corleones' involvement in Vatican swindles); he just presents it, with an aura of solemnity. With Al Pacino as the morose godfather, Andy Garcia as his successor, and Diane Keaton, Talia Shire, Eli Wallach, Joe Mantegna, Donal Donnelly, Raf Vallone, Bridget Fonda, Sofia Coppola, George Hamilton, Franc D'Ambrosio, and Helmut Berger. Written by the director and Mario Puzo.—P.K. (1/14/91) (Loews Festival, and Embassy.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura; the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy comes to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord; we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding; you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing femmes fatales.) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas and Cinema 3.)

The Hard Way—Michael J. Fox has said that when he and James Woods teamed up on this numbing farce, they decided to be "cheap, fast, and funny." They got two out of three. With Fox as a congenial Hollywood superstar and Woods as a volatile New York City cop, the movie turns self-parody into self-defeat. The premise sounds promising: Fox apes Woods' every move to research the role of a headstrong cop. But the director, John Badham, reduces the potential Pirandellian horseplay to a series of lame Tinseltown "in" jokes. As a lightweight glamour boy, Fox devalues his own affability. (He probably feels, after the box-office disappointment of "Casualties of War," that his fans want to see him in a comedy, but he should have held out for a *good* comedy.) Woods gives intensity a bad name. There may be no surprises left in this performer's bulletproof acrimony, and the script (by Daniel Pyne and Lem Dobbs, from a story by Dobbs and Michael Kozoll) shoots him one expletive-dotted diatribe after another, as if a temper and a mouth were proof of integrity. The moviemakers struggle to be witty and knowing—when the antagonists seal their friendship in the obligatory post-"48 Hrs." fistfight, another character comments on their "male bonding." But even at its most cartoonishly self-aware, "The Hard Way" remains a dullard as well as a contradiction in terms—wholesome, babyfaced camp. Stephen Lang plays the bad guy (a serial killer) and Annabella Sciorra the good woman (a single mother) who bring Woods and Fox together—the easy way.—M.S. (Baronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through March 21.)

King Ralph—With John Goodman in the Dudley Moore role of the amiable slob and Peter O'Toole doing a John Gielgud number as his mentor, this high-concept low comedy should have been called "King Arthur." Goodman plays a small-time Vegas singer-pianist who ascends to the English throne after a freak accident slaughters the Royal Family. O'Toole tutors Goodman in the ways of the crown, while John Hurt plots to wrest the title from him. The movie treats its star as a prize bull in one of the china capitals of the world: on its own degraded terms, the comedy's high point comes when the hero upends a glass at a formal dinner and sparks a wine-spewing chain reaction. King Ralph is the Ugly American retooled as the Obese American. He can think of nothing better to do with his new status than barbecue on the terrace of Buckingham Palace. But we're expected to love him for his earthy honesty, *and* to adore the noble Englishman O'Toole for his selflessness and style. It's a lose-lose proposition. Goodman's romantic interest is a commoner played by Camille Coduri, but Joely Richardson is the regal scene-stealer. As a deceptively icy Finnish princess, she speaks in a voice pitched so low that it could summon deep-sea creatures from the North Atlantic, and she turns an elegant gait into lascivious carriage. Co-starring Richard Griffiths; written and directed by David S. Ward, who based the script on Emlyn Williams' novel "Headlong."—M.S. (Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

L.A. Story—Steve Martin wrote and stars in this romantic comedy—a take on "Annie Hall" that turns it inside out. What Martin loves about L.A. is what Woody Allen rejected it for: its pleasure-loving, materialistic irresponsibleness. For Martin, who grew up in Southern California, superficiality is the norm. This movie is totally inconsequential, and he accepts that—it doesn't bother him. As a clowning TV weatherman, Martin is split between his wonder-struck obsession with a British journalist, played by Victoria Tennant, and the carefree high of sex without love, represented by a bouncy nymph played (wonderfully) by Sarah Jessica Parker. The jokes spin by as if choreographed by summer breezes. If some of them aren't quite fresh, the movie is such a silly, light-headed joyride that you don't really mind. With a batch of sharp performers: Rick Moranis (uncredited), Marilu Henner as a tough dame with a cold stare, Susan Forristal as Martin's pal, M. C. Shan as a waiter-rapper, and Richard E. Grant, Kevin Pollak, and Patrick Stewart, among others. Artfully directed by the English TV ace Mick Jackson; with cinematography by Andrew Dunn, editing by Richard A. Harris, and a funny, lilting score by Peter Melnick.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance; she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us; they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow. —T.R. (12/3/90) (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. The film seems to go on for about forty-five minutes after the story is finished. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Rex Harrison had already played Higgins more than a bit too often. With Stanley Holloway, as buoyant as ever, Wilfrid Hyde-White, and Gladys Cooper. —P.K. (Biograph Cinema; March 21-23.)

New Jack City—A Saturday night not-so-special, with juicy bits and pieces. Mario Van Peebles' primitive but energetic antidrug melodrama stars Wesley Snipes as a self-made crack king, Ice-T and Judd Nelson as the cops who try to bring him down, and Van Peebles himself as their boss, modestly named Stone. The screenwriters, Thomas Lee Wright and Barry Michael Cooper, portray Snipes' charismatic villain as a brutal ghetto cousin of the eighties white-collar criminals. He believes that a man must "rob to get rich in the Reagan era." He also must extort and murder. In the most jolting sequence, he turns an entire building into a crack apartment house. The narrative is a hash. With its combination of alienation and derring-do, "New Jack City" is like *Melvin* Van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" and Brian De Palma's "Scarface" (it contains clips from both) crossed with "Serpico" and earnest TV cops-and-robbers series. When the drug lord's romantic problems come to the fore, you wonder if you missed an episode. As a whole, the movie resembles sixties biker movies as well as seventies blaxploitation films: the camera keeps riding the action, and the cast is loose and entertaining. (Chris Rock, of "Saturday Night Live," is the sacrificial crackhead, and Tracy Camila Johns, of "She's Gotta Have It," shows up as a hussy.) Snipes, in particular, both acts up a storm and stays calm at the center of it. His character injects a touch of scuzzball baroque: the odd ridge of his hair style emerges from the fury of his brain waves.—M.S. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and West Side Cinema.)

Open Doors—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Gianni Anelio. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Paris Is Burning—Directed by Jennie Livingston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Film Forum.)

Pauline at the Beach (1982)—The writer-director Eric Rohmer serves up this innocuous sex roundelay with exquisite control. It's all low-key conversation, and there's a thin veneer of chic over everybody. Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin, Pauline (Amanda Langlet). The self-centered, self-deluding Marion flirts and babbles, and Rohmer lets us know what he thinks of her by showing her walking away from the camera in a tight, wet bathing suit that's squeezing her. Pauline is quiet and intelligent and her bathing suit has nary a wrinkle or a crease. Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. (Pauline and her adolescent lover, played by Simon de la Brosse, are so "natural" they go to bed together without a stab of fear or self-consciousness; does anybody believe this?) The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting March 27.)

The Silence of the Lambs—Adapted from a novel by Thomas Harris, Jonathan Demme's thriller is artful pulp—tabloid material treated with intelligence and care and a weird kind of sensitivity. The heroine, Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster), is an earnest F.B.I. trainee who is selected to interview Dr. Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins), a psychiatrist who is also a famous mass murderer; her superiors hope that Lecter's twisted expertise can somehow be used to help them catch a serial killer known as Buffalo Bill, who flays his victims. In the course of the movie, these conversations between the trainee and the psychiatrist turn into edgy, complex transactions in which she reveals pieces of her inner life in return for his hints on how to find the killer. Hopkins plays the monster with a fine, cold relish; he gives the character a mesmeric animal stillness, the terrifying opacity of a cobra. And the impact of his performance is heightened by its contrast with everything surrounding it: the scrupulous realism of Demme's style, the mundane details of police procedure, and, in particular, the emotional transparence of the heroine. Demme keeps our attention on Starling and her shifting reactions to the world, and his most striking achievement in this picture is his direction of Jodie Foster. The suspense of this manhunt isn't of the straight-ahead kind we're used to; it's reflective, oscillating between approach and avoidance—it has an unnerving intimacy. Also with Scott Glenn, Ted Levine (as Buffalo Bill), Anthony Heald, and Brooke Smith. The screenplay, which is extremely faithful to the novel, is by Ted Tally.—T.R. (2/25/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through March 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 22.)

Sleeping with the Enemy—Julia Roberts, as a frightened young wife who fakes her death and changes her identity to escape her rich husband (Patrick Bergin), a psychopathic perfectionist. Roberts is an incredible object—you can at least see why a perfectionist would want to hang on to her. But she's a blank goddess here, and the settings—Cape Cod and Cedar Falls, Iowa (both shot in North and South Carolina)—are uninspiring. The director, Joseph Ruben, does a smooth job, with snappy editing every time there's a cut to the enraged husband on the wife's trail. There are no surprise twists, though; the picture is a glossy combination of secondhand, showing-off-Julia scenes from "Pretty Woman" and secondhand scares from "The Stepfather." Ronald Bass's script, out of a novel by Nancy Price, is one letdown after another. With Kevin Anderson, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Nancy Fish. The score, by Jerry Goldsmith, keeps plugging away at ominousness.—P.K. (2/11/91) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, and directed by Jack Cardiff. Visually, it's extraordinarily fine, though the visual beauties aren't informed by Lawrence's passionate sense of life. The artist's fire simply isn't here—the movie is temperate, earnest, episodic. But Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Wendy Hiller as the mother and Trevor Howard as the drunken-miner father are superb; it's possible that Howard has never done anything to match his work here. There are scenes—such as the one of the father getting his weekly bath—that are so remarkable they almost do Lawrence justice; other scenes are merely conscientious. The most embarrassing sequences are two postcoital discussions. In the book they're the culminations of relationships that have been developed over hundreds of pages; in the film it's as if as soon as two people hit the sack they know exactly what's wrong with the relationship and why it has got to end. With Mary Ure as Clara the suffragette, Heather Sears as Miriam, Rosalie Crutchley as Miriam's mother, and Ernest Thesiger and Donald Pleasence. Cinematography by Freddie Francis; the assistant director was Peter Yates.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 26.)

The Vanishing—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for; the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems; traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu gives a chilling performance as the perverse, enigmatic villain. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)

"Woman in the Dunes" (playing March 25 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) was an art-house sensation, winning a best-foreign-film Oscar nomination in 1964. The next year, its director, Hiroshi Teshigahara, became the only Japanese filmmaker besides Akira Kurosawa ever to garner a best-director nomination. Like many successful art films of that era, it promises forbidden sexual delights, from the title on. In a couple of memorable scenes, it delivers.

Adapted by Kobo Abê from his 1960 novel, Teshigahara's parable belongs to what could be called the "collector" genre of weird-seduction fiction. The residents of an isolated seaside hamlet trap an amateur entomologist from Tokyo into becoming the helper—and mate—of a woman whose ramshackle bunker lies in an inaccessible pit between towering dunes. Stranded, the man (Eiji Okada) aids the woman (Kyoko Kishida) in her Sisyphus-like struggle against the cascading dunes, shovelling sand out of the shack every night and sending it up a rope the next day. The ruthless village bosses sell the sand (illegally) to construction companies, and at one point try to bribe the couple into having sex in front of them. The man adjusts to the bizarre survivalist environment. Apparently, he finds this oppression more up-front and therefore more honest, even liberating, than the city's repressiveness. (His goal was to find a new beetle and name it after himself.) John Updike once wrote that Abê's no-exit situations made for "cheap suspense" and "readerly exasperation."

But the film's harsh sensualism transcends the irritations of the plot. The movie is most effective when it dramatizes sex as solace and communication. Teshigahara's talent for spare, stylized imagery keeps the movie alive, and in the erotic sequences flesh takes on the same pulsating currents as the dunes, the wind, and the sea. When the man and woman stroke the sand off each other, it's as if they were undressing already naked bodies.

Kyoko Kishida and Eiji Okada in "Woman in the Dunes"

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"I KNEW I'd been hit," Pfc. Anthony Drees, a twenty-three-year-old reservist from Grand Forks, North Dakota, recalled for an A.P. reporter from his hospital bed in Damman, Saudi Arabia, a few days after the end of the war in the Gulf. It was only after the war, really, that we began hearing stories like his: everything had happened so quickly, and the coverage had been so well stage-managed, that the flesh-and-blood reality of the war took a while to break through. Private Drees had survived that random Scud attack on the Army barracks near Dhahran. "I caught my breath for a second and looked, and the whole building was gone," he continued. "My bunk was against the wall and it was gone. I reached back and pieces of my leg were missing. My right shoe was off. I tried to chase it around, and I couldn't. My friend next to me had both legs blown off." Drees told the reporter that his right leg was shattered and his left leg was broken, and that he had tried to move his friend. "I put my arms across his—" he said, and at this point he started to cry. "Across his chest, and tried to crawl. I got him at least to the wall, because the fire was after us. We were together since Day One." Sobbing, Drees added, "I don't know where he is. I can't find him."

A few nights later, amid the pageantry of the stateside reunions, ABC's Beth Nissen offered a moving piece about another soldier, Marine Lance Corporal Brian Lane, aged twenty, who was one of the hundred and twenty-one Americans then listed as killed in action during Desert Storm—about his upbringing, in Bedford, Indiana, his hobbies and ambitions, his family, and the totality of their loss. "One boy," Nissen concluded, "who was good at putting up hay, who needed to work on his lay-up shot, who loved his family and said so—one loss multiplied by one hundred and twenty-one."

Such reports still convey a skewed impression of the war's true dimensions, however, for the fact is that the Desert Storm campaign, quick and surgically precise though it was, involved battle carnage on a scale and at a pace equal to some of this century's most horrifying military engagements: upward of a hundred thousand Iraqis killed in less than seven weeks. We Americans witnessed the Scud hit on that barracks near Dhahran, and we grieved over the twenty-eight soldiers who lost their lives there and for their families (so many of them, it turned out, from one small town in Pennsylvania). But it was harder for us to recognize that versions of that same scene, thousands upon thousands of them, were being played out on the other side of the battle. Hundreds of times, we saw our jets take off, their undercarriages laden with bombs, and saw them return with their undercarriages empty. What we almost never saw was the devastation that occurred between those two scenes. In this respect, the eerie videos taken by those cameras mounted on the tips of the laser-guided missiles proved particularly incomplete, for the cameras, which documented the missiles' swift flight toward their quarry, necessarily ceased operating just at the moment when the true drama of the strikes began.

At the barracks near Dhahran, ambulances and news cameras quickly converged on the scene. But at hundreds of Iraqi bunkers the wounded troops lived on for hours and hours, perhaps watching their comrades die one by one, and realizing that no help was on the way—that in all likelihood nobody would ever learn how, or even where, they themselves had died. And what of the millions of children and parents and brothers and sisters and wives endlessly waiting for word of the fate of Iraqi soldiers—some dead, some taken prisoner, some lost somewhere along the way? Shouldn't awareness of those people be part of the picture we retain of this stunning victory of ours? There have been occasional glimpses. On the edition of ABC's evening news which featured Ms. Nissen's report, another item included a brief scan of the gutted remains of one of those Iraqi caravans that never made it out of Kuwait—metal carcasses, burned bodies, loot scattered all about. The reporter leaned down and picked up something from the bomb-blackened asphalt: a child's party dress—a vandal's stash, of course, but also evidence of a father's love for his child.

Victims of neurological dis-

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orders—migraine, stroke, the results of traumatic injuries—occasionally experience what are called scotomas, or peculiar occlusions of the visual field. They may, for example, suddenly find themselves staring, transfixed, at a visitor's face but unable to see it—and, stranger still, momentarily unable even to remember the *idea* of a face. In a sense, we as a nation have been suffering an extended scotomic episode. We go around ritually echoing the President by saying that our problem is with Saddam Hussein alone—that we "have respect for the people of Iraq." But, for all our respect, we barely see them, or what we did to them. It hardly occurs to us to try to imagine what they have been living through, or will have to live through in the coming months, with their country's infrastructure laid waste. Richard Reid, of UNICEF, who recently returned from a relief mission to Baghdad, describes that city of over four million people as "a body with its skin basically intact" but "with every main bone broken and with its joints and tendons cut." He explains, "The health system is collapsing. There are no phones and no electricity and no petrol and only a people reduced to daily improvisations and scroungings."

Perhaps all this was necessary; perhaps this war had to be fought, and in just this way. Historians will doubtless debate that question for many years. But even if—or perhaps particularly if—the war was necessary, Desert Storm deserves to be remembered in all its aspects. There is much to celebrate in the safe return of our troops, but celebrations that fail to acknowledge the catastrophe those troops are leaving behind are more than unseemly. They trivialize a human tragedy of almost inconceivable proportions.

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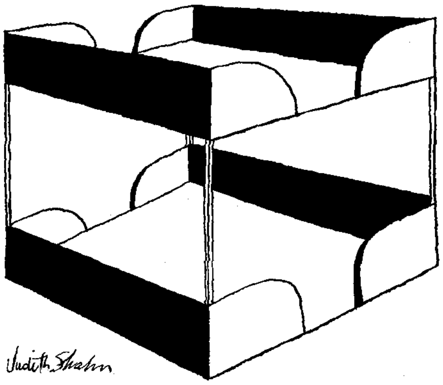
Groundbreaking

IT was a foggy morning in the South Bronx, but inside Thessalonia Baptist Church, on Reverend James A. Polite Avenue, one thing was clear. After five years of hard work, an organization called South Bronx Churches, comprising Lutherans, Methodists, Disciples of Christ, Baptists, Episcopalians, Pentecostals, Catholics, Muslims, and Presbyterians, was about to break ground for the first of five hundred and forty new houses in the South Bronx: houses that people living in the South Bronx could afford to own, not just rent; houses that would go up fast and that would be beautiful; houses named for the prophet Nehemiah, who rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem.

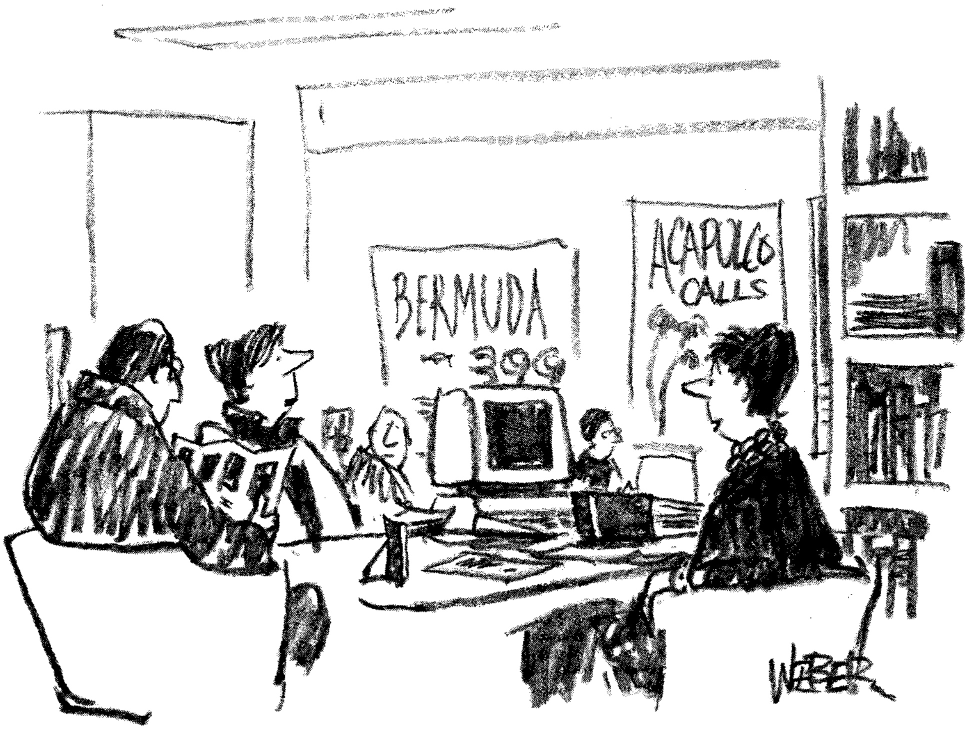
The Thessalonia choir sang gospel songs while ushers in nurses' uniforms seated people in the pews, and churchmen, politicians, builders, and community leaders assembled on the dais, under the blue-and-white banner of South Bronx Churches. In the back of the church was a model of the houses about to be built: three-story Tudor-style garden apartments, each with a separate entrance and a place to park a car or plant a tree. These houses would go up on a lot two blocks away, on Prospect Avenue between 161st and 163rd Streets, where a bulldozer was waiting. On other sites—the city has made nineteen available, scattered throughout the area—two-story single-family row houses would also soon be built: houses like the original Nehemiah houses, which I. D. Robbins has been building in Brooklyn since 1983, and which have become models of safe, clean, quiet neighborhoods for the urban poor.

One of the first speakers to address the congregation at Thessalonia Baptist Church was the Reverend John Heinemeier, of St. John's Lutheran Church in the South Bronx. He had been instrumental in the formation of East Brooklyn Congregations, which is a sister organization of South Bronx Churches, and which over the past several years has built almost twenty-three hundred Nehemiah houses in East New York and Brownsville. (The name Nehemiah was conferred on the houses by the Reverend Dr. Johnny Ray Youngblood, of St. Paul's Community Baptist Church, in Brooklyn.) Mr. Heinemeier, holding up a "Nehemiah Now!" sign, spoke of contributions from the members of the South Bronx Nehemiah Trust, who are Episcopalians and Lutherans, and said he anticipated contributions from Catholic, Methodist, and other church bodies as well. He said that South Bronx Churches had already received applications from four hundred and fifty families who wanted houses, and that after the groundbreaking a drawing would be held—to determine not which of them would have houses but the order in which they would be interviewed. Everyone who applied would have his name drawn, he said, and everyone who qualified would have a house.



The houses, which will sell for fifty thousand dollars apiece, will be available to families with a combined income of anywhere from eighteen to fifty-six thousand dollars a year, and with no significant debts, who are able to make a down payment of five thousand dollars. This means that Enrique Cova, of Colombia, the custodian of St. Jerome's Catholic Church and School, on Alexander Avenue, who lives, with his family, in an apartment that he says has "many problems," may soon be taking care of his own house; and that Frank Woodall, a mail sorter, and his wife and their four children will be able to move out of public housing.

Of all the people in the church and on the dais at Thessalonia Baptist Church, the one who had waited longest for this day was the builder, I. D. Robbins. A decade had passed since Robbins first proposed his plan to reconstruct the South Bronx—some years after his retirement from the construction business, in 1976. (He built the Hunts Point Coöperative Market, the Brooklyn Wholesale Meat Market, and more than a thousand private apartments in New York.) His plan was published in the *News* after Jimmy Carter visited the Charlotte Street area in 1977, briefly throwing a national spotlight on the disgrace of the South Bronx. Robbins offered to build a house at his own expense, as a gift to the city, but the city refused to provide the land. His ideas attracted the attention of Ed Chambers, however, who, as executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation, was at that time helping Mr. Heinemeier organize East Brooklyn



"Let me reassure you. California has plenty of water, albeit offshore."

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Congregations. E.B.C., which had the financial and political support of the Catholic Church, in the person of Francis Mugavero, then the Bishop of Brooklyn, succeeded in getting the city to donate large parcels of land there. So the houses intended for the Bronx were built in Brooklyn.

Two-thirds of the way through a crowded schedule of speeches, Beverly Joyce, a member and leader of South Bronx Churches, who lives in public housing and whose name was in the drum for the drawing, presented Mr. Robbins with a key to the South Bronx. She called him "a modern Nehemiah," and said, "We have overcome the opposition. You are a very unselfish person." Mr. Robbins has the relaxed authority of someone who knows exactly what he's doing. He has no magic formula for keeping the costs of his houses down. He builds simply and in large quantities, and takes no profit for himself. He also pays bills the week he receives them—a practice that makes him popular with contractors. He acknowledged some of his contractors at this "high moment" of his life: Morris Reme and Stanley Hansen, of the MRLS Construction Corporation, which manages the job in the field; the architect James T. Martino and his associate Daniston Swaby; and Carl and Dolly Williams, the excavators, whose bulldozer was pawing the ground two blocks away.

Though this was a day of celebration in the South Bronx, and people were eager to get over to Prospect Avenue and start digging, they recognized that nineteen scattered sites—two blocks here, four and a half acres there—would not turn the South Bronx into a New Jerusalem. Mr. Robbins wants to build enough houses in one place to achieve what he calls "a critical mass"—a neighborhood that can hold its own and stabilize the community. For some time, he had his eye on a city-owned plot of land known as Site 404, which is adjacent to the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, on Brook Avenue, between 159th and 160th Streets, and which, along with twenty-odd acres around it, has been vacant for fifteen years. South Bronx Churches held a rally there during the last mayoral election, and eight thousand people turned out in support of Nehemiah houses. Later that year, the city turned the land over to one of its agencies, and the agency gave it to a firm that proposed to build higher-priced coöperatives on it. South Bronx Churches sued the city, and was given the scattered sites as a consolation prize, apparently on the condition that it give up the fight for Site 404 and go away. Since then, however, the higher-priced project has been set aside and there was a feeling in the church that the city might yet yield on Site 404.

When the jubilant congregation filed out of Thessalonia Baptist Church into a light rain and strode across the mud and rubble of the Prospect Avenue site toward the bulldozer, its members were surely seeing not just thirty-nine three-family garden apartments that will go up on this site, or seventy row houses that will go up on Trinity Place, or even a possible two hundred and eighty new garden apartments that might go up on Site 404, but thousands and thousands of Nehemiah houses in the new South Bronx. People smiled when Father Andres Alava, of St. Anselm's Catholic Church, blessed the ground with holy water from a plastic squeeze bottle. They laughed when the Reverend John Collins, of Tremont United Methodist Church, hopped down from the bulldozer after reading the passage from Ecclesiastes that begins, "To every thing there is a season." They cheered when the bulldozer took a bite of earth, raised it up, and tipped it out again. Some of the women grabbed handfuls of the earth to keep as mementos of this day in the South Bronx, when at last there seemed to have come a time "to gather stones together."

Milk

IN this culture of grievances, some of the most aggrieved people of all are the milk people. They are sore. They have done nothing wrong; they have nothing to apologize for; they stand before America with clean hands and a wholesome product and collective memories of generations of happy children with strong bones and white mustaches. And yet they have lost some of their market, they are losing their reputation for unsullied virtue, and now they have even lost their senator. When milk people get together—as many of them did on a recent Monday night, at the Regency Hotel, for a milk-tasting organized by the American Institute of Wine and Food—dark are their suspicions and bitter is their tone.

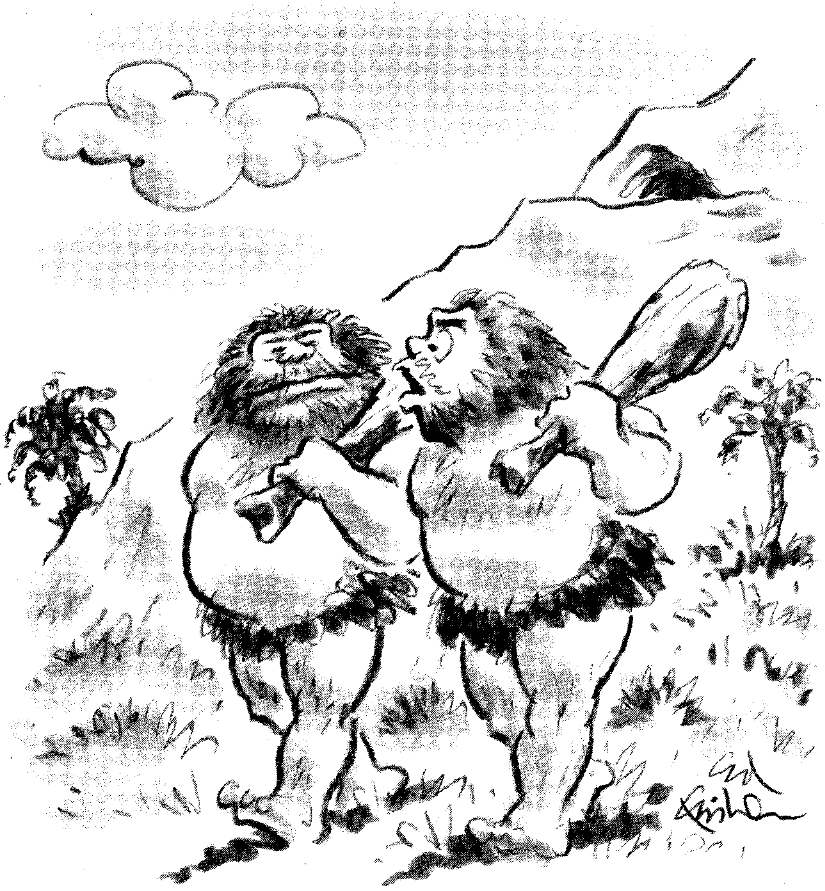
"Don't tell me about health," Marc Goldman, a militant New Jersey dairyman, said to someone who had suggested, mildly enough, that maybe part of the decline in milk consumption had something to do with concern about ingesting too much animal fat. "When you have a tripling of soft-drink consumption in the same period that milk consumption has *declined*, you can't tell me that it's health. Here's the situation—it's about profit margin and advertising. If you're Pepsi-Cola, you put sugar and fizz into a bottle, *and then spend your money on* advertising. The soft-drink companies operate on a high margin relative to their ingredient costs. They hire a quarterback and a girl in a bathing suit, and they say, 'America, drink sugar and caffeine.' If you're a dairy, you're dealing with a living product, which has to be inspected and pasteurized."

The milk senator—the ex-milk senator, actually—is Rudy Boschwitz, from Minnesota. Rudy Boschwitz somehow managed to lose last November to a *liberal*, but, even so, he came all the way to the Regency Hotel to greet the troops he had led into battle so many times. He seemed dispirited. He said to his audience, "Well, I'm an ex-senator now. I was very involved in the milk business. I have to tell you, now that I'm out of power, that there were very few really creative people involved in the milk business. Few, few creative spirits in the dairy industry. The dairy farmers—I have to say this—look to government guys, like the guy I used to be, to support them, instead of getting out there and creating new ways to support themselves. Events like this one tonight—well, I guess they're a good idea. We had one—oh, I don't remember exactly where, but we had one of these in Minnesota once, and they had root-beer milk and coffee milk and, of course, chocolate milk. They seemed very appealing." He hesitated, and then said, "Well, I have to leave you now, for this tasting. As many of you know, I have a lactose intolerance. I urge everybody to drink milk, though."

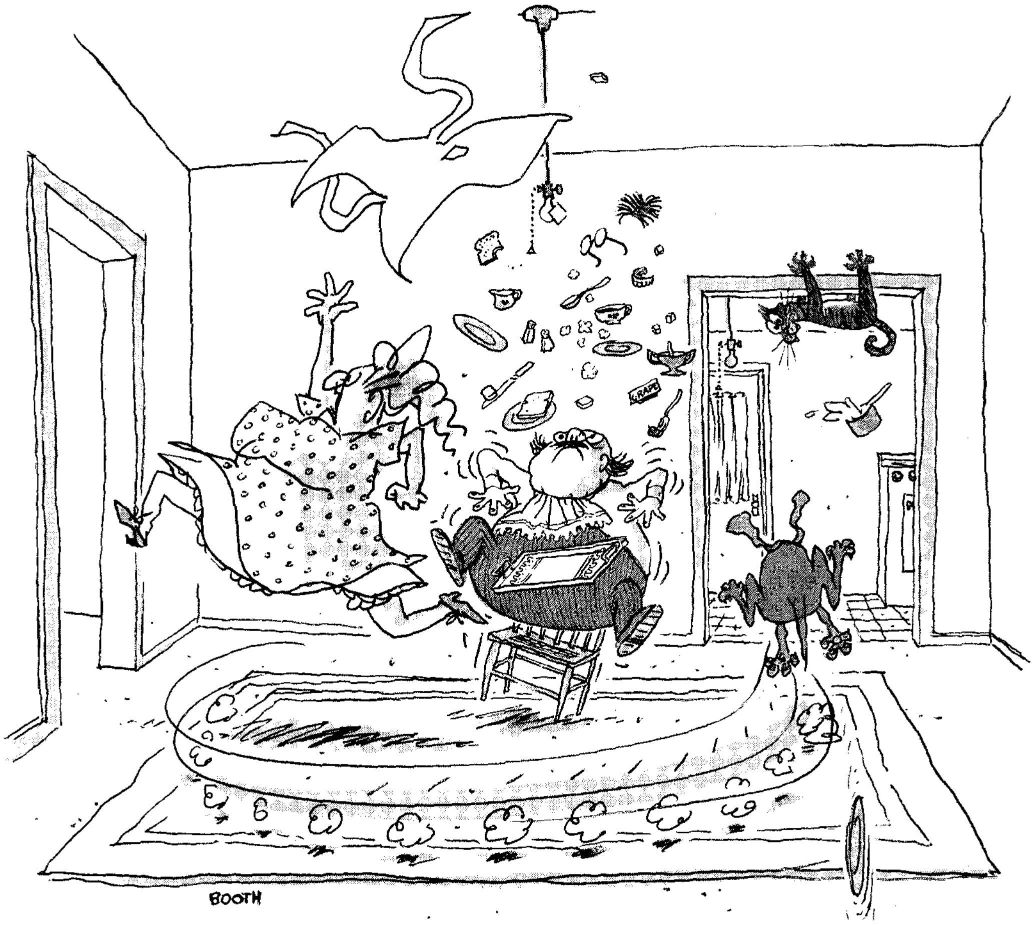
The milk-tasting that the American Institute of Wine and Food had arranged that evening was different from the kind of milk-tasting that ex-Senator Boschwitz had described, since that kind was devoted to new milk products and this one involved just milk. "What we used to call in school vanilla milk, if you remember, to distinguish it, of course, from chocolate milk—though, of course, I hardly need add that there is no vanilla bean used in the production of so-called vanilla milk," Joan Snyder, the co-owner of a boutique dairy upstate called Hollow Road Farms, who was the keynote speaker of the evening's event, announced. There had probably never been a real milk-tasting before, she went on, since it had been generally assumed, incorrectly, that a defining characteristic of milk was that it had no taste. Joan Snyder's talk, like milk, was wholesome and nutritious. Here are some of the points she made: Milk is roughly eighty-five per cent water, with other stuff making up the rest, and what that other stuff is differs from animal to animal. The cow is really a relative newcomer to the world of milk. Cows were among the last domesticated food animals. Goats and sheep are much more productive on poor lands than cows. To have milk cows, you have to have a lot of patience and big meadows and fences. But a sheep or a goat can just pal around with you, if you are an early nomad, and give you some milk and then some meat and then some hide. If you want a really rich, vitamin-packed, high-butterfat beverage, go milk a buffalo.

Joan Snyder sat down, to polite applause, and then an army of waiters in tuxedos marched in from the kitchen and began to pour milk into little numbered plastic cups, six of which were at the place of each person who had come to the milk-tasting. The milk was in bottles and milk cartons just like the ones you have at home, but the waiters tried to make a production out of opening them—pulling out the indented paper spouts with a single pinch, for instance, and taking a good sniff of the bouquet before pouring.

While they poured, Marc Goldman made some remarks and then fielded questions from the audience. He told his listeners that milk is a beverage that varies as much as fine wine does, although, unlike fine wine, it doesn't improve with age. At times, the questioning was tough. "Could you get into



"I'd be the first to say 'Repeal the harsh old rule of tooth and claw' if somebody could show me that it wasn't working."



"Tag sale next door!"

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the details of homogenization and the details of pasteurization?" somebody asked. It was, as any milk person could tell you, a loaded question. A small movement for raw milk has begun in the radical fringes of the dairy world, on the assumption that a few cases of salmonella here and there are nothing compared with the chance of actually having a form of *chic milk.* ("It could be like sushi, with bars and everything," one dreamer at the milk-tasting remarked.)

Somebody asked about bovine-growth hormone, and the whole audience stiffened. Bovine-growth hormone is a genetically engineered hormone that is injected into the cow and is supposed to make the cow more productive. (The Vermont ice-cream makers Ben & Jerry have been spearheading an anti-BGH movement, on the ground that it is likely to drive small dairy farmers out of business.) "Well, all the alarmists are conjuring up visions of monster, mutant cows leaking milk and stomping out the family farmer," Marc Goldman said. "Let me tell you about BGH. It's being used strictly on a trial, let's-see basis; we *never* use it at our dairy. Probably no one in this room has ever had a touch of BGH in his milk. But compare how much you've heard about BGH in the last few years with how much you've heard about *calcium,* and ask yourself how these things happen."

Then Marc Goldman offered his theory about the decline in milk consumption. "Sometime about fifteen years ago, the sugar-and-fizz people decided to go out and target our main consumer, the five-to-fourteen-year-old," he said. "Coke, Pepsi, and the rest have become the 'in' beverage with the 'hip' image. And I'm sure you'll agree that sugar and caffeine aren't exactly nutritious. And then, of course, there are the health scares. Now, buttermilk is a classic, uniquely American beverage. It's a cultured, fermented product, and it's associated with all that's best in American cooking: buttermilk flapjacks, buttermilk biscuits, buttermilk muffins. Sometimes I feel like shouting out to the world, *'There is no butter in buttermilk!'* But it wouldn't do any good. And so buttermilk, a little bit of American history, has just about disappeared. Sales and production are practically nil. I hope you think about that the next time you pop open a Pepsi."

When the waiters had finished pouring, the guests picked up their little plastic cups of different kinds of milk and held them up to the light. Here is what the waiters had poured into the cups: skim milk; a new kind of skim milk, which tastes a little less watery than skim milk; goat's milk; sheep's milk; Jersey creamline milk; and chocolate milk. Here is what the contents of the little paper cups tasted like: milk—except for the chocolate milk, which tasted like chocolate.

Then the waiters began to wheel out dishes that had been cooked with milk by Ali Barker, the Executive Chef of the Polo Grill in the Garden City Hotel, in Garden City. (*Newsday* just gave him three stars.) As the waiters were serving popovers and béchamel sauce and baked clove custard, Mr. Barker emerged from the kitchen and told the tasters that it had been a challenge to think up three-star recipes using milk as a main ingredient, but he had managed.

With the food, everyone became more cheerful, and the milk people began to speculate about their great hope. Marc Goldman doubts whether it will ever actually see the light of day, since people have been talking about it for years and testing it and formulating it without results. But other milk people are more optimistic, and say they have heard from someone in the know that the formula has at last been perfected, that the stuff is being test-marketed out in Denver, and that it is on its way. What it is is carbonated milk.

WHAT PRICE THE TRUTH?

I WANT to tell you something, I have to tell *someone. I have to talk.* I suddenly understood that you are the only person left who will know what I'm talking about. Has that happened to you? You suddenly think, My God, that was twenty, thirty years ago and I am the only person left who knows what really happened.

Do you remember Caesar? Remember I worked for him? Do you—most people have forgotten. We called him Caesar. . . . He never knew it, of course. Because he used to say, "I'm going to conquer Britain." Remember that? If you do, then you and I are the only people left who do. Well, Caesar's son married my daughter last weekend. . . . Yes, exactly, you can't improve on life, can you? Life: God's little scriptwriter. But you only know the half of it, *listen!*

Did you ever meet Robert, Caesar's son? If you did he must have been an infant. Well, he's turned out a charming boy, sweet, but really, really nice.

Ten years ago he rang me at the office and asked me out to dinner. He was fourteen. I was struck dumb. Well, as far as I can be struck dumb. I was so *tickled*—of course I said yes. But wait until you hear where. It was at the Berengaria. Yes, quite so. I don't know what I expected, but he did it all perfectly. He might have been thirty-five, this kid, this *baby*, he called for me in a taxi with flowers, in a hired suit. He had booked a table and gone in to discuss it all with the headwaiter. The waiters were hovering about like nannies; they were tickled out of their wits, because of this kid and me—of course they knew me for years, I used to go there with Caesar, or I went in to arrange special dinners for him. He used to talk as if it were *his* restaurant. . . . Are you getting the picture? Not by a nod or a beck did the waiters embarrass him, they were wonderful. I sat there going mad with curiosity. *Fourteen.* Then I thought, All right, we are all mad at fourteen, forget it. And I was busy then, as usual. But it must have cost him fifty quid. Where did he get it? Not from his father, that mean old . . .

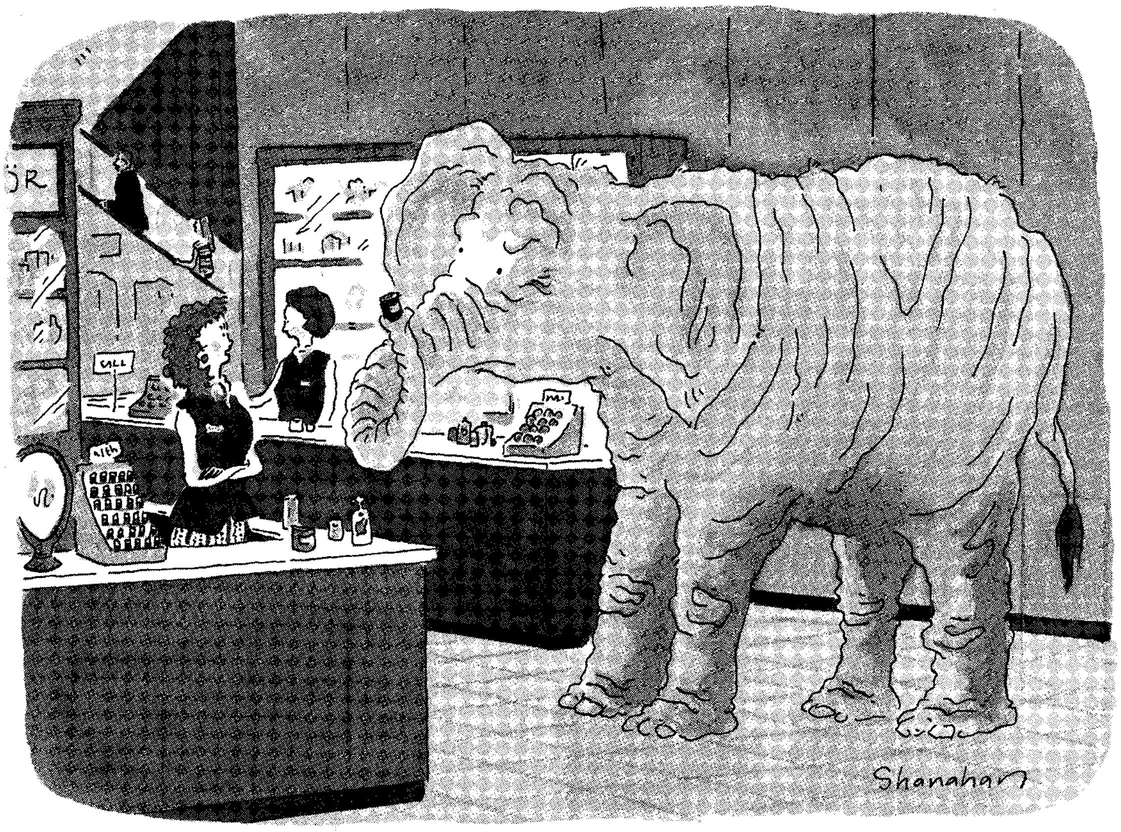
The next thing, he writes me a letter on best-quality ivory-vellum notepaper, with his name printed on it, Robert Meredith Stone, asking me to go for a walk in St. James's Park and then for tea at the Ritz. Wait a minute, I thought, just wait a minute. . . . It's time to do some thinking.

Dinner at the Berengaria, fair enough, it was Caesar's place, but a walk in the *park?* Caesar has never set foot off a London pavement. He probably doesn't know a daffodil from a rose. In his old age he sits like a sour old goat, grumping at nineteen-thirties films on the video—don't imagine he limps about the garden philosophizing while he prunes the roses. Marie has always done the gardening.

I thought it all over, but really *thought*, and then I asked Marie for lunch. I needed to talk to her without Caesar's knowing, I didn't want to give poor Robert away.

I hadn't seen Marie for years. We always got on, if you can call it that, having nothing in common but behaving well. She's old these days, she's decided to be an old woman. I'm damned if I will yet. I mean, it's a lot of effort to let yourself get old, you have to change your clothes, your style, everything. It's all right for her, she's got time for all that, she's never had to work in her life. Of course she was curious to know what it was all about, and I didn't know how to start. As soon as I saw her I realized I couldn't ask. What was I to say? Tell me, does your Robert think that your Caesar and I had an affair and, if so, what's all this about strolls in St. James's Park and feeding the ducks?

She thought it was ever so sweet of me to ask her for lunch, but she's got vague, she started to talk about Caesar's girlfriends. "I never minded," said she, "not after the first. . . . " And then she made a joke, yes, actually a joke. "It's the first one that counts, you know, *le premier pas qui coûte*, and he always had such nice women," paying me a compliment, noblesse oblige. "And I never did like sex," she says, "or perhaps I wasn't lucky with Caesar, or he wasn't lucky with me." I swear she was ready for me to tell her how I had found



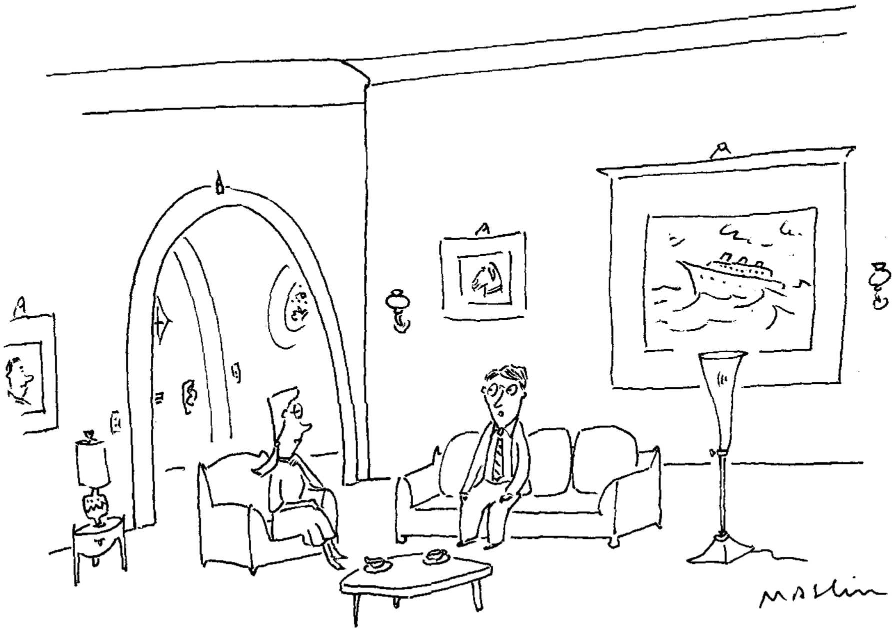
"Who can afford not to moisturize?"

her Caesar in bed, and I understood something at that moment, it struck me all of a heap, it struck me dumb—yes, all right, but I told you I had to *talk*. Now, this is the point. It was always important to me that I never slept with Caesar, but it was exactly at that moment, eating a healthful salad with Caesar's wife—ha-ha, how absolutely apropos—that I knew how important it was, a point of pride. And now it mattered to her so little that she didn't even remember I had gone to her and said, "Look here, Marie, I don't know what anyone else thinks and I don't care, but it matters to me what *you* think. I am not sleeping with your husband, and I never did." She didn't remember I had gone specially to tell her. She looked at me vaguely, and said, "Oh yes? Did you? Funny, I forget things. . . . But I didn't mind, you know." She minded all right. She's decided to forget that. Whether she believed me or not she minded like hell, and I minded her minding. Because I was innocent. It was just the same having lunch with her as it had been *then*, because the one thing I couldn't say was the most important thing: Your husband is a mean, scrimping, penny-wise tightfist, and he's killed me with overwork, he always has to work people he employs to the bone, and he has to underpay them. Never mind about sleeping with me, I would have liked to say, then and at lunch that day, but working with that little Scrooge never left much energy for sex.

Have you forgotten how it was with me then? I had two kids—but *do* you remember? The funny thing is, meeting people in public life, professional life, you meet them as individuals, but what's important about them, often, is what you don't see. In my case it was two small children and an ex-husband who sometimes came through with a few quid but more often didn't. I was being paid a senior typist's wage when I ran Caesar's office for him, I was his girl Friday, I organized everything, and it was I who had the contacts, I knew everyone in the field when he was a newcomer in it. I used to set up whole shows for him, and he'd take the credit. I used to work from eight in the morning till eleven, twelve, one at night. I made that man, and he knew it, too, but if he'd paid me he'd be admitting just what my real worth to him was. I'm not saying he wouldn't have succeeded without me, but if he conquered Britain—because he did, *we* did, he was known everywhere and not just in this country, he was a name in France and Germany—if he did all that it was because of me. Then one day I was so exhausted I couldn't get out of bed. I telephoned the office and said right, that was it, I was giving him notice, I couldn't stand it. I had to get a job that paid me properly. I was in debt for the rent. I couldn't even pay for the children's clothes, and their father had been out of work for months—he was an actor, it wasn't his fault. Suddenly there is Caesar ringing the doorbell, for the first time, and I'd been working for him ten years then. He comes in, he looks around. Two rooms and a bathroom, oh yes, it was a decent little place, I wasn't going to let the kids go without, but I slept in the living room and they had the other room. "Nice place," says Caesar, sniffing about, pricing everything, "you do yourself well." And he with his bloody great house at Richmond. I got back into bed and actually went to sleep, I was so *ill* I didn't care. "You can't just give me notice," he says, waking me up. "I am giving you notice," I say. To cut it short, he put up my salary a few quid a month, it was enough to pay off some of my debts. I still wasn't earning as much as a good P.R. girl. "You can't leave me," he says, and I remember the tone of his voice—that was what struck me dumb, as if *I* had treated *him* badly.

All those years he had been trying to get into bed with me. Particularly when we went on trips. I never would. Partly because I didn't go for him much, and partly because it was a question of self-respect. It was more, it was *survival*. I couldn't let him take me over entirely. He owned my working self, but as for the rest. . . . You're still wondering why I stayed with him? I remember you asked me, why stay with him, when you could earn four times the salary? The point is, I fitted that job of his like a . . . I and the job had grown up together. . . . I had *made* that job, made him. He knew I wouldn't be able to give it up. He knew that in some funny way we stood and fell together. . . . We matched, his talents and mine, we were a team. But he got rich, did you know? He was a millionaire. Typically, he used to say, "What's a million these days?" And I wasn't going to say, "If it's nothing, then give me a little of it." *Pride*. O.K., O.K., sometimes I do wonder about that. . . . But I think what I felt was, If I can stand this I can stand anything. I felt strong. . . . I felt indestructible.

You did think I slept with him, didn't you? Everyone did. He made



"I've changed in many ways, Adele—switching from leather to crêpe soles is just one of them."

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NIGHT FIGURE

She hovers over the ache of thresholds:
the brass doorknob, the cream paint chipped at the jamb
enter her face again, close so she doesn't notice.

The landing light under its fringed blue shade
is on, floating from its stem over her head
where she hesitates, listening. She wants to hear

our breathing, three of us pitching into sleep
in the same room, tucked in by a leaning shadow,
a faint smell of face powder, sticky touch of lips.

I lie, not quite asleep in the dark, the eldest, listening
to fingers of rain on the roof, the rain spitting
against the window. She's a felt presence, a shadow.

Hearing the weather, she'd say, *It's spilling rain.*
She'd say in her mind, *He'll be drowned out in it.*
But she's silent, listening, till she's sure

we're asleep, dark head bent under the ceiling
for a moment's subdued wonder she would only
know as relief—all asleep—a slight tremor

of peace. She stands as if underwater in it, listening
to the house and all its stunned tongues
gather round her heart: rumors of being

rush into the moment, flutter there
forever. A bus coughs by on Clareville Road,
footsteps syncopate through rain, a bicycle bell

rings in the dark, squeak squeak of pedals
pushing against the wind and hill. She's frozen
in the moment between closed doors, light

spilling over head and shoulders onto her shoes.
Now she's moved into their front bedroom
where she stands, the light unlit, at the window,

inching the curtains back to look: bright slant darts
of rain flying and flashing in the street lamp's
radiant arch, the street slick and empty. Then

a hurrying figure, the little brickish click
of high heels on stone. But still
no sign, he doesn't come. One red bud of pain

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sure everyone did. He'd speak of me in a certain way, he'd put on that smile. . . . If there was a big do, a first night or something, he'd take me in on his arm and make sure everyone noticed. Caesar and his mistress. I went along with it, but I'd give him a look—and he understood, all right. It was a battle, a fight to the death. I was saying, All right, but you and I know the truth. I'm not your woman and never shall be.

That went on for years. And then they offered me the job I have now, and that coincided with Caesar's deciding he'd had enough, time to put his feet up.

And all these years I've been thinking, You old goat, you little gauleiter, but I never slept with you.

And there I was sitting opposite old Marie and suddenly I realized she had forgotten all about it and didn't care. And that made me feel . . . I felt that I was collapsing inside somewhere. It had been so important to me.

But at least during the lunch I understood what had happened. . . . His kids were still small when I finished working for Caesar. But as they grew up they would hear him talking about me in that proprietary way of his. Robert would have got the idea. Meanwhile I was going from strength to strength. I'm very *visible,* you know. When I was working for him it was one thing—everyone had to think his girl Friday slept with him. But for a long time now he'd have had good reason to boast about me. If you are wondering, But where did Robert get the idea about little walks in the park and tea at the Ritz—well, God knows. But he's a dear, sweet, lovely boy, he's nice, I mean nice in himself, he's a romantic, and so he would think that little strolls in the park and tea at the Ritz are part of the perfect love affair.

He wrote me love letters. He obviously copied them from some pattern letters. Or perhaps he got them out of a novel. I was absolutely *wowed* by them, they were like something from the eighteenth century—well, perhaps they were. I'd wait a few days and then send him a couple of tickets to a play or a first night. I'd see him there with a girl, and then it was with my daughter Sonia. Do you remember her? She's beautiful. Yes, all right, I can say it now. . . . She's like me when I was young. And *that* is the point.

Robert started taking her out regularly. I thought nothing of it. I was *busy*. I've only just realized how hard I've worked. Why did I have to? What was it all about? O.K., I had to work myself silly when I had to support the children, but even when they are off my hands—if you can call it that, none of them are ever off our hands these days. But at least they wouldn't starve if you said, Enough, that's it, I've had it, don't expect any more from me. Do you know one reason I would never say that? Because I wouldn't want to be as mean as Caesar, that's why.

Then, about a year ago, Marie rings me—worldly-wise, you know—and she says, "What do you think about our Robert and your Sonia? They're getting married. We told him, 'You are too young,' but of course none of them listen."

I'm sure you've already worked it all out. Robert has always wanted to be Caesar the Second. *But.* He's not ambitious, you see. He doesn't know what ambition is. He works nicely in that advertising office and dreams about being Caesar, but he doesn't make the connection somewhere. . . . You need to kill yourself working or get someone else to kill themselves working for you. . . . He's too nice to be successful, do you see? But if he can get his father's mistress then he's halfway there.

Are you wondering how much of this my Sonia sees? Not much. She *thinks* I was Caesar's mistress and hates me for it. Once I said to her, "Sonia, you two children and I were stuck together in two rooms until you

starts to open in her heart, and she's the secret
goings on in hives—the gathering sweetness
and expense of spirit, cells flowing over, the finished

golden comb, full silence, that dead end
where she stands at the window, her hand
letting the gauze curtain fall

across the street. For one moment
before going down the strait stairs, she levels
the wing of her listening over us, standing

in silence at the door. Nothing now, nothing
till his key comes fumbling the hall door, nothing
but a life being twisted into shape. I wonder

what rumors she heard on the stairs, drafts
bringing the outside in where she stands
shivering in my mind, her breath

coming and going, the blood branching
through fluttery veins. She knows—like a faraway
loved cousin—the peace behind the door. And knows

what can blossom from the heart, salt rising
like a tide to her throat. There will be
the slight trip against the step

as the door shuffles open, raw
against the hall's linoleum; hint of stagger
in the hall; heavy sit in the muffled chair,

lidded eyes a little hazed, blinking. A life
being twisted into shape. Behind closed doors
the air listens to a huffle of voices. She can feel,

when the buds of pain and rage have
closed again, the vacant relief: the full
house. She can sleep. In the bed

she lies beside his breath, her eyes open
and the house a silent hive drawn round
her head, her splitting head. Fingers of rain

tapping for help against the window: *Let us in,*
let us in, can't you? Then a thickened silence
marrying the dark, making the bed she lies on,

and she slides, nothing stops her,
into the wooden dusk
of wardrobes, down the sheer drop of sleep.

—Eamon Grennan

• •

were twenty. You know I didn't have men. Where would I have put them?"

"What about those trips?" she says, catching me out.

I said, "Sonia, I was so tired every night, often enough I used to fall into bed with all my clothes on." Well, actually I did have the occasional little fling, when I had the energy, which wasn't often. But that has nothing to do with her. But I understood something. . . . She's never worked hard in her life. She doesn't know what working hard means. She doesn't know what it means to be so tired you're scared to let go even half an inch, because if you did everything would fall to pieces. And she will never know, because Robert looks after her as if she were a precious kitten that will never grow up. He must think that's how his father looked after me. He's so decent that it would never enter his head to think otherwise. Caesar was a sweet, kind father figure, so that's what he's going to be, too.

To cut it short, the wedding was last Saturday. We had six hundred guests. All of show business—television, radio, theatre, everything. On Caesar's side a bit reminiscent, because he's been retired for so long.

And there *we* were: Marie, mother of the bridegroom; Caesar, father of the bridegroom; Sonia's daddy—but he's always been a bit noises-off, not that it's his fault; and me, mother of the bride.

And when it came to photographs . . . no, wait, here's the nitty-gritty. Robert suddenly came forward and took charge. Suddenly I saw him as Caesar. Do you remember that deadly quiet bloody-mindedness, that determination—smiling all the time, but no one was going to get in his way? That was Robert, all last Saturday afternoon. It was absolutely essential that he get a photograph of himself and Sonia with me and Caesar standing on either side, and then a picture of us standing behind them, and then sitting in front—and so on, over and over. It was embarrassing. Daddy and his famous mistress, and Daddy's son and the mistress as she used to be. All afternoon people were saying to me, "God, *darling*, but your daughter looks *exactly* as you used to."

Well, I kept giving Caesar looks, the way I always had, but he didn't know what was going on. I swear, when some men retire they just give up all their *nous*—I swear, in the old days he would have seen it all, even if he wouldn't admit it. What he did *not* see was that all his *awful* ruthless single-mindedness—I came, I saw, I conquered—was there in his son, but focussed on just one pathetic thing: that he should marry Daddy's mistress.

And I felt more and more . . . that I didn't exist. Do you understand?

Well. It was ever such a gemütlich ceremony, it was a wonderful party, a good time was had by all, and when the happy couple went off to Venice—my treat—my daughter gave me a look of pure triumph, though God knows what she thinks she's triumphing about. And he, that *sweet* boy, he kissed me, the sort of kiss a lover gives you—goodbye for ever.

And the point is, this is the point, this is the absolutely *bloody* point. . . . There is no way I could ever say to anyone, and I hardly dare think it, in case I come out with it by mistake, No, I was not Caesar's mistress, never, I never so much as kissed him—because that would be the whole basis of that sweet boy's life *gone*. The whole thing—focussing on Sonia, cutting out all her other suitors, marrying her publicly in front of his father's world and mine, treating the girl like a prize puppy—all *nothing*, based on nothing at all.

Nada.

And there's no one I can talk to about it, no one I can tell. . . . Except you. Well, darling, do the same for you some time.

—Doris Lessing

SONNY

SONNY drove the van into the parking lot of the apartment complex on the highway. He drove around the lot until he found the right door, and parked close to it. The people he was moving were a few years older than him, a married couple.

As soon as he walked in the door of their apartment Sonny knew that it would not go well. The husband and wife had been fighting. They had not finished packing. And they were upset when they realized that all they were getting was Sonny, when they thought they had hired a large truck and a crew of three. Sonny showed them the invoice and got them both to sign it. Then he went over to the refrigerator and put his hands on the door as if he'd pick it up right then and carry it away. He let go of it and opened the door and looked inside. "This going?" he said.

The wife shook her head and Sonny started to feel a little better. Three trips in the van, maybe four. The wife had been packing up the silverware drawers, wrapping spoons and forks in sheets of newspaper. She'd been crying. Her face and arms were smudged with newsprint, but she did not seem to know this. "I'm sorry we're not ready," she said.

"That's O.K.," said Sonny. He went out to the van for the quilts and dolly.

Yesterday afternoon he had tried to pick up a woman at the movies, at the matinée. The film was "Platoon." He had seen it before; it was his second time. He sat near the front where some vets were, not quite with them but close enough so he didn't look alone.

All through the first hour of the movie Sonny had the feeling that someone behind him was watching him. Someone was boring into him almost, and when he finally turned around he saw that a woman with a pale and serious expression was staring at him from a few rows back. She wasn't more than thirty, thirty-five. She was alone; there was hardly anyone else in the theatre. His first thought was that the woman was a friend of his wife's, sending hate thoughts his way; but then he shifted in his seat and turned around again and met her eyes. He'd never seen her before. Every time he looked around again, four or five times in the next twenty minutes, there she still was, staring and almost smiling at him.

He got up and went up the aisle. She looked up and smiled just as he passed her row. He went into the lobby. He had the sense that something was about to happen to him that would change his whole life. He felt this with a sudden quiet certainty—didn't people fall into the arms of chance all the time?

The only thing he had to write on was his invoice pad. He tore a sheet off and wrote his name and phone number. He couldn't think of anything else to say so he left it alone. He went back in the theatre. He hadn't thought about this part, and couldn't figure out if he should leave the piece of paper on the seat beside her or tap her on the shoulder and hand it to her. In a spasm of clumsiness, he ended up leaning over, and it fell from his hand to her lap.

In the blue-gray shadowy light he saw the woman pull back with fright and surprise. He saw the pinched white outline of her face, the round O of her mouth—as if he had dropped something alive on her. She cried out in a whisper, so that everyone turned around and looked at them, "What's this! What do you think you're doing!"

Sonny turned and ran up the aisle. He ran out to the sidewalk and gulped in great breaths of air. The van was parked at the curb, and as he made his way to it he wondered if people who were losing their minds ever knew it, or if it was something visible only to other people, and you had to be told.

NOW Sonny said to the wife, "Is your phone still plugged in? I have to call my office." She pointed to where it was, on a table in their den. Sonny picked it up and dialled Debby's number at work. "Amity Insurance," said a voice at the other end. Sonny cupped his hand at the mouthpiece.

"Debby Padgett please," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry, but there's no Debby Padgett here. There's a Deb Maitland. Do you mean Deb Maitland?"

"Who's this? Marlene? Listen, this is Sonny. I want to talk to my wife."

"I know who you are, Sonny. Don't hold this against me, O.K.? But if you call I'm supposed to tell you she's out on break or something."

"She's right there, isn't she," said Sonny. "Is she right there beside you?

Art Joke:
Why did the undertaker leave Venice?
ACCADEMIA
SKALISKY
Because he didn't want to see any more Titians!

Tell her it's her brother. I only want to talk to her for a second."

"She's not here. I wouldn't lie to you," said the voice.

"Oh," said Sonny.

"You still there?"

"Yeah," he said.

"I don't know," said Marlene. "Like this is probably not the right time. But hey. What the hell. You want to meet me for a drink sometime? Not around here, it's too crazy. You want to come over to my house sometime? You don't have to worry about Billy, if that's what you're thinking. We broke up. I always put my kids to bed real early, and I always have food in the house. Don't you think it's a little weird that everyone we know is breaking up?"

"Uh, Jesus, Marlene," said Sonny. "I'm at work."

"I don't know, it's no big deal," said Marlene. "I mean, it's not like you're letting me down or anything."

"I gotta go," said Sonny.

He hung up the phone and the wife said, "Is everything O.K.?"

"It's great!" he said.

"That's Teddy Ackerman—sevensomething."

• •

BETWEEN runs to the couple's new house in town, Sonny decided to drive by High Street and see if Debby was taking her lunch break at Al's or the Burger King or the pizza place. He parked the van on the corner near Al's and left the lights flashing. Al's was small. Every seat at the counter was taken, and all the tables along the side were filled. When Sonny walked in, it seemed to him that most of the conversations stopped abruptly, like something dropped into water. "Black coffee to go, Al," he said.

He drank a little standing up and left most of it on the counter. Sonny's boss was Al's brother-in-law, so there wasn't any charge, but Sonny put a dollar down anyway. "How's it going, Son," Al said.

"It's O.K.," said Sonny.

"You hanging in there?"

"Yeah," said Sonny. Deb wasn't here. Sonny didn't understand how all these people, hanging around eating and making small talk again, looked like they were going through their lives very smoothly, as if nothing was wrong with them, when if they all told the truth for a moment they couldn't be much better off than he was, with prongs of loneliness sticking out through his skin, and the feeling that anything good that would ever take place must have already happened.

"Hear business ain't too good," Al said.

"Sucks, if you really want to know," said Sonny.

Al leaned on the counter and said in a lower voice, "I hear they're bidding for removal at the Grains. You might go down there. I could get you guys in, there's this Polish lady I know."

"We're not moving no trash, Al," said Sonny.

He turned to go, and a man at the other end of the counter called out, "Hey, Son."

It was Jackie Di Tullio, who lived a few houses down the street in Sonny's old neighborhood. "Hey, Jackie," said Sonny.

"I drove by your ma's this morning. She's been trying to call you. She wants you to come over. Something's fucked with their antenna and they can't get stations."

Sonny said, "Yeah, O.K."

"You back with your wife yet, or what?" said Jackie. As he said this he made a circle of his thumb and forefinger and poked it.

"Put a bag on your head," Sonny said.

"Take it easy, Son," said Al. Sonny made like he was taking back the dollar, but Al laughed and grabbed it first.

He went out and walked down the block. She wasn't in the pizza shop. He felt sure he was going to see her, because he had willed it so strongly, and he kept looking into parked cars and the cars that drove by. He thought she might be zeroing in on him, hovering nearby somewhere like a balloon at the end of a string with her face drawn on it.

When Sonny was a boy, his mother earned money by taking care of babies. She took in maybe three or four at once, between the ages of a few weeks and the time they started walking. They always stopped coming before they were toddlers and could shoot away from her grasp to other rooms. She kept them mostly in the kitchen. The house was on the road to the cereal mill, and the babies were the children of the neighborhood women who worked there. They came around to the house in the morning, and Sonny went out and waited for them. The women who worked as grain handlers came dressed for the mill, in loose white cotton shifts and hairnets. It didn't matter to Sonny that he saw them all the time in their ordinary clothes, sweeping porches and driving cars, with makeup on, going past him like he wasn't there. Early in the morning when he waited by the trees near the kitchen door, the phantom women came down the muddy lines of the flower beds, and he would feel the upward tilt that his heart made as he went to meet them. Good morning, Sonny! Good morning, Mrs. Dawson! Good morning, Mrs. Lindquist! And he would try to touch some part of their clothes for luck. All through the day they would rise and bob at the back of his mind.

As for the babies in the kitchen, crawling around with their mouths always open, with their bath things and changing things, the smooth sweet look of their skin, the mechanical swing and the playpens and all the teething rings, the close funky smell of their bodies and shit, he'd get snapped at for going near them; he was not allowed to touch them, as if he were some kind of clod, as if he were dangerous.

He left the van where it was, and walked down to the Burger King and ate lunch there. He walked back to the van in a leisurely way, taking his time, and it surprised him that Debby wasn't sitting there waiting for him. She still had a set of his keys. He had thought he would find her slunk down in the passenger's seat, smoking his pot, and ready to take him back. Suddenly, Sonny hated her for something she said once. They had just gotten married, and his mother still had a few babies. He had taken Deb to visit her in the middle of the day. She'd been giving them baths. She had held up a wet baby in the air above the sink, with dirty dishes all around, way too roughly, Deb had thought. She had looked at Sonny's mother with horror. Later that night he heard her talking on the phone to one of her friends. "You wouldn't believe it," she had said. "My own mother-in-law, and it was just like a smokehouse in there, with these pink baby hams all over the place. Poor Sonny!"

THE YELLOW STAR THAT GOES WITH ME

Sometimes when I'm really thirsty, I mean really dying of thirst
For five minutes
Sometimes when I board a train
Sometimes in December when I'm *absolutely freezing*

For five minutes
Sometimes when I take a shower
Sometimes in December when I'm *absolutely freezing*
Sometimes when I reach from steam to towel, when the bed has soft, blue sheets

Sometimes when I take a shower
For twenty minutes, the white tiles dripping with water
Sometimes when I reach from steam to towel, when the bed has soft, blue sheets
Sometimes when I split an apple, or when I'm hungry, painfully hungry

For twenty minutes, the white tiles dripping with water
As the train passes Chambers Street. We're all crammed in like laundry
Sometimes when I split an apple, or when I'm hungry, painfully hungry
For half an hour, sometimes when I'm on a train

As it passes Chambers Street. We're all crammed in like laundry
It's August. The only thing to breathe is everybody's stains
For half an hour. Sometimes when I'm on a train
Or just stand along the empty platform

It's August. The only thing to breathe is everybody's stains
Sometimes when I board a train
Or just stand along the empty platform—
Sometimes when I'm thirsty, I mean really dying of thirst

—Jessica Greenbaum

• •

Sonny parked the van in his parents' driveway. Before he went into the house he walked around the yard to take a look at the television antenna. A couple of rods were dangling, and he saw that he would have to replace it.

Since Sonny had married Deb and moved out, his mother had developed some habits that struck him as peculiar, but they weren't as strange as some of the things he had observed in other retirees as he bundled up their lives and moved their furniture, or helped move their stuff into storage, and they squabbled about the bill, and would kill him, just take out a knife from one of the boxes and kill him, if he didn't knock an hour or so off the total, and charge less on account of their age, their crabbed-up bitter old age, like it was all his fault. But when Sonny walked behind them in slow steps, down the path from the house they were leaving, with everything they had in his van, they were as timid and frail as small birds.

Sonny's mother came to the door to meet him. She was sixty-eight years old. She was wearing a pair of plaid Bermuda shorts, wool socks that went exactly to the middle of her knees, a fisherman-style canvas vest with a lot of pockets, a pair of brown leather shoes with tiny orange tags that said "Rockport," and, under the vest, a turtleneck jersey she must have bought at a yard sale, from the bureau of some twelve-year-old girl. It had faint purple tulips on it, faded and bleached from washings. She was always dressed like someone about to go walking alone. The other strange thing about her was that she was a small woman but she didn't seem to be shrinking. He'd seen a lot of old people getting smaller. Every time he came to see his mother he expected—he prepared himself—to find her a few inches shorter; but it seemed that the opposite was happening. It wasn't that she seemed to be expanding, but Sonny now had the sense that, with the gray-white shock of her hair, which she never tied back anymore, she was larger than he'd thought. He wondered if this was something he'd made up for himself because he wouldn't be able to stand it if she slowed down and diminished—not his mother, not now, when Debby had left him.

There were seedlings in Dixie cups all over the kitchen counters. The frying pan on the stove was covered in a thin white layer of grease. Near the sink were the remains of lunch: canned corn and brown-'n'-serve sausage patties and the outer leaves of something that looked like lettuce but not quite—it wasn't green enough. How could he tell her that the sight of it turned him stony with fear, that she was not to go far from the house, and must stay away from the woods, and never pick anything wild and eat it, because she might pick something wrong, some mushroom, some poisonous spore, some plant that would keel her right over? He said to her, "How's it going? Everything O.K. with Pa?"

"Don't wake him. Don't go in there," she said quickly.

"O.K.," Sonny whispered. "You ain't had TV?"

"Your father thinks the antenna broke because all those sparrows sat on it," she said.

"That's crazy, Ma. It's not birds. The wind snapped it over. Tell him I'll go out to the mall after work and buy a new one. They've got them at Radio Shack."

"How much?" said Sonny's mother, her eyes bright.

"I don't know. Twenty or thirty bucks," said Sonny. "It's no big deal, I'll get it."

She started to walk over to the counter where her purse was. "I'll just give you a few dollars for gas," she said.

"I'm out of here, Ma," said Sonny.

IT had started to rain. When Sonny pulled off the highway again, the last thing he expected to see was the couple he was moving out on the sidewalk, but there they were, by the door of their building, in the drizzle, with cartons of their things all around. The wife held out her arm and waved at Sonny and looked at her watch and pointed to it. The husband held one of their kitchen chairs. He had just carried it from the apartment. He looked at Sonny as if he wanted to throw it through the windshield. Sonny reached over and pushed his ashtray shut. He had smoked a small part of a joint on the way. He was a little high, but he was O.K. about driving, he was used to it.

He drove up alongside them. He rolled down the window and said, and hoped this was true, "I tried to call you but they shut off your phone."

The wife walked over to the van. Sonny didn't know if she could smell the pot. She didn't seem to, but he still felt nervous. The only time he'd been busted he'd been alone in his car. The police pulled him over. They burned a light in his face and took the six-pack that he had on his back seat, plus the beer in his hand that he'd been drinking. In his glove compartment they found a baggie with seeds and part of a joint, but just left it. He knew they had let him off easy because he had just finished high school. They gave you two or three years to settle down before they tried to bust you for real, and the first thing they asked was "Are you married?"

"My phone's off?" said the wife. "But I just got done talking to my sister."

"I had a flat," said Sonny. "On the road near your new house."

He had only this last run to do. After that, he didn't know yet. Going home by himself was like going home to a hole. The apartment was the one he had lived in with Debby for six years, but her smell was gone. There was no trace of her anymore in a towel or pillow or blanket or sheet.

He got out of the van. He said to the couple, "If you pay me now, I won't have to come back."

They paid him in cash. Most of it was small bills. The husband handed over the money very slowly from a roll of bills in his hand. He must have had several hundred dollars. He said, "I

"Darling, you remember all that mission oak on Central Park West."

• •

don't want to give you a hard time about this, but listen. I'm not too crazy about tipping people when the service isn't quite up to par, if you get what I mean."

"Hey, that's O.K.," said Sonny.

"He had to change a flat tire," said the wife. As the husband paid Sonny, she stood next to him and watched with an anxious expression. She was counting along. Her lips were mouthing the numbers. The husband gave her a look that was narrow-eyed and frowning, and in the pause Sonny saw his opportunity. The next bill the husband would peel off was a twenty. In a low voice, just a mumble behind his teeth, Sonny said, "I hope you didn't rob no toll booth."

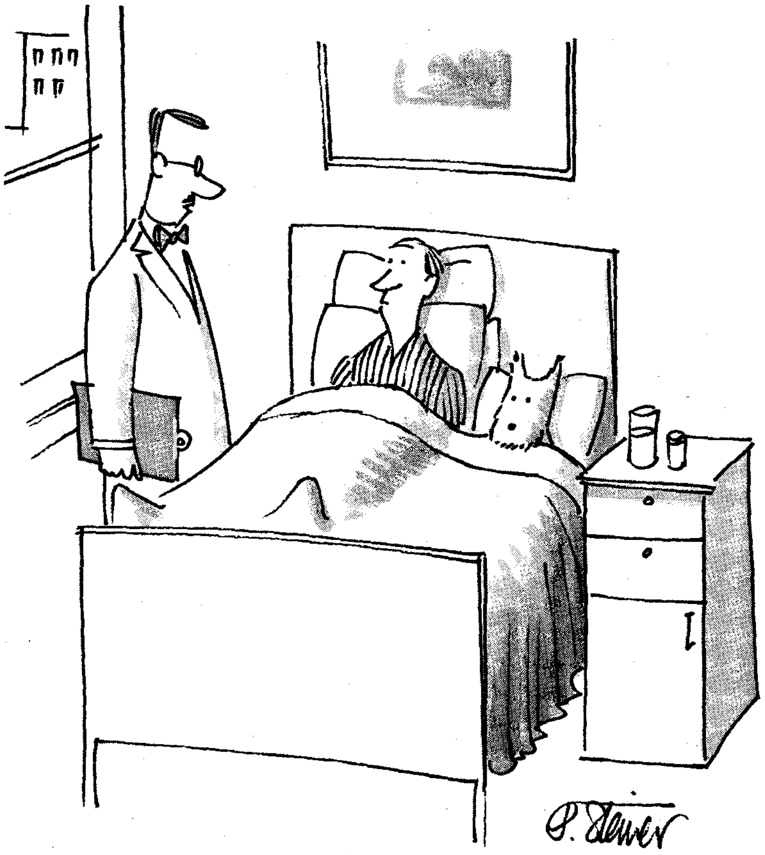
"What did you say?" said the husband. Distracted, he handed the next bill to Sonny without looking at it. The wife hadn't seen it either, and Sonny started clowning around. He acted as if the weight of all the bills the husband was giving him would break his hand. He made like he'd drop the money, then quickly slipped the twenty below a single. He held up the single and showed the husband, who just blinked; so Sonny had his tip. The wife said, "We haven't had this much cash on us at once since the day we got married." She looked at Sonny. "Are you married?"

"Yeah," he said. He and Debby had held their wedding reception at the Holiday Inn on the highway. When it was over and they came out to the limousine again—or staggered out half blind, at least on Sonny's part, for he had gotten, without meaning to, incredibly drunk—they saw that the big sign in front had been altered. At the start of the reception it had said, "Good Luck Debby and Sonny." Someone had changed the first letter of "Luck" to "F," and she had burst into tears. Was that it? Should he have gotten a ladder from somewhere and changed it back?

All through the spring one year, when Sonny was twenty and Deb was nineteen, he had had the feeling she was drifting toward him, at parties and bars around town. Most of their friends, and nearly everyone they'd gone to school with, had moved away or had disappeared into houses and had families. There had never been a time when he realized he loved her. But sometimes when he was looking across a room at her, or across a bar, he had the strange feeling that if he and Deb got up and started walking toward each other they would pass through each other in a certain way, with a feeling of lightness, and a prickliness, the way fireflies swarm trees and then you can't quite see any branches.

One night when Sonny was hanging around the back room at Quill's, Joey Quill, the bartender, came up to him and said, "You better come out to the front, Son. I shut off your girlfriend."

It was summer. The bar was crowded and hot. The back of Sonny's shirt was like a clammy extra layer of skin.



"Under our holistic approach, Mr. Wyndot, we not only treat your symptoms, we also treat your dog."

He looked around. It was almost too dark to see faces. She wasn't here. He put his beer on the counter and went outside.

He looked for her in the parking lot. In the heavy, hazy air, with the night sky dropped low, people were walking here and there in aimless small groups, in couples, or by themselves. He looked over the tops of the cars. His guess was that if Deb had flipped out, or if she'd gotten too drunk, she would have gone somewhere *up*. She would have climbed up on something. This was something he felt he knew about her. He looked up through the trees. There was treated dope going around. It put an opiumlike glaze on things. One night when Sonny was sitting at the bar, the wall in front of him had begun to melt. It wasn't anything he couldn't handle. But two wood panels of the wall had split open, and Sonny had the urge to crawl under the bar and lie there as still as a napkin.

"Here I am," called Deb, in a small, sad voice. She was standing on a grassy hill above the parking lot. She was drunk, but at least she wasn't crying. She leaned against Sonny so her head was tucked under his arm.

"Did you smoke any shit tonight?" said Sonny.

Deb shook her head.

"What's the matter?"

She didn't answer. She just pressed herself against him a little harder. They hadn't made love yet, but Sonny knew they were getting close. When he thought about what it would feel like with her, he hoped the first time would be furious and quick and startling, like two raccoons. Deb had a job at a dry cleaner's then. It was an isolated place at the lower end of Main Street, with a plate-glass window. Sonny drove by sometimes, and if the glass wasn't fogged he saw Deb at the counter as she talked to a customer or stood by the cash register, staring out with a blank expression. Sonny imagined himself going quietly in there, past the pressers and tailors. He'd go in on his knees if he had to. Deb wore tight jeans to work, but Sonny dressed her in his mind in loose flowered long skirts like the hippies used to wear. Then he'd lift up her skirt and get under it, with the van still running outside, and what would they say to that, hey?

"Come on, Deb, I'll walk you home," said Sonny.

She made a whimpering sound against him like she hated the thought of moving. She looked around the parking lot and said, "Haven't you got your car?"

"No, sweetie," said Sonny. He was glad she was too drunk to notice it. It was sitting not fifty feet away in the parking lot. He drove a white Corvair then; he hadn't been working at the movers' long enough to take out the van on his own. He didn't want Debby in his car. The floor on the passenger's side was rusted. Most of it had fallen away, and he found himself seized with the fear that she'd step down too hard on the mat and her feet would go through, and then the rest of her would slip away also, into some sucking thing below them like a vortex, and he would lose her forever. Was that love?

HE returned to the Burger King for supper. There was a pay phone near the door. He couldn't help himself; he went over to it. Anyway, there was a woman at the counter who had waited on him at lunch, and he didn't feel like having her recognize him.

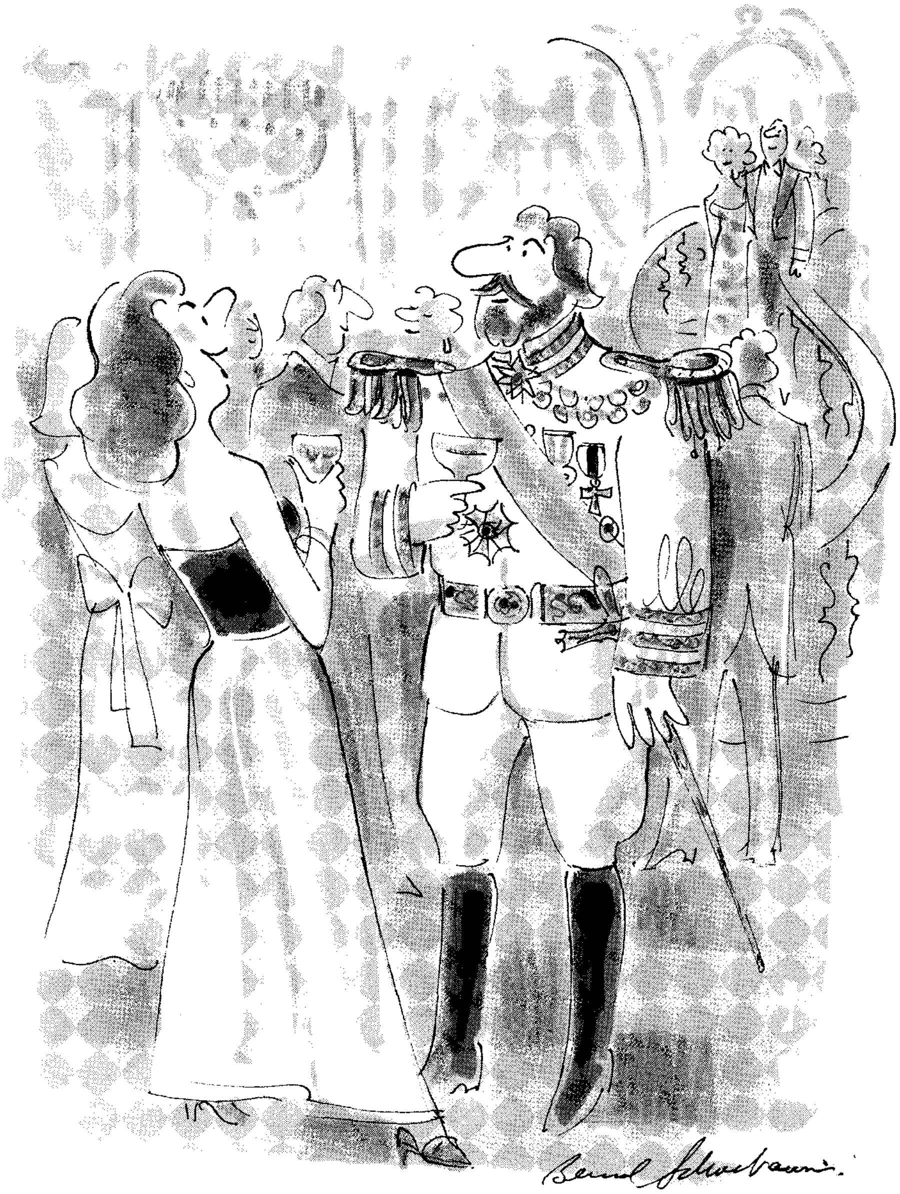
Should he call her? He didn't know. She was staying at her mother's. No, wait. She'd moved in there. He was not on safe ground with himself, and he knew this. To hold himself steady, he started ticking off in his head the names of white blues electric guitarists and white blues bands: Traffic, Jimmy Page, Grand Funk, Little Feat, George Harrison. He couldn't believe he kept including George Harrison. What about Eric Clapton? He was off the list for making beer commercials, the whore. And why did he have to keep straining like this, when she had told him herself she used to love him but it had died? She had picked up a bag she had packed. He had seen the way she held it near her chest, like a shield. "We're breaking up?" he said, and she nodded. "I am very unhappy, Sonny," she said. "And I never would have thought that I could feel so disappointed."

He picked up the phone, looked at it. He hung it back up. The woman who had been there at lunch had gone into the dining room to clean it, and Sonny went to the counter and ordered take-out.

He drove the van to the back of the parking lot, away from the lights, and ate quickly. He was glad it was too foggy to see the sky. It was still a winter sky, and it was still just Orion up there, night after night, silver and hollow and massive. All he had to do was hear those words of hers, "I am very unhappy," and he was crouched like a dog again at the end of their couch, watching her leave him.

He opened the door and poured out the Coke he had bought. He balled up his trash and went over and threw it in the bin. He got back in the van. No streamers of moonlight came down. It was dark; it was after twilight. He unlocked the glove compartment and took out a joint of some mild old home-grown he had, and smoked half of it. He slid down in the seat and held up the joint like a cigarette. He looked up at the night through the steering wheel. Somewhere, he thought, the world was tipping on its axis toward spring, but it didn't feel like that here.

—ELLEN COONEY



"Wow! What packaging!"

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ANNALS OF GOVERNMENT

SERVING THE PRESIDENT

THE TRUMAN YEARS—I

MY first political memory is of Election Day, 1916. My father was a loyal Democrat, and our family supported President Wilson against his opponent, Charles Evans Hughes. To inform the people of St. Louis of the results as quickly as possible, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* had made an ingenious arrangement with the local utility companies. In the evening, "the electric lights in homes and street cars will flicker out once and be turned on again if President Wilson has been re-elected," the newspaper proudly announced. "If Hughes is elected, the lights will flicker out three times." I was nine, it was the first election I was aware of, and this novel way of learning the outcome especially excited me, because it might allow me to stay up late. I begged my parents to allow me to await the signal, and they agreed.

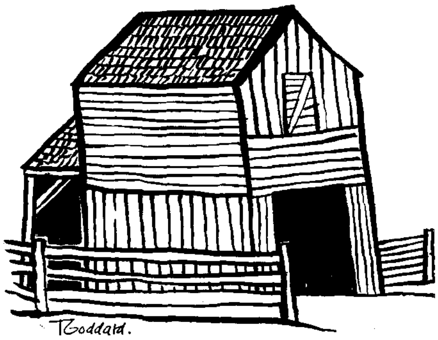
We waited in our living room as the evening wore on. Finally, near midnight, our lights blinked once. As we began cheering for Wilson, our lights suddenly blinked twice more. Plunged into despair, we went to bed thinking Hughes had been elected. It was not until a day later that we, and the nation, learned that California's vote, which was counted late, had gone to Wilson, and, with it, the 1916 election. Of the many election nights I have lived through since, only one, in 1948, was as memorable.

After graduating from college and law school, I practiced law in St. Louis for fifteen years, and then, on April 28, 1944, at the age of thirty-seven, I executed the oath of office as lieutenant, junior grade, in the United States Naval Reserve. Armed with my new commission, I went downtown to buy a uniform, as well as a "how to" book on Navy customs and regulations. I knew absolutely nothing about military procedures—not even how to give and receive a salute.

A few days later, I received orders to report to the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, in Washington, D.C. I arrived by train in a city that, like the nation it governed, had been transformed by the war. Washington in 1944 buzzed with energy, excitement, and purpose. Men and women in uniform rushed through the once sleepy streets. I found the commotion a bit overwhelming at first. I had visited Washington a few times on legal business, but I had never got to know the city, its people, or its culture. I commuted each morning to the Navy Department, where I was assigned routine staff work.

Shortly after D Day, I was selected as one of two officers assigned to make a survey of Navy logistical activities on the West Coast, in preparation for the coming push against Japan. My partner on this mission was a Reserve lieutenant-commander from Pittsburgh named Nathan Pearson, who had worked in marketing research for U.S. Steel before the war. The pattern of our inspection tours soon became familiar. At each stop, Pearson and I handed the base commander a letter from the top Navy brass in Washington requesting his full coöperation. Invariably, we received an effusive welcome—and almost no information of substance. After several hours of this empty ritual, we searched out lower-ranking Reserve officers stationed at the installation. Then we invariably got a different story, revealing key information about the base's strengths and weaknesses.

I learned an important lesson from this tour, which served me well in the distant future: to find out what was really going on in the military, it was necessary to look beyond the official chain of command. Top commanders, whether in the Second World War or in Vietnam, were predictably defensive about any sign of weakness. One had to look behind the official briefings in order to assemble an accurate picture. My legal experience was useful in dealing with the military, but a different and less confrontational procedure was necessary. I believe that my real preparation for service as Secretary of Defense twenty-four years later began on that inspection tour in 1944.

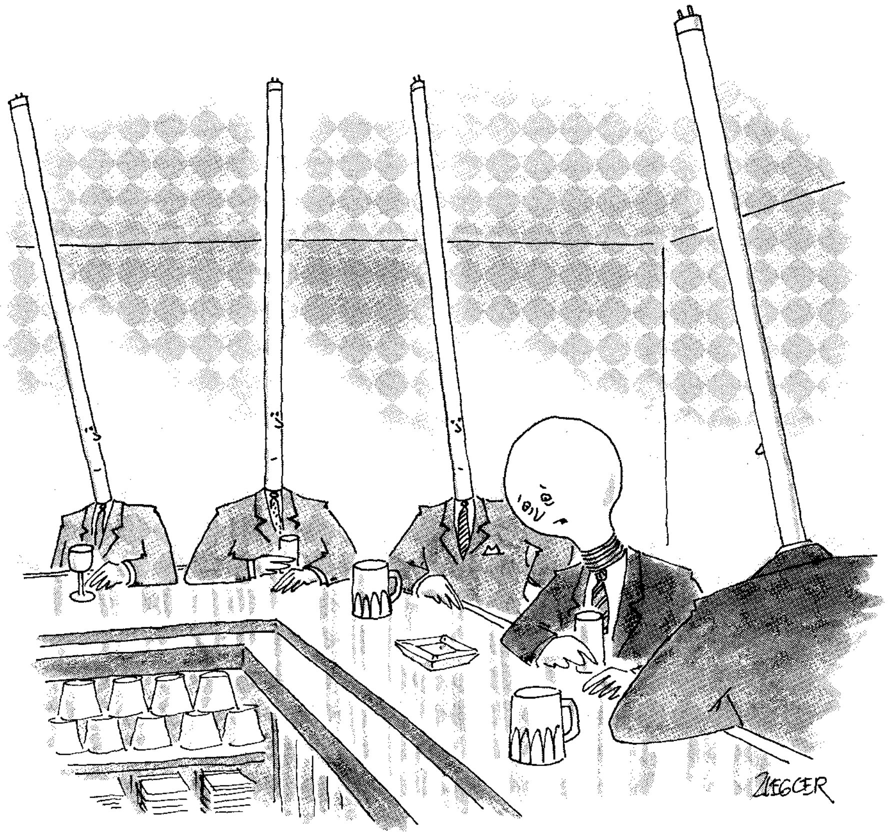


Once we were back in Washington, Pearson and I assembled our conclusions and submitted a lengthy report, emphasizing the need to unify Navy logistical operations on the West Coast. Acting on those recommendations, the Navy reorganized and strengthened the Western Sea Frontier—the command responsible for coördinating supply activities on the West Coast. To direct this new effort Washington chose the Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll, who had the experience and the four-star rank essential for exercising effective control over the flow of material from the West Coast ports into the Pacific theatre.

Admiral Ingersoll was impressed by our report, and soon Pearson and I were headed back to San Francisco, this time as part of Ingersoll's staff. Upon arriving at the Western Sea Frontier headquarters, we began organizing Navy supply lines from the West Coast to forward areas in the Pacific, in preparation for the planned invasion of Japan.

On April 12, 1945, in the middle of a cool, clear, and breezy afternoon, the Western Sea Frontier received the news of President Roosevelt's death. Like everyone else, I was stunned, and wholly unprepared for it. Certainly I could not have imagined the consequences for me personally—consequences that led me to the White House in less than three months, and launched a career that would last for the rest of my life.

EVEN at the moment of initial shock, however, I felt a small, personal flutter when I realized that I had once met the man who was now President of the United States. It was in 1939, at a cocktail party at the St. Louis home of a friend and client, James K. Vardaman, Jr., who was one of the city's few businessmen to have supported Harry Truman's successful bid for the Senate in 1934. My meeting with Senator Truman had been brief and inconsequential. But my acquaintanceship with Vardaman turned out to be the key to my career in Washington.



"Laugh if you will, but my kind once ruled the earth."

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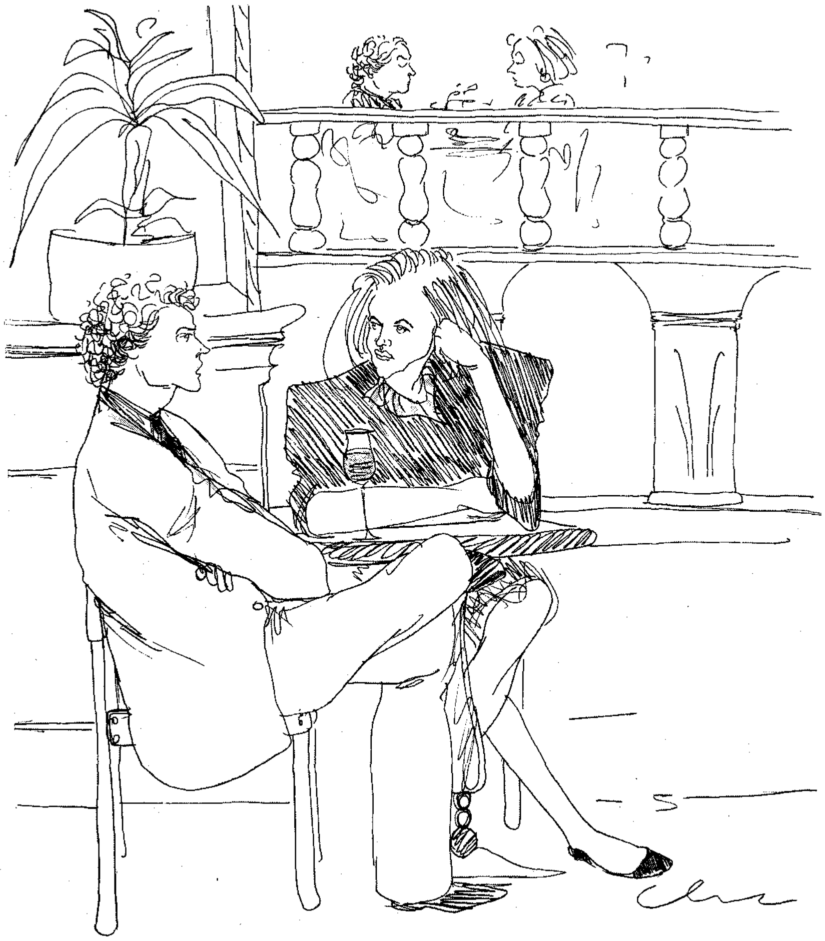
Shortly after Roosevelt's death, I got an unexpected telephone call from Vardaman, who was now a Naval Reserve officer. He was in San Francisco and wanted to see me right away. We met a few hours later at a downtown hotel. Almost vibrating with excitement, he told me he was going to be the naval aide to the new President. We both knew that it would be unprecedented for the naval aide to come from the Naval Reserve rather than the regular Navy. That may have seemed like a distinction without a difference to the rest of the world, but it meant everything in the tradition-laden Navy, which believed that a post of such prestige should always be given to a career officer. Vardaman, angry at the way the regulars scorned the Reserves, saw his new post as a way of settling some scores.

During our discussion, Vardaman raised the possibility that I might eventually join him in Washington. In June, Vardaman returned to San Francisco for a momentous event: the signing of the Charter of the United Nations. America seemed to stand at the absolute height of its power and self-confidence, and its hopes for its new President, the new world organization, and a peaceful postwar world all seemed to converge on that lovely city in June of 1945.

Only the war still going on in the Pacific shadowed the mood. Some of the men dealing with Stalin—future colleagues of mine, like Averell Harriman, Robert Lovett, James Forrestal, George Kennan, and Dean Acheson—may have already seen the clouds of the Cold War, but they were not visible to a slightly overage naval lieutenant thinking about his meeting with the new President's naval aide.

When we met, Vardaman told me in confidence that the President would shortly be going to Potsdam for a meeting with Churchill and Stalin to settle the future of postwar Europe and plan the final phase of the Pacific war. But Vardaman's immediate concern was not Russia or Japan; instead, it was one that gave me my first glimpse of Washington power struggles. His problem was with the Navy, and its strong-willed Secretary, James V. Forrestal. As we had both anticipated, the Navy was upset that a Naval Reserve officer held the job of naval aide to the President. Forrestal had offered to send someone over to "take care" of Vardaman's office while he was at Potsdam. Vardaman interpreted the offer as a Navy effort to protect its parochial interests and spy on him. He had a solution to this problem which would also bring me to Washington, if only temporarily: he would assign me to the White House as his assistant while he and the President were at Potsdam. My main function would be to keep any regular Navy officers—Navy "spies"—from entering his office while he was away. Vardaman even thought that he could get me a temporary promotion, on the ground that the position required someone of a higher rank. The idea was irresistible. I might get a chance to observe, and even participate in, some history. I would be nearer my family, who were staying with relatives in Boston. And the work would be more interesting than what I was doing at the Western Sea Frontier.

After our conversation, Vardaman gave me a ticket for the signing of the United Nations Charter, at the War Memorial Opera House on June 26th. From a red plush seat in the balcony I looked down at a wondrous sight: the brilliant colors of the fifty flags of the nations present, each on a gilded flagpole, arrayed behind a large circular table with a green baize cover, on which lay two large books bound in gleaming hand-tooled blue leather and waiting to be signed. Below me, in the orchestra, I could see the delegates of many countries, bathed in floodlights. When the time came for the United States to sign the document, I felt euphoria and pride as I watched our President walk onstage, accompanied by the Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius, and, next to him, the President's military aide, Colonel Harry Vaughan, and Vardaman. In honor of the official color of the United Nations, the President had dressed himself in a navy-blue suit, with a blue necktie and



"She's a manizer."

• •

a blue handkerchief. I watched with growing enthusiasm, thrilled to think that I might soon be working for one of his aides.

WHEN Vardaman returned to Washington, he moved fast. For the first time, I saw the immense reach of the White House. At the beginning of July, the Western Sea Frontier received a high-priority order, with no explanation, that I report immediately to Washington.

At the White House, Vardaman greeted me warmly. Then he turned, a bit conspiratorially, to the reason for my sudden trip. He had indeed succeeded in getting me assigned to watch over his office while he was at Potsdam. He wanted me assigned permanently as his assistant, but he had as yet been unable to overcome Navy opposition to my leaving the Western Sea Frontier on more than a temporary basis. A regular Navy officer, Commander John A. Tyree, had already been assigned to Vardaman by the Navy as assistant naval aide. I later learned that Tyree was a highly capable officer, but all I knew then was that Vardaman was not going to leave a regular Navy officer in the White House while he was away. Vardaman took Tyree with him to Potsdam so he could keep an eye on him, and had him reassigned shortly thereafter.

Before leaving for Potsdam, Vardaman took care of two important details. First, he wanted me to meet the President, and so, for the first time in my life, I walked through the ground floor of the White House, along the colonnade to the West Wing, and into the Oval Office. As we walked in, President Truman was seated behind his desk, signing a few papers. He did not look up until we had reached his desk. Finally, he glanced up, and Vardaman said, "Mr. President, this is Lieutenant Clark Clifford, the young naval officer I told you about. He is going to look after my office while we are gone."

The President did not rise. Looking up at me from his desk through his thick glasses without any change of expression, he said, "Big fella, ain't he?" (I am six feet two inches tall.) Then he put out his hand, and I shook it. It was clear he had nothing more to say, so we thanked him and left immediately. I did not mention that we had met before, and he clearly did not remember me.

After that brief introduction to the President, Vardaman took me to the most secret area of the wartime White House—the Map Room, on the ground floor. Throughout the war, a group of young officers had been responsible for maintaining in it up-to-date reports on military activity around the world. Access was strictly limited to the President; Admiral William D. Leahy, Roosevelt's chief of staff; Harry Hopkins, his trusted adviser; and the military aides. The door was locked and guarded at all times. In this room Roosevelt and Churchill had discussed the invasion of Europe, and General George C. Marshall and Leahy and Admiral Ernest J. King, the Chief of Naval Operations, had met with their Commander-in-Chief. The most closely guarded secrets of the war were in this room: reports on the Manhattan Project; the twice-daily summaries from the Navy of the positions of the Japanese Fleet, based on the broken Japanese naval codes; the President's personal copies of war plans; and records of the summit conferences and of personal messages from Churchill, Stalin, and Chiang Kai-shek. Nothing like the Map Room had existed in the White House before Pearl Harbor, but the need for such a room continued after the war, and led directly to the establishment of today's Situation Room, a windowless and far less colorful area in the basement of the West Wing, which serves the same essential functions.

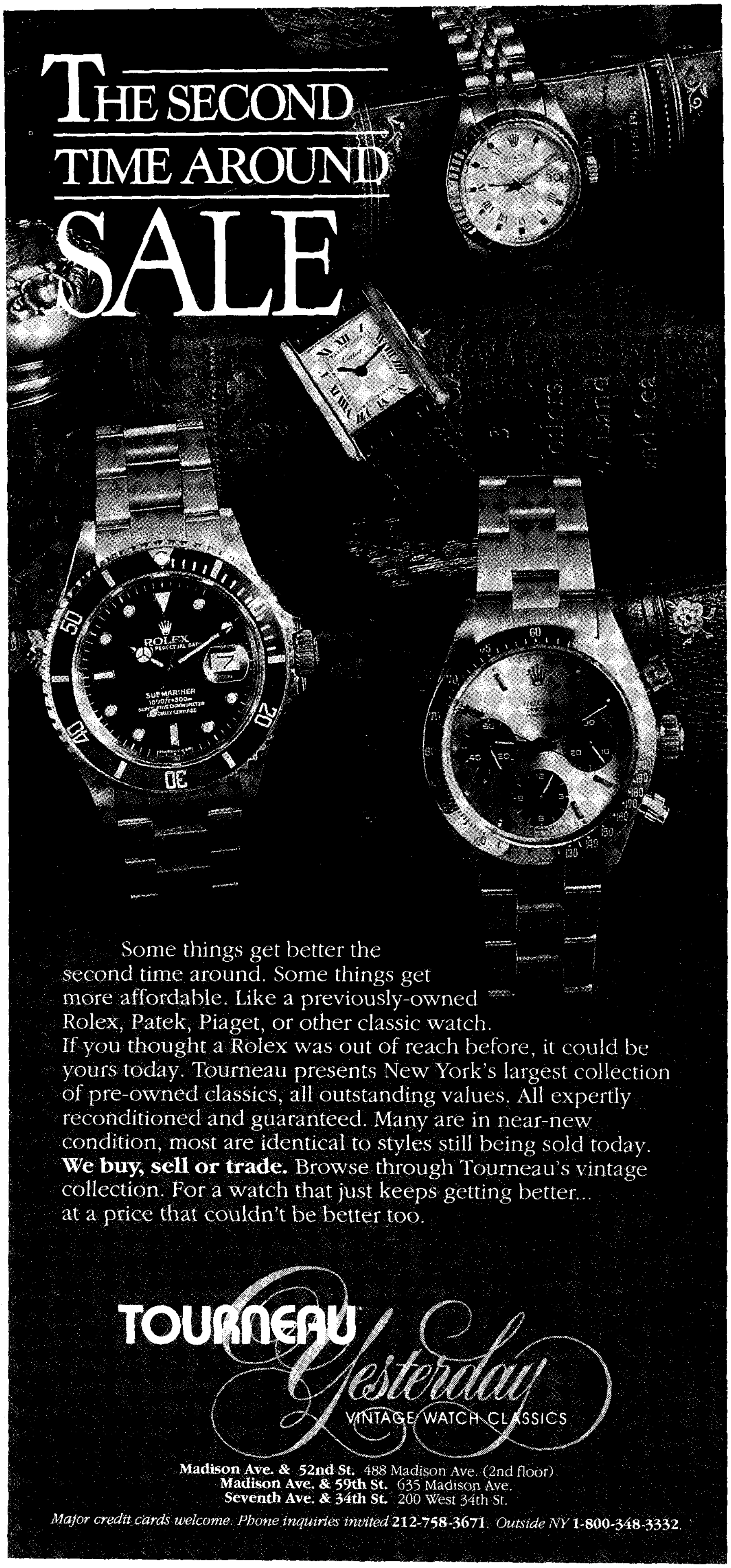
Maintaining the Map Room was a responsibility of the naval aide. Tyree had been the man directly supervising the Map Room, and Vardaman instructed me to take over this duty while he was away. He introduced me to a number of young officers who were moving briskly around, changing the positions of units on maps. With the European war over, the movement was in the Pacific, but the maps of Europe were still up, showing Soviet troop positions and the zones of occupation of Germany. One of the maps I glimpsed that day particularly struck me: it was the plan for the invasion of Japan. Some officers were busy rolling up maps and putting documents in folders, preparing to transport part of the Map Room to Potsdam for the conference. I was impressed by the sight of these efficient young men, and noted that I was older than any of them.

One of the men I met in the Map Room that day was a twenty-seven-year-old Naval Reserve lieutenant named George M. Elsey, and he became my closest associate and collaborator over the next twenty-five years. Elsey told me later of the intense curiosity with which he and his colleagues greeted me. They were already extremely uncomfortable with what they viewed as Vardaman's abrupt and crude style, and were wary of the man he had brought in to replace the popular and respected Tyree.

WHILE I was excited by the opportunity that Vardaman had offered me, I looked at Washington as simply a temporary assignment. I planned to return to St. Louis and my law firm as soon as the war was over. My ambition remained at that time exactly what it had been since 1929: to be the best trial lawyer in St. Louis, to live there for the rest of my life and bring up my family there. Washington—even the White House—was merely another, albeit better, assignment in my Second World War service. I had been educated in St. Louis, had lived for only the briefest time in the East, and did not feel myself to be in any way part of the so-called Eastern Establishment, which dominated the corridor of financial, legal, and political power between New York and Washington. But I welcomed the chance to see how it worked.

I reported to the White House for official duty on July 11th, four days after the Presidential party left for the long sea trip to Europe. The place was quiet compared with the bustle I had encountered only a few days earlier. And when I arrived a pleasant surprise awaited me: a temporary office on the second floor of the East Wing, on the northwest corner, facing Pennsylvania Avenue. It was not a large office, but that was of no importance: I had an office in the White House.

As I settled in, I discovered quickly that there was very little for an assistant to the naval aide to the President to do when the President and his naval aide were both away. The only specific assignment Vardaman had given me



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was to oversee the redesign of the Presidential seal and flag—a project on which George Elsey, who had gone to Potsdam, was already working. Guarding Vardaman's office, taking care of his mail, and keeping an eye on the Map Room took, at the most, only a few hours a day. It was quite a change from the feverish pace of the Western Sea Frontier.

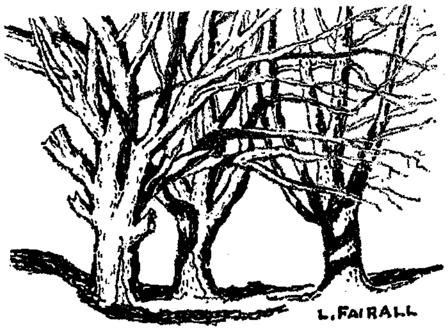
Nevertheless, I was thoroughly enjoying myself and, to make the most of the assignment, I decided to get to know the White House better. In those days, before the Secret Service had subdivided even the inside of the White House into security zones, one could go pretty much anywhere except into the family quarters. The feeling of being at the center of history affected me deeply. The Cabinet Room, the Fish Room (now called the Roosevelt Room), and the rest of the West Wing seemed accessible and inviting, on the one hand, and highly intimidating, on the other. Although the White House was filled with the offices of powerful Presidential aides, it did not have the feeling of an office building. Partly because it is the home of the President and his family, the White House has always reflected the style and personality of its current residents. At the time, it just seemed simple and informal, like the Trumans themselves.

With free time on my hands, I began to look around to see if there was anything I could do to make myself more useful. As was the custom in those more civilized times, I made courtesy calls on people with whom the office of the naval aide worked. The most important of these early calls was on the special counsel to the President, Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, one of F.D.R.'s most valued associates, and the most important Roosevelt holdover in the Truman White House. Roosevelt had so valued Rosenman's advice that he wanted to create for Rosenman the plain and elegant title of "counsel to the President," but he had been dissuaded at the last minute by Attorney General Francis Biddle, on the ground that such a title would undercut the role of the Attorney General as the President's legal adviser. So F.D.R. simply added the word "special" to the title he had in mind, and Rosenman became the special counsel to the President. (In the nineteen-seventies, as the power of the White House staff grew, one of F.D.R.'s successors removed the word "special" from the title, reëstablishing Roosevelt's original title for the position.)

Rosenman had the second-largest and second-best office in the White House, situated approximately where the Vice-President's office is today, facing the magnificent Old Executive Office Building. I noticed immediately that while much of the rest of the White House seemed to slumber in the President's absence, Rosenman's office was a beehive of activity. Three typists were constantly busy, and Rosenman himself was buried in papers. He told me he had just been ordered to meet President Truman in Europe to take charge of drafting a sort of interim State of the Union Message, which the President wished to give upon his return. The fact that the President, surrounded by the rest of his staff in Potsdam, still needed Rosenman had a profound impact on me. It was evident that no one on the new team possessed anything approaching his vast experience as a Presidential assistant.

From the moment I met Rosenman, we hit it off. We shared a reverence for the law and an enjoyment of the nuances of the legal profession, which we discussed often as we got to know each other. He had bright, intelligent eyes, which contrasted with a heavy, ponderous bearing. His manner was wise and thoughtful, and his advice was always carefully thought out and carefully presented. He combined a subtle wit with a fine sense of irony. His advocacy on a matter was powerful, and usually decisive, with President Truman, and later I saw him confront, without the slightest concern for his own bureaucratic position, men who were much closer personally to the President. He was a confirmed liberal, who believed deeply in resuming the Roosevelt New Deal as soon as the war was over.

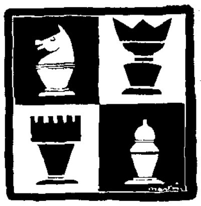
In many conversations, before and after his trip, Rosenman gave me his view of the proper role of a Presidential aide. It has guided me ever since. He stressed one basic point: the White House staff exists for a single purpose—to serve the President. Presidential assistants who become controversial violate the first rule of their service to the man whom the people of the United States have elected: they should never advance a personal agenda if it conflicts in any way with the President's policies or interests. If a member of the President's staff becomes controversial, he weakens the man who has chosen him, and should, if he is honorable, offer the President his resignation. (It is remarkable how many Presidential assistants, in almost every Administration from Truman to Bush, have not understood that their basic obligation is to the President who has chosen them.) I believe that Roosevelt was entirely correct in his feeling—shared fully by Rosenman—that members of the Presidential staff should not become public personalities. True, the rise of a larger and ever more voracious press corps in Washington, together with the temptations of publicity and fame, has made his dictum increasingly difficult for many senior aides to live up to in recent years. However, in those long-ago days, when White House aides did not make regular public and press appearances, Rosenman epitomized this philosophy. Unlike today's senior White House officials, who often build personal staffs in order to enhance their own positions, Rosenman worked without any aides, simply reaching out to anyone he thought could be of help. One of the many items on his agenda when I arrived at the White House was preparing a message to Congress on universal military training, and, because I was available, he asked me to assist him on it. Rosenman left for Europe to meet the President at the end of July, only about two weeks after I arrived. But so informal and small was the White House in those days that neither of us saw anything odd in the fact that, upon leaving, the President's special counsel turned over such a responsibility to the temporary assistant naval aide.



As I toiled in obscurity in the East Wing in July, momentous events were unfolding at the conference of the Big Three in Potsdam, and at a place code-named Trinity, in the desert near Alamogordo, New Mexico. Since the Manhattan Project was run by the

Army, operating directly under the President through Major General Leslie Groves, the head of the Manhattan Project, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, and since information about it was carefully compartmentalized, I knew nothing of the July 16th test of the atomic bomb at Trinity or of the plans to drop the bomb on Japan.

I was in my office in the White House on August 6th when I heard about Hiroshima. My initial reaction to the news was as simple as that of most other Americans: the war would be over sooner than we had expected, with less loss of American life. Mercifully, that proved to be the case, but I knew too little to suspect the larger truth: that we had entered an age in which warfare would never be the same; that, in fact, the development of nuclear weapons would turn out to be the most significant event of the century—even more significant than the rise and fall of Fascism and Communism. Had I known that over twenty years later, as Secretary of Defense, I would be the direct link between the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the nuclear chain of command, my excitement would undoubtedly have been tempered by more sombre reflections.



When President Truman and I became closer, he talked often about the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan. Although he never evinced any doubt about his decision, he wanted his actions to be understood. He always emphasized the point that no one had told him about the Manhattan Project before he became President. To withhold from the man next in the chain of command the most vital secret of the war was not an oversight but a deliberate—and, I believe, irresponsible—decision by President Roosevelt and his senior advisers.

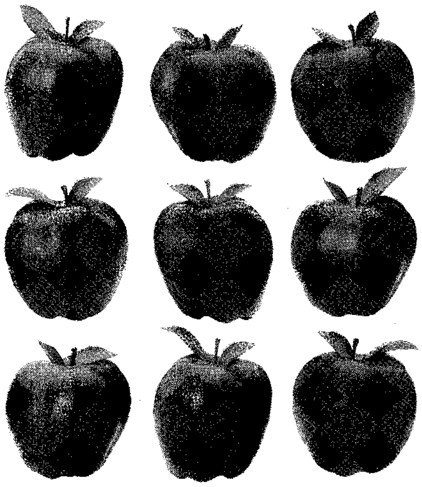
President Truman told me he had first heard of the existence of "the most terrible weapon" on the evening he became President, less than four hours after Roosevelt died and only twenty minutes after being sworn in as President. Secretary of War Stimson had then taken him aside and told him that Roosevelt had set up a special organization to develop a "superbomb," which was almost ready for its first test. President Truman said he had been so overwhelmed by the events of the day that the information about the bomb did not sink in—a clear demonstration, if any were needed, of the need to keep the Vice-President fully informed of important events, so that he (or she) can deal with any decisions that need to be made quickly if the President is unable, for whatever reason, to perform his functions.

When Stimson heard nothing more on the subject from the new President for two weeks, he asked to see him "on a highly secret matter." He brought with him General Groves. They handed President Truman a detailed memorandum that contained a heart-stopping sentence: "Within four months we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known in human history, one bomb which could destroy a whole city."

This is the way that President Truman learned that he would soon face a decision unique in history, and would face it under very difficult conditions. While the men on whom he relied for advice had worked with each other for years, he knew what they now told him for only the first time. Given the number of other pressing matters with which he had to deal, he had no time to educate himself adequately. But from the moment he met with Stimson and Groves he understood that the final decision would have to be his, and his alone. "I am going to have to make a decision which no man in history has ever had to make," he said to the very next person he saw after Stimson left his office—Leonard Reinsch, a radio-station director who was temporarily assigned to the White House staff. "I'll make the decision, but it is terrifying to think about what I will have to decide."

When President Truman discussed these events later, he always made it clear that he had only one goal: to end the war as soon as possible. I stress this point because of the controversy that continues even today concerning three aspects of these events.

First, there has been speculation, over the years, that the use of the bomb against Japan instead of Germany was related to racial factors; that, not wishing to use it against Europeans, the United States reserved it for Asians. That notion is utterly false. The use of new techniques, such as incendiary bombing, against targets that included



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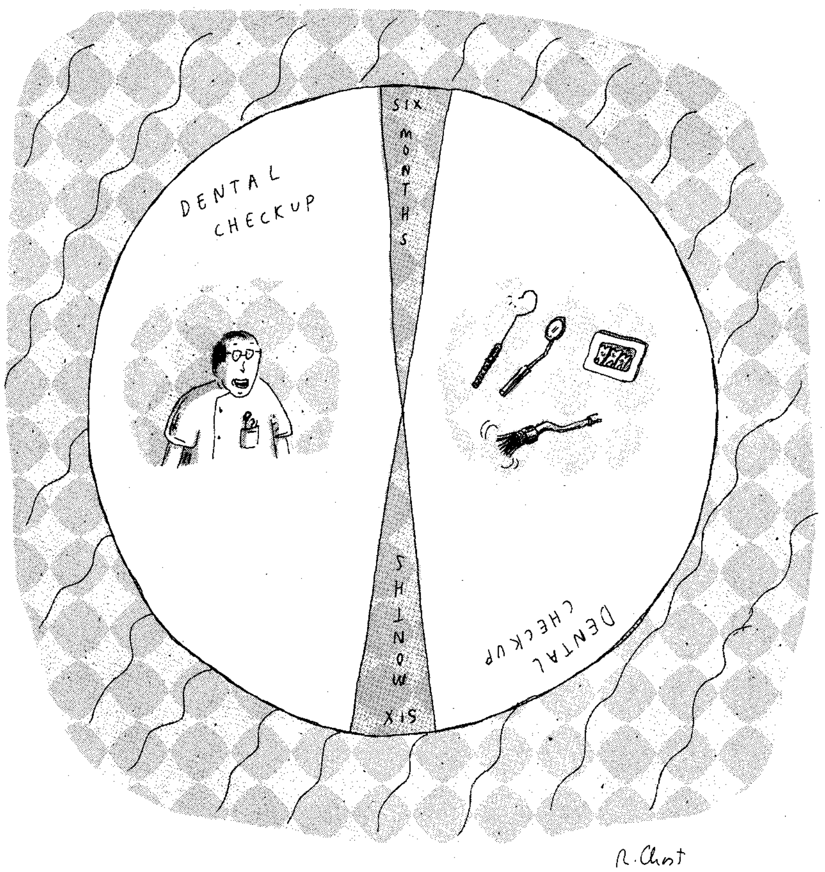

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

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Dresden was nearly as devastating as the atomic bomb. Besides, the men who built the bomb, including J. Robert Oppenheimer, had hoped to finish it in time for it to be used against Germany. I have no doubt that if it had been finished in time to be useful in shortening the European war President Roosevelt or President Truman would have used it.

Second, a theory has frequently been advanced that one of the main reasons for the use of the bomb against Japan was to intimidate the Russians. As recently as late 1989, Eduard Shevardnadze, then the Soviet Foreign Minister, repeated this charge. "Militarily there was no need to drop nuclear bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki," he said in a speech in New York. "It was a political decision taken to intimidate us. This tragedy of the century *must* be brought to light and its perpetrators globally denounced." There is no evidence to support this theory. Never did I hear President Truman or any of his colleagues discuss the use of the bomb against Japan in terms of Soviet-American relations. In the summer of 1945, when a weary nation and its new President wanted nothing more than to end the Pacific war quickly and bring the rest of the troops home, considerations of postwar strategy and relations with Moscow were low on the national agenda, and unrelated to the discussion of what to do with the new weapon.

Finally, there is the most frequently debated question about the decision to drop the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki: Why did the President not order a demonstration bomb dropped on an unpopulated area before using one on a populated area?

To President Truman the issue was not as complicated as it seems to many people today. There were several reasons he did not consider the idea of a demonstration bomb. First, his scientists and military advisers, with only one test behind them, were not absolutely certain that the next bomb would perform properly, and they did not want to risk a publicized dud. Second, his advisers felt that Japan would not appreciate the uniqueness and the full destructive power of the bomb unless it was used against an actual target. The fact that the President was at Potsdam or on the cruiser during the most critical period—between the flash in the New Mexico sky on July 16th and the flight of the Enola Gay on August 6th—meant that he was never presented with a full-scale argument for a demonstration bomb. He told me later, however, that he had considered it, and had come to the conclusion that a demonstration would not suffice after a war of such terrible carnage—that Japanese lives would have to be sacrificed to save many more lives, both American and Japanese.

In the end, what weighed most heavily with President Truman was the military estimate that enormous numbers of American casualties would be suffered in an assault upon the main islands of Japan. Only eight months earlier, the American Army had suffered heavy losses in the Battle of the Bulge, against a German enemy thought to have been already defeated. The assumption was that the Japanese, deeply committed to their emperor, would fight even more tenaciously than Germany, and everyone remembered that the Third Reich had resisted down to the last street in Berlin. In our conversations the President mentioned this factor more than any other. The estimate that stayed in his mind was a total of five hundred thousand, consisting of half killed in action and half wounded. Thus in President Truman's mind the decision was relatively simple—a choice between sacrificing a horrendous number of Americans and using a weapon that could shorten the war dramatically. Although he later spent considerable time defending his decision, he did not agonize over it at the time. Death and destruction on the most extreme scale had been the hallmarks of both the First World War, in which Harry Truman fought, and the one whose conclusion was now in his hands. He wanted to end the war as quickly as possible.

THE pace of epochal events in August and September of 1945 was intense. President Truman and his entourage returned from Europe on August 7th. Two days later, on the same day as the second atomic bomb was dropped, on Nagasaki, President Truman reported to the nation on his trip and on the atomic bomb. Five days later, the Japanese surrendered.

August 14th was an unforgettable day, with excitement building as the nation waited for formal word that the war was over. A huge crowd gathered around the White House, creating the most joyous mood I have ever seen in Washington. Finally, in the late afternoon, word came, through the Swiss: the Japanese had surrendered unconditionally. At 7 P.M., I went outside to walk through the streets of the capital—in uniform, as always. Everywhere, people were dancing, celebrating wildly. Everybody was everybody's friend that night. It was a sweet time to be alive.

THE formal responsibilities of the assistant naval aide to the President were fairly limited even when the President was in the White House. We used to refer to the job as being similar to a potted palm, because one of its most important requirements was then, as it is now, to stand quietly in the background at social and ceremonial events, on the alert for some unescorted woman who might need to be helped to her seat, or to assist some lost guest in search of the White House washrooms. This aspect of the job was central to its justification, but it was boring. However, in the nineteen-forties, before the development of the modern National Security Council structure and of the elaborate system of communications that now exists between the President and the Pentagon, the naval aide had another, more important function, which was to act as the liaison between the Navy Department and the President on naval matters. That brought me into contact with that remarkable and ultimately tragic man James V. Forrestal.

Forrestal was fifty-three years old. He had gone to Princeton and had then worked his way rapidly up to the presidency of the New York investment firm of Dillon, Read & Company. Unlike most of his Wall Street colleagues, he supported the New Deal. In 1940, he came to Washington as an administrative assistant to President Roosevelt, and later that year he moved to the Navy Department, first as Under-Secretary and then, in 1944, as Secretary of the Navy.

Given the strains between Vardaman and Forrestal, I was initially concerned that I would be caught between the two men, but in fact one result of their mutual antipathy was that both of them decided to deal with each other through me rather than directly. Thus, almost

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from my earliest days at the White House I was thrust into a close relationship with this fascinating man.

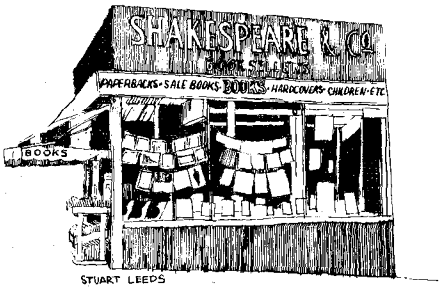
My first courtesy call on Forrestal did not last long. I approached it with uncertainty; I was a newly promoted lieutenant commander working for a man Forrestal did not like or respect, and Forrestal was one of Washington's most powerful men. But, to my relief, he was cordial and did not make any references to his annoyance with Vardaman or to the Navy's original opposition to my new assignment.

He had a wiry, coiled frame, and I couldn't help noticing his nose, which was flattened—the result of a boxing match in his youth. I was struck immediately, and again in all our subsequent meetings, by the extraordinary intensity and nervous energy of the man. Although we later became good friends and worked closely together, I always felt a bit uncomfortable in the presence of that intensity: it never let up. Over time, another aspect of Forrestal's personality came to disturb me: he seemed virtually devoid of a sense of humor. I have always thought a sense of humor indispensable for people in high-pressure jobs. Jim Forrestal not only lacked it but increasingly, we all came to learn, found humor in others irritating. He was the opposite of Rosenman, who maintained an easy and relaxed demeanor even when he was dealing with affairs of great moment; Forrestal conveyed agitation and tension even when he was dealing with minor matters. That was true as early as 1945—long before he began to destroy himself.

MY work gave me growing satisfaction in the late summer and the fall of 1945. I was spending less than a quarter of my time on my formal duties as assistant naval aide. Once in a while, when Vardaman was away, I would fill in for him at functions that required the naval aide's presence. The first time such a situation caused me to sit in on high-level discussions was in November of 1945, and the occasion was the first postwar summit—the meeting, in Washington, of President Truman, Prime Minister Clement Attlee of Great Britain, and Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada. Mine was the last name on the guest list, but the purpose of the meeting was nothing less than to develop a postwar policy for the international aspects of atomic energy. Although such occasions were very rare, Rosenman, with Vardaman's approval, kept me busy on a growing number of projects, only a few of which had anything to do with military affairs. While most people in the government allowed events to set their agenda, Rosenman worked steadily toward clear objectives, minimizing diversions. I helped him draft messages for the President, organized research for him, and, always, learned from him about the government. In the closing months of 1945, he took me into the Oval Office for several meetings with President Truman. The issues under discussion were not as important as the fact that Rosenman wanted the President to start to view me as more than a junior naval aide.

In those months, the nation began the adjustment to peacetime conditions. For most people, that meant getting back to their prewar lives or moving on to something new. The White House was no exception, and at the beginning of 1946 Rosenman left the White House to return to practicing law in New York. On January 14th, President Truman told his morning staff meeting that he intended to nominate Vardaman as a governor of the Federal Reserve Board. He did not name a successor, and I became that odd Washington half person, an "acting" naval aide. As it happened, Vardaman's nomination caused a minor controversy and brought me into close contact with the President for the first time. The press went after Vardaman for several abuses of his position as naval aide, including the use of personnel from the Presidential yacht as occasional personal servants and of a Navy painter to repaint his back porch and gate. Those acts had undoubtedly been leaked by Navy officers seeking revenge against Vardaman. At the same time, some former business and banking associates of Vardaman's from St. Louis, primarily Republicans, indicated that they were prepared to testify against his appointment.

As the battle intensified, President Truman called me into his office for our first private meeting. He gave me an assignment: because of my knowledge of Vardaman himself and also of details of his St. Louis business career, he wanted me to take on responsibility for coördinating the confirmation of Vardaman. It was personally important to him that Vardaman be confirmed, he said. I had no experience in congressional relations, and did not yet know any members of Congress well, but in those more informal days my assignment was not as unusual as it might seem today, when every President has a large office devoted entirely to working with the legislative branch. The fight for Vardaman gave me my first lessons in the care and feeding of Congress. For six weeks in February and March of 1946, I worked on the Vardaman nomination, conferring regularly with senators in both parties. In the process, we were able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of most senators that Vardaman's opponents were venting personal animosities, which had no bearing on his qualifications for the Federal Reserve Board, and he was confirmed.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With the departure of Rosenman and Vardaman, obvious questions arose concerning my own future. Although I had been at the White House only seven months, there were rumors that I was being considered not only as Vardaman's replacement but as a possible successor to Judge Rosenman. President Truman had made many efforts to get Rosenman to stay, arguing that there was no one available to replace him. Later, I learned that Rosenman had immediately replied, "Mr. President, you have a fine replacement sitting right here in the White House, and he even happens to be from Missouri. His name is Clifford." According to Rosenman, President Truman replied that I was too young and inexperienced to assume the authority and status that came with the title of special counsel, but that he would assign me many of the tasks previously carried out under Rosenman's direction. So, while newspapers had speculated that I would replace Rosenman, the President announced on January 24th that he would simply not fill the position; it was a "wartime emergency post," created for one man, the President said, and did not need to be filled "now that our enemies have surrendered."

This decision was greeted with relief

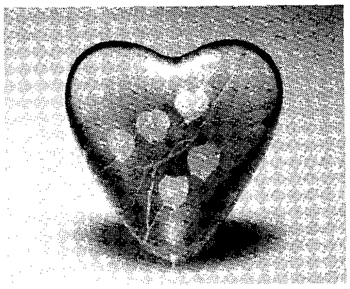
and pleasure by several members of the White House staff who were part of the original Missouri team—especially the President's military aide, Harry Vaughan, who did not wish to see any threat to his intimate relationship with the President. They had been comrades since 1918, when, as young first lieutenants, they trained together. More than anyone else, Harry Vaughan could relax and amuse his friend. Primarily to have Vaughan around, Harry Truman had created a new position, military aide to the Vice-President, at the beginning of 1945, and Vaughan had been with him from the first minutes after Roosevelt's death. Unfortunately, Vaughan, like many other Presidential cronies over the years, did not understand that a personal friendship between two people has to be different from a relationship, no matter how close, with a President. Neither I nor any other White House aide ever threatened Vaughan's personal association with Harry Truman; none of us wanted to interfere with an old and treasured fellowship of the very sort that every President needs in order to relax. But Vaughan thought that his old ties to Harry Truman gave him special authority in areas of substance and personnel. Vaughan compounded his growing problems by a unilateral act of office imperialism. On his own authority, he took over Rosenman's spacious office. Washington has always been a city that pays special attention to such perquisites, and Vaughan's new office, with its proximity to the Oval Office, seemed to convey an increase in power. From it Vaughan attempted to spread his influence still further, thereby causing both Forrestal and Judge Robert Patterson, who had just succeeded Stimson as Secretary of War, to complain to President Truman.

On April 4th, President Truman announced my appointment as naval aide, succeeding Vardaman. My work was bringing me into ever-closer contact with the President, and I understood his reluctance to promote me over the heads of many older White House aides who were closer to him. I had also received two rapid promotions in Navy rank—the first, in November, to the rank of commander, and the second, in January of 1946, to the rank of captain. The speed of those promotions, from a lieutenant, junior grade, to full captain in less than two years, was certainly unusual by any standard. My friends and others pointed out that I had never had any seagoing assignments. I was, one of my friends said, the ultimate "dry-land sailor." Reading about my lack of seagoing experience, the humorist Robert Benchley, whom I had met during one of his visits to Washington, sent me a photograph of himself in an admiral's uniform with six stars and eleven rows of decorations on his chest; the photograph was inscribed to "Clark Clifford, without whose moral support I could not have achieved my old-age-security pension." *Time* suggested parallels between my career and that of Sir Joseph Porter, the character in the operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore" who had "served a term as office boy to an Attorney's firm" and gone on to become "Ruler of the Queen's Navee."

As naval aide to the President, I found that my most enjoyable function was arranging the President's cherished poker games, most of which were held on the Williamsburg, the Presidential yacht.

The change that has come over the perception of the Presidency in the last half century is illustrated by the casual candor with which the public, the press, and the White House itself treated the President's favorite way of unwinding. There was none of the public sanctimony that exists today about such matters as a little gambling with the boys. When journalists asked what we were doing on the river, President Truman, instead of presenting a false picture of a President hard at work, complete with rigged photo opportunities showing him behind a stack of briefing books, would simply say, "Some of the boys and I were playing a little poker." If asked what we drank, the President would answer, "Kentucky bourbon."

The Williamsburg was a lovely two-hundred-and-forty-foot vessel, built in 1930 and reconfigured in 1945. It was said, even by my friends—or perhaps especially by my friends—that my seafaring career in the Navy was limited entirely to the Williamsburg. That may not have been entirely true, but it was close enough to amuse everyone, including President Truman, at my expense. I was also ill prepared for one of the main duties of the naval aide: to oversee the menus when the vessel transported the Commander-in-Chief. On one of the earliest cruises for which



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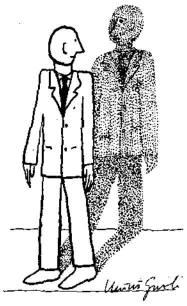
I was chief menu-maker, I absent-mindedly approved shrimp as an appetizer before both lunch and dinner for three straight days. The President found this oversight at once appalling and amusing, and after two days he turned to me and said, "I can't bear the sight of any more shrimp. I don't like shrimp. In fact, I've never liked shrimp." From then on, President Truman often referred to the Williamsburg as Clifford's Floating Shrimp Palace.



The poker games developed into one of the earliest important links between President Truman and me. The first few times I was on board the Williamsburg, the President did not include me in the game, but on about the third weekend he called on me to fill a vacant place at the table, and afterward, although I was not a particularly good poker player, he asked me to continue to participate. Before long, President Truman asked me to assume responsibility for setting up the game. He loved an eight-handed poker game, and played with a core group of regulars, including my close friend from St. Louis, Stuart Symington (later a senator), and Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson (also later a senator), and—his favorite poker companion—Fred Vinson, the Secretary of the Treasury (later Chief Justice of the United States). To this group he added other players on a rotating basis. It was through the poker games that I first met Averell Harriman, then Secretary of Commerce. Harriman, one of the wealthiest men in the country, guarded his chips as though he were the poorest man at the table. A rising young protégé of Speaker Sam Rayburn, Representative and later Senator Lyndon Johnson, also joined the game from time to time. Johnson was extremely pleased to be included, but he was not much of a poker player.

The Williamsburg would usually depart late Friday afternoon and return Sunday afternoon. The poker weekends were stag affairs (President Truman, while always courteous to women, was rarely relaxed and comfortable in their presence), and, with the exception of the President, everyone had to share a stateroom. The poker game could be fun, especially when I was winning, but, like Lyndon Johnson, I enjoyed most the long, leisurely meals—they often lasted two hours—when the President reminisced or talked politics.

The game itself was for real money—enough to make it interesting, and sometimes dangerous, for someone trying to live on a naval officer's salary. President Truman's theory on the stakes was simple: "I want to play for enough so that it is a good game with a lot of skill involved, but I don't want anyone to get hurt." I bought a book on poker and studied it assiduously. I found that if I played rather conservatively I could, over time, actually generate a small but useful amount of additional income. As for President Truman, he enjoyed himself thoroughly, whether he won or lost. It was the fellowship and the release from White House pressure that made those trips so important to him.

The President asked me to be the banker of the poker game. As we started out on Friday evening, I would distribute a five-hundred-dollar stack of chips to each player. If he lost this stack he would receive a second five-hundred-dollar stack. In my capacity as banker, I would extract approximately ten per cent of each pot and put the chips in a silver bowl, called the poverty bowl. As the weekend went on, the chips would add up to a rather substantial sum. If a player had lost his full thousand dollars, I would supply him, free of charge, with an additional stake of a hundred dollars from the poverty bowl. If he lost that hundred-dollar stake, he would be supplied with another one, and he could continue to dip into the silver bowl until he made his way back into the game. The system kept everyone in the game, and limited the amount a player could lose to nine hundred dollars.

Many hours of poker lead, of course, to many stories, and, like fishing stories, they tend to get exaggerated over time. But one incident with Fred Vinson remained vivid for years. Vinson was named Chief Justice of the United States by President Truman in 1946, but his status as the President's favorite poker companion did not change. A large and gentle man with a long, rather sad face (*Time* once likened it to that of a "a tired sheep with a hangover"), he shared with President Truman not only a love of poker but a similar sense of humor. In 1947, I suggested to the President that we combine a poker evening with a party on Vinson's birthday, and this became an annual event, which usually took place at my house, in Chevy Chase. After a festive dinner, we would adjourn to a big round table for our poker game.

Late at night one year, when my mother happened to be visiting, we played a hand in which the pot in the middle of the table grew to about three thousand dollars. Neither my hand nor my nerve was strong enough to keep me in, so, seated between the President and the Chief Justice, I dropped out to watch the action. As the tension built, Vinson studied his cards. I could see that if he got any card from a jack down—this was a game of high-low, with most of the cards showing on the table—he would win at least half the pot. With the odds heavily in his favor, he turned to President Truman, who was dealing the cards, and said, "O.K., Mr. President, hit me." The President flipped the next card over. It was the queen of spades. Without thinking, Vinson looked straight at the President and burst out, "You son of a bitch!" There was a moment of shocked silence; no one had ever called President Truman anything other than Mr. President, even in the informal setting of the poker table. The hush was broken by the Chief Justice, stammering apologetically, "Oh, Mr. President, Mr. President—" Never did President Truman, or the rest of us, laugh harder or louder than we did at that moment; my mother, asleep upstairs, was awakened by the racket and said she had never heard a group of men laughing so loud in her entire life. (Years later, the Chief Justice defended himself on the ground that his outburst was "ejaculatory only and not addressed to the President.")

As I came to know President Truman as a boss and a friend, I also came to know his mother, and I realized that this remarkable woman, born eight years before the start of the Civil War, had been central in shaping her son's values. She took pride in him, not for being President but for having character. Once, in 1946, he gave a small dinner for her in the family quarters of the White House. He wanted her to meet his staff, and he wanted us to meet his mother. We chatted casually for a while, and then someone asked her, teasingly, if she would like to share with us any secrets about her son. She lit up with pride, and said, in an utterly serious tone, that she would share with us a secret about Harry that the world did not know. We all leaned forward; I was literally on the edge of my seat. "When he was a boy," she said, "Harry could plow the straightest furrow in Jackson County." I looked at the President, who was beaming with pleasure.

MY most frequent assignment in those early days was speechwriting. Rosenman was gone, his talent with words gone with him. Unbelievably, there was no professionally qualified speechwriter around the White House to fill the vacuum. But Rosenman had deliberately strengthened my position by bringing me into direct contact with the President at every opportunity, and assignments began to come my way. My association with the President at the poker table undoubtedly helped increase the flow of those assignments.

Notwithstanding a love of language instilled in me by my mother, I did not consider myself to have any particular gift as a writer. Even though he had suggested me as his successor, Rosenman himself understood my limitations in this area. He later commented, accurately, that I was "quite a pedestrian writer."

No one would ever rank Harry Truman with Presidents like Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, and Kennedy as an outstanding orator, or place his inexperienced speechwriter in a class with speechwriters like Roosevelt's Robert Sherwood and Kennedy's Theodore Sorensen. But I felt strongly that President Truman must find his own style, and worked diligently toward this goal. Over time, President Truman did develop a short, punchy style—one that came to reflect his own homespun Missouri personality and values, in contrast to the very different phrasing and style of the aristocratic squire of Hyde Park. Harvard accents and oratory gave way to Missouri "common sense."

To review major speeches, President Truman would call a conference of advisers in the Cabinet Room. He followed a procedure that was probably unique to him. First, he would read the entire draft aloud to get a feeling for it. Sometimes he would then ask me to read the speech aloud, too, so he could hear how it sounded. Afterward, he would review it paragraph by paragraph, asking for comments and suggestions after each paragraph. He preferred short, basic sentences, and his own changes were always in the direction of making the speech simpler, more understandable, more direct.

CALLING me into his office in early June of 1946, the President said, without any drama or ceremony, that it was about time for me to get out of uniform and become special counsel in name as well as fact. Not long after, he took me aside again and added, "You should also get out of the East Wing and be closer to my office. I want you and Vaughan to switch offices." (Harry Vaughan took offense at this change, and held me accountable for his removal to a far more modest office, in the East Wing.) To the inevitable question "What does a special counsel do?" the answer was "Whatever the President wants." The title "special counsel" was grand, but the job had no power or authority other than that conferred on it by the President. In a pattern that continued throughout my career, my value was as an adviser or counsellor, and not as an administrative or bureaucratic chief.

Over time, a working routine developed in the Truman White House. For me, the key events in each Presidential day were the first and the last—the morning staff meeting and, even more important, a private meeting that usually ended the working day. The morning staff meetings had a casual air to them; today much of what took place in them would be handled by the White House chief of staff, without the participation of the President. But President Truman did all the work himself, sometimes in a haphazard manner. He began each meeting by going through the papers on his desk, handing them out to various members of the staff for action. Charlie Ross, his press secretary, would raise any press or public-relations problems. After that, the rest of the staff would bring up anything they felt needed Presidential attention. I tended to wait until late in the meeting before speaking, and to bring up only those items that needed immediate approval. I knew I would have a more important opportunity to talk to the President at our

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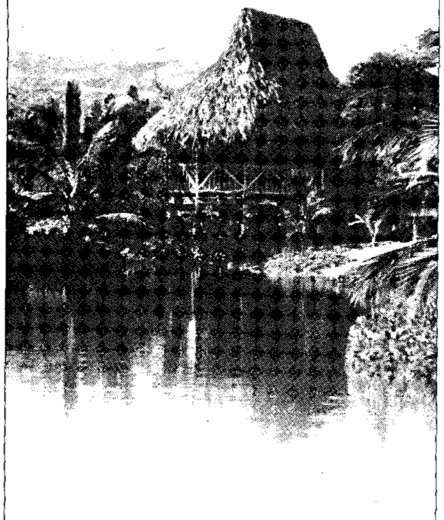

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private meeting at the end of the day.

I normally saved for it a number of matters that, though not necessarily urgent, required considered discussion. Nothing was off limits during our private discussions. It was the perfect time to reflect on the day and to look ahead, and the President, who often had a bourbon-and-branch-water as we talked, seemed to enjoy the interval between the working day and the evening.

There are many ways to organize the White House staff, and no single structure is "right" for every President. But the organization of the White House must start with the recognition that the President is, first of all, a person like the rest of us, with his peculiarities, preferences, strengths, and weaknesses. Whatever system a President uses should reflect his individual character as well as the nature of the job. President Truman liked harmony among his staff. He did not deliberately set one staff member against another, as Franklin Roosevelt had done, and as Lyndon Johnson would do later. Talking to Sam Rosenman about the contrast between Roosevelt and Truman, I concluded that the enjoyment Roosevelt took in watching members of his staff compete with each other probably derived, in part, from his having been unable to engage in sports since he contracted polio—that he liked to play with people instead, as a kind of indoor sport. But President Truman did not play this game.

The manner in which President Truman ran the White House evolved as the months passed, but at all times it reflected his informality, his accessibility and openness, and his preference for rapid, intuitive decision-making rather than careful, analytical staff work. His White House could best be visualized as a wheel with spokes. Each spoke was one of his key aides, with different (but sometimes overlapping) areas of responsibility. Harry Truman would never have felt comfortable if access to him had been controlled by a single person. No organization chart of the Truman White House ever existed, and no one except the President himself gave any of the senior staff a direct order. I was a major beneficiary of this unstructured system, but I must admit that the process of decision-making sometimes dismayed me. Given my belief in exhaustive preparation, its casualness and frequent superficiality ran counter to my training.

DESPITE the President's preference for harmony, an important struggle took place in his Administration between liberal and conservative factions. My values pulled me decisively toward the liberals in that struggle. The President himself combined some contradictory attitudes: he usually supported specific New Deal or liberal policies when he was given a clear choice, but often appointed conservatives to high Cabinet positions. A farmer by background, he had populist values, and they usually translated into liberal positions. At the same time, his simple style contrasted sharply with that of many of the powerful intellectuals and ideologues of the New Deal, and he never felt comfortable with them. As he replaced them in the first two years of his Administration, the conservative voice became stronger in the Cabinet. And Rosenman's departure robbed the liberals of their strongest voice inside the White House.

The leader of the conservative faction was John Snyder, a St. Louis banker, who became Secretary of the Treasury in 1946, after Fred Vinson became Chief Justice. With Rosenman gone, Snyder became the dominant influence on domestic policy. He resented the fact that my rise had placed another liberal close to the President. We had known each other in St. Louis, and at first, from offices close to each other in the East Wing, we worked together as colleagues. I did not anticipate that we would soon become adversaries.

In the early days of the Truman Administration, Snyder and Vaughan, who was also conservative, were probably his two closest friends. That meant that in almost every domestic-policy discussion President Truman would hear a conservative position aggressively advanced. In one Cabinet meeting in late 1946, Snyder, annoyed at those who believed that wages had to be allowed to rise after the war to stimulate growth, even at the risk of inflation, burst out, "These people have enough. They wouldn't even know how to spend the money if they got any more." That was typical of Snyder, who was openly pro-business and anti-New Deal on every issue. Snyder and I never argued in front of the President, but as our differences sharpened, our relationship became

"Hey! Forget your troubles. Come on, get happy!"

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highly formal and antagonistic. At times, the situation resembled submarine warfare, conducted out of sight of the President but almost constant.

By this time, most of the rest of the Cabinet was also conservative. Two Roosevelt holdovers, Harold Ickes, at Interior, and Henry Wallace, at Commerce, had remained in the first Truman Cabinet as advocates of liberal positions, but both were personally difficult and were closely identified with Roosevelt. President Truman justifiably distrusted them and rarely listened to them, and within a year, after much bitterness, both were gone.

By virtue of both his position and his wealth, Wallace's successor as Secretary of Commerce, Averell Harriman, should have also been a stalwart conservative. But Harriman, the son of the Union Pacific magnate, had left the Republican Party in 1928. A disciple of Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's crusading adviser, Harriman had a highly developed sense of obligation toward the disadvantaged, which, he told me, had been instilled in him by his parents and his sister. To my surprise and pleasure, I found him a frequent ally in the battles of 1946-1948, generally supporting liberal positions, although he sometimes felt we liberals were going too far. This association was, for me, the beginning of a long and productive friendship, which reached its climax when we stood together in the great debate over Vietnam in 1968.

In those less complicated times, the difference between liberals and conservatives seemed relatively clear-cut to me. Battles ranged over many issues, but the fundamental difference usually stayed the same: the difference between the welfare of the many and the privileges of the few. The conservatives believed the country had had enough of New Deal experimentation and required retrenchment before anything else. Liberals like me thought the postwar world required us to address many long-deferred problems, including race, education, housing, and better working conditions. In retrospect, it may seem simple, and, in fact, it seemed fairly straightforward to me at the time. I was committed to the liberal agenda, although I approached strategy and tactics from a highly pragmatic point of view.

The turning point in the battle between the liberals and the conservatives for President Truman's heart and mind came unexpectedly. As often occurs in politics, a major disaster led to the turnaround. In this case, it was the first postwar, post-Roosevelt election—the congressional elections of 1946. I accompanied President Truman to Independence, Missouri, where he and his wife voted. After voting, we began the trip back to Washington by train, playing poker with a group that included Charlie Ross and the two senior wire-service reporters, Merriman Smith, of the United Press, and Tony Vaccaro, of the Associated Press. The returns trickled in as we rode East. About the time the train passed Cincinnati, we realized that the impossible had happened: President Truman would face a Republican Congress for the next two years. Furious at a national beef shortage, scornful of many of the same homespun characteristics that later immortalized Harry Truman, and swept up in a simple and brilliant Republican slogan ("Had Enough?"), the voters had wiped out the large Democratic majorities in both chambers, turning Congress over to the Republicans for the first time since 1931. It was one of the most decisive, sweeping expressions of voter sentiment in this century. As New Dealers fell from power across the country, a new generation of Republicans, including Richard Nixon and Joseph McCarthy, entered Congress.

The President focussed intently on his cards, and showed little emotion and made few comments as the bad news continued to roll in. Our poker game went on until 2 A.M., and his principal comment was that he regretted the result mainly because it would weaken his efforts internationally. I was amazed at how calm he seemed in the face of such a political disaster. We returned to Washington, to find Under-Secretary of State Dean Acheson waiting alone on the platform at Union Station, an elegant symbol of loyalty at President Truman's political low point which he would long remember.

The conventional political wisdom at that moment was simple: Harry Truman was a caretaker President. In a proposal symptomatic of the President's weakened position, a promising young Democratic senator from Arkansas named J. William Fulbright, who had been deeply influenced by the British parliamentary system during his experience as a Rhodes Scholar, proposed that President Truman appoint the senior Republican senator, Arthur Vandenberg, his Secretary of State, for then, with the Vice-Presidency vacant, Vandenberg would be next in line for the Presidency. (This was in the days before the Twenty-fifth Amendment created a formal procedure for filling the Vice-Presidency whenever it is vacant.) Then, Fulbright suggested, President Truman should resign the Presidency in favor of Vandenberg. In response to this strange proposal, President Truman referred to Fulbright forever after as Senator Halfbright.

On the afternoon of his return from Independence, President Truman called a staff meeting and told us that the election debacle had filled him with a new sense of freedom. Although no one realized it at the time, the 1946 election shifted the equation within the Administration in favor of the liberals. The conservatives had pushed a set of domestic policies that left the American public uncertain about the sort of President that Harry Truman was. Until the 1946 election, he had seemed to be moving away from the New Deal. To me, the message of the election was clear, then and now: a Democrat must run as a Democrat, not as a warmed-over Republican.

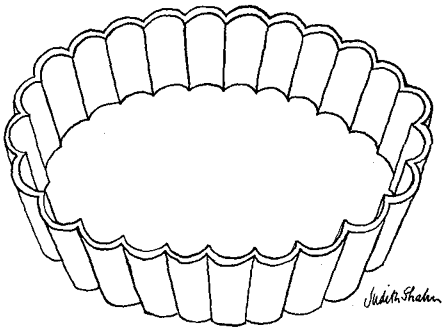
ALTHOUGH the conservatives controlled the Cabinet, at the sub-Cabinet level there were still a large number of liberals, either committed New Dealers or a generation of post-Roosevelt officials who felt that new circumstances required new solutions. They believed that the basic tenets of the New Deal should be adapted to the postwar environment, not abandoned. One of these men, Oscar R. Ewing, who was the acting chairman of the Democratic National Committee, had an idea. At the end of 1946, he decided that the liberals within the Administration needed some sort of informal network to discuss issues and influence policy, and he invited a half-dozen liberal sub-Cabinet officials to dinner at his apartment, in the Wardman Park Hotel, one Monday night and suggested they all meet on a regular basis to further the liberal agenda.

Thus, at the very time I was looking for ways to encourage more liberal policies, circumstances and personalities combined to bring me into the most effective group of political activists with whom I have ever been associated: a secret band whose existence was not known publicly for years. The Monday Night Group met for four years, and was a vital part of my political education.

Starting early in 1947, we met Monday evenings at the Wardman Park. The meetings followed a fairly set pattern. We would gather at six o'clock in Ewing's apartment for a drink. By six-thirty, we were seated at the dining-room table, eating a fine steak dinner. After dinner, we moved into Ewing's spacious living room to continue the conversation. We did not keep records or notes.

In the absence of a regular forum such as the one provided by Ewing, most of us would have seen each other only in chance meetings, and would have never had an opportunity to develop and advance common positions. It was clear from the outset that the Monday Night Group's effectiveness depended entirely on our ability to influence the President. Because I saw more of the President than anyone else in the group, it was agreed that I would be the conduit for our ideas. It was also agreed that each of us would individually promote those ideas which represented a consensus of the group. We felt outnumbered by the conservatives within the Administration and misunderstood by most of the old New Dealers and ideological liberals on the outside. In consensus we saw strength, and we tried to work toward unified positions on key issues.

We did not include in the group "professional liberals," whose ardor and search for ideological purity, we felt, outweighed their discretion and their judgment. That decision reflected the perennial struggle in government between the ideal and the possible, between the perfect and the practical. There is no simple answer to this conflict; a government that represents all the people must balance many pressures. I have always respected the sincerity of those who commit themselves to the single-minded pursuit of an objective, but I am not one of them. For me, the question has always been: What is the most that can be achieved—in short, what is the best *possible* outcome?



I brought my own ideas to the Wardman Park to test them against the collective wisdom of the others. The Monday Night Group helped shape my views and recommendations for a strong Civil Rights Act, desegregation of the armed forces, a special session of Congress in 1948, unification of the armed services and creation of the National Security Council, the veto of the Taft-Hartley Act (for which we invented the phrase, used repeatedly by President Truman, "the Slave Labor Act"), and much of the strategy for the 1948 campaign.

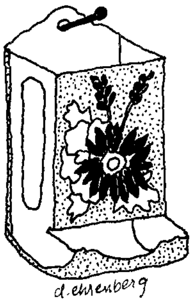
IN 1946, two of the most important sectors of the American economy—coal and the railroads—were almost simultaneously crippled by nationwide strikes. Those strikes brought me into extensive direct contact with the President, and led to a sharp disagreement between me and some of my White House colleagues. In the end, the President sided with me, with far-ranging results for my subsequent career.

The crisis began with coal. Worker demands that had been deferred during the war could be contained no longer. On March 31, 1946, four hundred thousand miners went on strike. Then, in May, two stubborn railroad-union leaders defied the President. The result was a period of nine months in which Presidential leadership was tested as it had not been in the domestic arena since before the war.

Coal and the railroads dominated the economy in 1946. They were then what airplanes and oil are today, only more so. Coal was still king, providing the fuel for ninety-five per cent of all locomotives, fifty-five per cent of all industrial energy, and sixty-two per cent of all electrical power. As for the railroads, in 1946 they still played a central role in American life—far more than it is possible to imagine today. Most Americans travelled by train rather than by car or airplane, and, with interstate trucking still in its infancy, the rails carried most of the nation's freight. A railroad strike, especially if it should be combined with a coal strike, could paralyze the nation.

The results of the coal workers' walkout were immediate: steel and automobile production dropped; railroad service was curtailed, and, to save energy, wartime dimouts were reinstituted in twenty-two states.

In April of 1946, wage negotiations between the railroads and the rail unions collapsed. Eighteen of the twenty unions involved in the complex negotiations agreed to continue talking to management, but the two most powerful—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen—flatly refused. The leaders of these two unions, Alvanley Johnston and A. F. Whitney, had been close political allies of President Truman. Now, however, they refused his personal request to avert a national emergency. Instead, on April 18th, they called a general strike, to start in thirty days.



During the first twenty-five days of the thirty-day period, the President left the problem in the hands of his chief labor adviser in the White House, John Steelman. Steelman met continually with all concerned parties, but made no progress. Johnston and Whitney were openly defying the government.

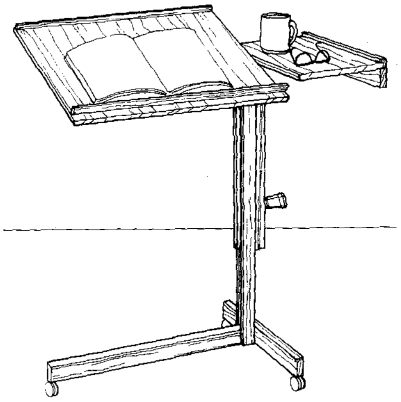
In mid-May, President Truman called Johnston and Whitney to the White House and, in their presence, signed an executive order for government seizure of the railroads in the event of a strike. At the same time, with the nation running low on coal, President Truman made his first move in the coal strike, ordering the Secretary of the Interior to seize the coal mines and force the miners back to work under federal supervision, and not long afterward the two sides reached an agreement that we thought gave us peace with the coal miners. On May 23rd, Johnston and Whitney, after delaying the railroad strike for five days, sent President Truman a note brusquely rejecting any compromise. They ordered their men off the rail lines at 4 P.M. The greatest transportation tie-up in the nation's history had begun.

President Truman now faced a fundamental test of his Presidency. About a million workers were out on strike, including a hundred and sixty-four thousand coal miners who were still defying his seizure of the mines. Did he have the personal strength and the political power to deal with American labor? If he did not, how could he deal with the darkening world situation, so graphically outlined by Churchill in his "Iron Curtain" speech at Fulton, Missouri, only ten weeks earlier?

The President called a Cabinet meeting on Friday, May 24th, to discuss the situation. Still in my naval uniform, I felt oddly out of place as I sat behind the Cabinet table in a chair along the wall, and witnessed a Presidential anger I could not have previously imagined. He said he wanted to speak to a special Saturday session of Congress the next day, and demand the toughest labor law in history. He would ask for the authority to draft strikers into the armed forces if the national security was threatened. He said he wanted to speak over a national radio hookup at ten o'clock that evening to prepare the American public for his action. Then he pulled out of his jacket pocket a handwritten statement. "Here is what I want to say," he said, handing it to Charlie Ross.

Reading the President's draft message, Ross was horrified. It was surely one of the most intemperate documents ever written by a President. His opponents had "flouted, vilified, and misrepresented" his positions, the President wrote. Congress was "weak-kneed," lacked "intestinal fortitude," and was filled with "Russian Senators and Representatives." For his closing comment, the President had written an astonishing sentence: "Let's put transportation and production back to work, *hang a few traitors*, and make our own country safe for democracy." It was the sort of blunt "Trumanesque" language for which he later became famous, but if the President were to speak in this manner to the nation he would do himself immense damage, creating the impression that he was losing control of both himself and the government.

As soon as the Cabinet meeting ended, Ross went to the Oval Office to see the President alone. A gentle, unassuming man who had been a friend of Harry Truman's since high school, Ross could speak to the President as no one else could. He told the President that this message would backfire. The President, feeling better after having let off some steam, recognized that Ross was correct, and told him to ask me to draft a message more moderate in tone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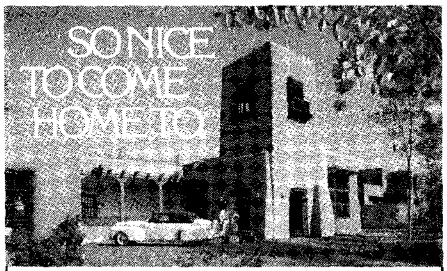

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but still tough enough to make the point.

At the time, the President's handwritten message struck me as perilously out of control. I thought he had been saved from disaster only by the wise and firm intervention of Charlie Ross. Later, when I came to know the President better, I discovered that it was not unusual for him to work off some of his frustration by putting his innermost thoughts on paper. We all have moments when we allow the deeper recesses of our minds to entertain delicious private thoughts about the vicious things we would like to do to our adversaries. Harry Truman had the habit of writing some of those private thoughts down. They were either not shared with anyone or shown to only a few intimates, and if he had not been President they would have had little importance. He expected his trusted inner staff to prevent him from going public with his fury. The fail-safe system to protect him faltered once in a while—most notably when, enraged at a bad review of his daughter's singing, the President fired off his famous letter to the Washington *Post* music critic Paul Hume, mailing it himself in order to prevent his staff from trying to stop it. But that was generally accepted as the act of a devoted father, and actually ended up enhancing his reputation.

When Ross told me to draft this new message, only five hours were left until the President was scheduled to speak to the nation. This was the first time I had ever worked in the White House under the time pressures that are both the glory and the burden of service to a President. Ideas and advice came in from my old mentor, Sam Rosenman, who arrived late in the day, at the President's request, to lend a hand. In the early evening, Steelman, Ross, and John Snyder joined Rosenman and me in the Cabinet Room to review the draft. Skipping dinner, we produced a draft around 8 P.M. and I took each page in to the President as we finished reviewing it.

I tried to reflect the President's anger, but not his exact words, with an opening sentence calling the strikes "the greatest crisis in this country since Pearl Harbor." His anger of the night before had worked itself out, and the President, calm and focussed, took that bit of hyperbole out, but he left in the harsh sentence that followed: "The crisis of Pearl Harbor was the result of action by a foreign enemy, whereas the crisis tonight is caused by a group of men within our own country who place their private interests above the welfare of the nation."

The speech was put into final form only fifteen minutes before airtime. I walked downstairs with the President to the room on the ground floor of the White House from which it would be broadcast, and watched him deliver it—rather atypically standing, instead of sitting, in front of the microphones. As soon as the speech was over, the President, Ross, and I walked over to the East Wing, and he posed for the newsreel cameras there. Then he met with members of the Cabinet to review the next steps. It had been a long and dramatic day, but the railroads were still not running, and the nation was heading for paralysis.

ON Saturday, the twenty-fifth, while Steelman was closeted with Johnston and Whitney at the Statler Hotel, Rosenman and I spent the morning working on the President's speech scheduled for the highly unusual Saturday joint session of Congress. Pleased with the previous night's speech, the President had asked me to coördinate this one.

About an hour before it was due to be given, Steelman called me. He said that Johnston and Whitney were feeling the mounting public pressure, and there was still a small chance for a settlement before the President addressed Congress. Rosenman and I wrote an alternative draft of portions of the speech, employing softer language, to be used if the strike was settled before the speech was delivered, and rushed both versions to the President.

The situation had reached fever pitch. The President delayed his departure for Capitol Hill while I tracked Steelman down again at the Statler; there was nothing new to report, although he thought he was making progress. Then, running out of the office so fast that I left my cap behind, even though I was in uniform, I joined the departing Presidential motorcade, handing President Truman the final pages of his speech as I climbed into his car.

The President went directly to the House chamber, where he received a tumultuous welcome that reflected the nation's frenzied mood and the anti-

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union sentiment raging in Congress. I peeled off from the rest of the Presidential party and went to an anteroom near the House floor to await a call that I hoped would come from Steelman.

Meanwhile, the President began his speech, attacking Johnston and Whitney for their "obstinate arrogance," and asking for emergency legislation that would give him broad authority to deal with the crisis. The legislation would permit the President not only to seize industries but to subject any labor leader to an injunction and contempt proceedings, and would provide for criminal penalties for violators.

The telephone in the anteroom in which I was waiting rang. It was Steelman. "We have an agreement," he said. "The men are going back, on the President's terms." As Steelman talked, I wrote out a brief note:

> Word has just been received that the railroad strike has been settled on the terms proposed by the President.

I ran into the House and handed my note to Les Biffle, the Secretary of the Senate, who was sitting just below the dais. As I entered, President Truman was reaching the climax of his speech, a request for authority to draft "into the Armed Forces of the United States all workers who are on strike against their government." As the members of Congress thunderously applauded this proposal, Biffle handed the President my note. He smiled slightly, waited for the noise to die down, and then read it to Congress. The House chamber erupted in cheering—longer, louder, and more sustained than anything the President had experienced before or was ever to experience again in Congress.

The railroad crisis had ended with a complete victory for President Truman. The scene was so dramatic that for a while some people thought it had been staged, as Senator Wayne Morse charged publicly, only to apologize after a talk with the President. For the first time since the end of the war, President Truman had shown strength and resolve under pressure. He had enraged big labor, but he calculated—correctly—that the rage would pass in time.

LATE in 1946, the President successfully faced another challenge to his authority which changed his political fortunes, revived his own spirits, and dramatically affected my standing and visibility within the White House. This was one of the greatest conflicts in American labor history—the celebrated showdown between President Truman and John L. Lewis.

A good crisis needs a colorful central character, and the coal strikes of 1946 certainly had one in the person of John Llewellyn Lewis. For almost thirty years, Lewis had been the undisputed boss of his huge and powerful union. A former miner himself, Lewis had earned the unwavering loyalty of his rank and file over many years by fighting for much-needed reforms in working conditions and pay. Everything about him was dramatic; his personality and his speaking style could not be duplicated in today's homogenized television era. I cannot improve on the portrait of him by Cabell Phillips, of the *Times:* "A figure of almost unbelievable power and picturesqueness . . . a man of ponderous and majestic bearing with a billowing crown of gray hair and dark, baleful eyes peering from under immense eyebrows. His scowl had an Olympian ferocity, and his speech the cavernous tone and the measured cadence of a nineteenth-century Thespian."

On the eve of the 1946 elections, Lewis's monumental ego and ambition led him to demand the reopening of the entire May accords on the basis of a minor provision. Lewis made an explicit threat: if we did not renegotiate the entire contract, he would bring the nation to a standstill.

For the first time, I took an active role in a major policy debate as an advocate, not simply as a speechwriter. I felt that President Truman had reached a turning point. In my view, Lewis's behavior constituted a direct threat to the President's political survival. If he yielded to Lewis, I felt, he would have great difficulty governing for the next two years of the unfinished term of Franklin Roosevelt, and would surely be unable to get elected on his own in 1948. I was heavily outnumbered in the discussions that raged at the White House in the first two weeks of November, 1946. Interior Secretary Julius A. Krug and Attorney General Tom Clark sided with me in advocating a tough line, but, fearing Lewis's power, they were considerably more cautious than I was. On the other side of the debate were John Steelman and his supporters. They advocated a policy of conciliation and compromise, arguing that President Truman could not win

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The battle lines on this issue later gave rise to the erroneous view in some quarters in Washington that I was a conservative. While it was true that I had advocated a tough line against Lewis and, in May, had drafted the tough railroad speech, in policy debates within the White House I almost always favored labor's positions and objectives. In argument after argument with Snyder, Steelman, Clinton Anderson, and others, I was on labor's side, favoring positions that I felt would reduce inequality in American life. However, as special counsel to the President I was a firm advocate in behalf of the powers and the position of the President. It was my responsibility, as I saw it, to protect both the office and the man. In the coal-strike issue, I decided to weigh in heavily against the advocates of compromise and retreat. Lewis's threats were directed at both the Presidency and Harry Truman personally. If Lewis succeeded in breaking the agreement he had reached with the Administration only five months earlier, I saw no end to the erosion of Presidential authority.

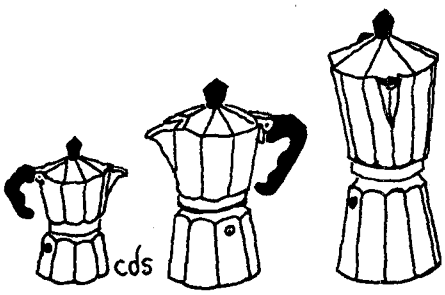
The stage was thus set for my first open collision with Steelman, which took place late on the night of Saturday, November 16th, after the annual White House News Photographers Association dinner. The President knew that events were coming to a head, and he asked Krug, Clark, Steelman, Charlie Ross, and me to meet him in the study of the family quarters around midnight. Still in our dinner jackets, we debated our next moves until the early morning. The lateness of the hour, the intensity of the situation, the recent Democratic defeat in the congressional elections, and perhaps a slight amount of alcohol consumed by some people during the dinner all lent an odd air to the meeting. A combination of fatigue and tension made the meeting far more candid, and hence contentious, than would normally have been the case.

Steelman wanted to make a new deal with Lewis. He argued that a strike could be averted with relatively minor concessions. I argued strongly with Steelman that night, urging President Truman to stand firm and resist pressure for any further accommodation. I said that the majority of the people were opposed to Lewis's grandstanding, and that if the President held his ground Lewis would be beaten in the court of public opinion. No one union or person could be bigger than the country. Somewhat dramatically, I said, "Mr. President, you have to take him on."

As our long and exhausting night of debate came to an end, the President made his decision: we would seek a court injunction against Lewis and, if necessary, file civil and criminal charges for violation of contract and for striking against the government. It would be, the President told us, "a fight to the finish with John L. Lewis." Steelman was openly furious at losing the President's support.

On Monday, November 18th, Attorney General Clark took Lewis to court and obtained from a federal judge in the United States District Court an order directing Lewis to cancel his plans for a strike on November 20th. Lewis thumbed his nose at the court order and, on the November 20th deadline, once more ordered his workers out on strike. After talking to the President, I asked Clark to request the court to cite Lewis for contempt. In the first week of December, the federal judge found the United Mine Workers guilty of contempt, slapping a three-and-a-half-million-dollar fine on the union, and an additional ten thousand dollars on Lewis personally. At our request, criminal charges were dropped. We did not want Lewis in jail; we wanted the strike settled.

Lewis was now in a quandary. The President and the courts were united against him, he faced an enormous fine, and jail remained a distinct possibility. He knew that, for the first time in his celebrated career, he had to back down. To ease the pressure, he tried to call President Truman directly. I recommended that the President not take Lewis's calls, because a conversation might reduce the pressure on Lewis. That was a risky decision. The nation was running out of coal in early December, and people were quite literally feeling cold as coal supplies and "strikebreaker coal" ran short. But the President agreed not to speak to Lewis or any of his representatives while the U.M.W. was still out on strike. For the rest of the crisis, we rebuffed every one of Lewis's increasingly frantic attempts to send negotiators to the White House.



Late in November, I had set up a miniature command center in the Cabinet Room to coördinate the next steps. After careful consideration, the President instructed me to write a tough speech for delivery to the nation on Sunday, December 8th. Our plan was to create unbearable public pressure on Lewis to capitulate.

December 7th, like the Saturday of the railroad crisis six months earlier, was a day charged with the excitement that surrounds a major confrontation. Because it involved the theatrical Lewis, it had a special drama that the railroad crisis had lacked. We made sure during the day that rumors of the tough measures we were planning to announce reached the U.M.W. In the Cabinet Room, I drafted a speech beginning with these words:

> I bring to you tonight a report on a major American disaster. By coincidence, it was just five years ago . . . that my predecessor spoke of another American disaster—Pearl Harbor. This present crisis has elements which make it just as ominous.
>
> The attention of every American—and, in fact, of cold and hungry people in countries all over the world—is centered on the coal strike which is paralyzing our entire nation.

The speech was never given. By Saturday, Lewis knew that his dilemma would only get worse if he continued to defy the President. At four o'clock that afternoon, he suddenly called a press conference. As we listened over the radio in the Oval Office, Lewis spoke in wearied but measured cadences, ordering all his workers "to return to work immediately under the wages and conditions of employment in existence on and before November 20, 1946."

The Lord of Labor had capitulated. President Truman had succeeded where so many others, including F.D.R., had failed: he had trimmed the invincible Lewis down to size. He permitted himself a brief celebration in the Oval Office right after Lewis's surrender. As we celebrated, the President recalled what he felt had been his toughest decision—to rebuff all attempts by Lewis over the previous two weeks to open up a dialogue. "The

White House is open to anybody with legitimate business, but not to that son of a bitch," he said. We toasted him.

It was, journalists and labor experts agreed, the end of an era in American industrial relations. And the beginning of a new era for Harry Truman. He was suddenly praised effusively by the same journalists and commentators who had dismissed him a few weeks earlier (and would write him off again in 1948). Arthur Krock, the Washington bureau chief of the *Times*, wrote, "The President has greatly regained stature as a national leader." The columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop called it "the first break he has had in considerably more than a year."

The coal strike was also a significant development for me. The press became aware that I had played an important role in the showdown with Lewis. On one occasion, Charlie Ross joked to reporters, "All I do around here is answer questions about Clark Clifford."

A most embarrassing event took place early in the new year, at the Gridiron Dinner, an annual event during which members of the Gridiron Club, all senior Washington journalists, entertain high government officials and other guests with irreverent skits. I have attended forty-five consecutive Gridiron dinners, including my first one, in 1946, and have observed some memorable events at them. But only once, in 1947, did I wish deeply, and with all my heart, that I could have been somewhere else. On that night, with President Truman watching, one of the skits showed him as a ventriloquist's dummy sitting on the lap of a smug, heavily made-up Clark Clifford. I was profoundly upset, and spent a restless night wondering if the President had been offended. On Monday morning, I went into his office alone and said, "Mr. President, I just want to express to you my deep embarrassment at the skit at the Gridiron. I wish neither of us had been there." He smiled for an instant, and said, "Clark, pay it no attention. That is what Washington is all about. Anyway, I am the target, not you, and they will always find something to use against me."

OF all the meetings I have ever had with Presidents, the one on May 12, 1948, remains the most vivid. Not only did it pit me against a war hero whom President Truman revered but it did so over an issue of fundamental and enduring national-security importance—Israel and the Middle East, an issue that remains as relevant in the nineteen-nineties, in the wake of the Persian Gulf War, as it was then. The President regarded the Secretary of State, General George C. Marshall, as "the greatest living American." Yet the two men were on a collision course over Middle East policy, and it threatened, if it was not resolved, to split and wreck the Administration. British control of Palestine would run out in two days, and, as it did, the Jewish Agency intended to announce the creation of a new state, still unnamed, in part of Palestine.

Marshall firmly opposed American recognition of the new Jewish state; I did not. Marshall's opposition was shared by almost every member of the brilliant and now legendary group of Presidential advisers, later referred to as the Wise Men, who were then in the process of creating a postwar foreign policy that would endure for more than forty years. The opposition included the respected Under-Secretary of State, Robert Lovett; his predecessor, Dean Acheson; the No. 3 man in the State Department, Charles Bohlen; the brilliant chief of the Policy Planning Staff, George Kennan; Forrestal; and a man with whom I would disagree again, twenty years later, when we served together in Lyndon Johnson's Cabinet—Dean Rusk, then the director of the Office of United Nations Affairs.

Forrestal's attitude was typical of the attitudes of the advisers opposed to helping the Zionists, as those supporting the creation of a Jewish state were called. Some months earlier, during a breakfast at his elegant Georgetown home, Forrestal had spoken emotionally about the issue. "You fellows over at the White House are just not facing up to the realities in the Middle East. There are thirty million Arabs on one side and about six hundred thousand Jews on the other. It is clear to me that in any contest the Arabs are going to overwhelm the Jews. Why don't you face up to the realities? Just look at the numbers!"

"Jim, the President knows just as well as you do what the numbers are, but he doesn't consider this to be a question of numbers," I replied. "He has always supported the right of the

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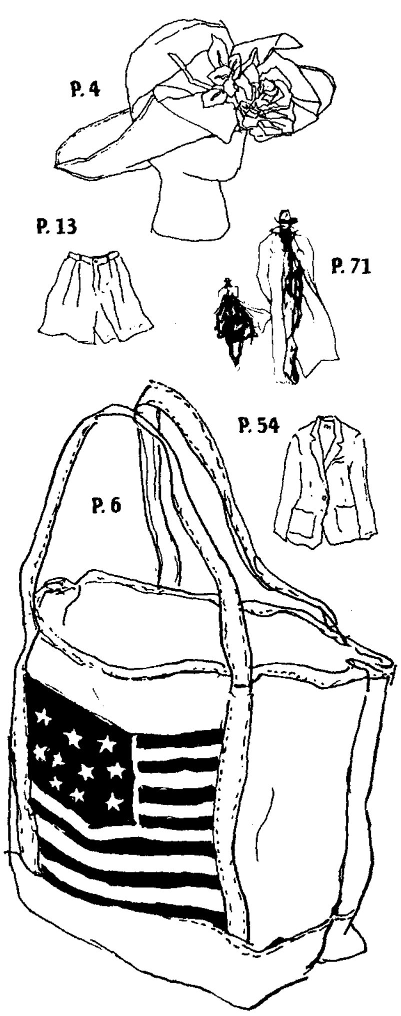

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Jews to have their own homeland, from the moment he became President. He considers this to be a question about the moral and ethical considerations that are present in that part of the world. For that reason, he supports the foundation of a Jewish state. He is sympathetic to their needs and their desires, and I assure you he is going to continue to lend our country's support to the creation of a Jewish state."

Forrestal replied bluntly, "Well, *if* he does that, then he's absolutely dead wrong." His attitude was typical of the foreign-policy establishment—especially the pro-Arab professionals at the State Department, who were deeply influenced by the huge oil reserves in the Middle East and by a desire to be on the side of the likely winner in the struggle between the Arabs and the Jews. Officials in the State Department had done everything in their power to prevent, thwart, or delay the President's Palestine policy in 1947 and 1948, while I had fought for assistance to the Jewish Agency. Watching those officials find various ways to avoid carrying out White House instructions, I sometimes felt that they preferred to follow the views of the British Foreign Office rather than the views of their President.

At midnight on May 14, 1948 (6 P.M. in Washington), the British would relinquish control of Palestine, which they had been administering under a mandate from the old League of Nations since the First World War. One minute later, the Jewish Agency, under the leadership of David Ben-Gurion, would proclaim the new state. (We assumed that the new nation would be called Judaea.) The neighboring Arabs made it clear that as soon as the British left, the fighting that had already begun would erupt into a full-scale war against the new state.

In response, the British and the State Department wanted to turn Palestine over to the trusteeship of the United Nations—a position I strongly opposed as dangerous to the survival of the beleaguered Jews of Palestine. I had already had several serious disagreements with General Marshall's protégé, Dean Rusk, and with Loy Henderson, the director of Near Eastern and African Affairs, over State's position. Henderson, a mustachioed, partly bald, tightly controlled, and somewhat pompous career diplomat, was strongly pro-Arab and was heavily influenced by the British. He had no use for White House interference in what he saw as his personal domain—American policy in the Middle East. A number of Middle East experts in the State Department were widely regarded as anti-Semitic.

On May 7th, a week before the end of the British mandate, I met with President Truman for our customary private day-end chat in the Oval Office. In these informal sessions, which were never listed on his official schedule, he was often very blunt. No one else knew what passed between us in those sessions unless he wanted them to. In this case, he didn't.

I handed the President a draft of a public statement I had prepared, and proposed that at his next press conference, scheduled for May 13th, the day before the British mandate would end, he announce that it was his intention to recognize the Jewish state. The President was sympathetic to the proposal, but, being keenly aware of Marshall's strong feelings, he picked up the telephone to get the Secretary's views. As I sat listening to the President's end of the conversation, I could tell that Marshall objected strongly to the proposed statement. The President listened politely, then told Marshall he wanted to have a meeting on the subject.

I was sitting, as usual, in a straight-backed chair to the left of the President's desk. On ending the conversation with Marshall, the President swivelled his chair toward me. "Clark, I am impressed with General Marshall's argument that we should not recognize the new state so fast," he said. "He does not want to recognize it at all—at least, not now. I've asked him and Lovett to come in next week to discuss this business. I think Marshall is going to continue to take a very strong position. When he does, I would like you to make the case in favor of recognition of the new state." He paused, and looked at me intently for a moment. "You know how I feel," he said. "I want you to present it just as though you were making an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States"—something that I had not yet done. "Consider it carefully, Clark, organize it logically. I want you to be as persuasive as you possibly can be."

President Truman had asked me to

SHE THINKS OF HIM ON HER BIRTHDAY

It's still winter,
and still I don't know you
anymore, and you don't know

me. But this morning I stand
in the kitchen with the illusion,
peeling a clementine. Each piece

snaps like the nickname for a girl,
the tinny bite it was
to be one once. Again I count

your daughters and find myself in the middle,
the waist of the hourglass,
endlessly passed through and passed through

but holding nothing, dismayed
at the grubby February sun
I was born under and the cheap pleasure

it gives the window. Yet I raise the shade
for it, and try not to feel it is wrong
to want spring, to be a season

further from you—not wrong to wish
for a hard rain, a hard wind
like one we sat out in together
or came in from together.

—DEBORAH GOTTLIEB GARRISON

• •

debate the man he most admired, a man whose participation in the Administration was essential to its success. I was forty-one years old, in my third year at the White House as a Presidential aide. Virtually every American regarded General Marshall, then sixty-seven, with a respect bordering on awe. He had capped his central contribution to victory in the Second World War with his speech at Harvard a year earlier proposing what became known as the Marshall Plan. Alone among soldiers, he was now associated in the public mind with a peaceful purpose—the reconstruction of Europe. Alone among statesmen, he carried the credentials of a great soldier. Without his towering presence, the Administration would be much diminished, perhaps even mortally wounded, at home and abroad, in an extremely difficult time. The Soviet-inspired coup in Czechoslovakia had taken place only ten weeks earlier, and the Soviet effort to cut Berlin off from the West was heading toward a full-blown crisis, the worst since the end of the war. The Republicans controlled both Houses of Congress. How firmly would Marshall continue to oppose something that the President wanted? Could we in the Administration find a way out of the bind we were in? From a combination of respect for Marshall and a keen sense of his own political interests, the President knew he should not overrule Marshall directly. Rather, he would see if I could convince the great man.

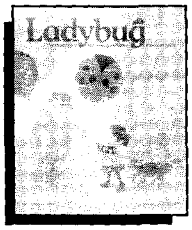
Marshall did not like me. He regarded me as a domestic Presidential adviser, who had no business meddling in foreign policy. There was no national-security assistant in those days, and I often functioned in a manner that presaged the present system. In a sense, Marshall's attitude toward me foreshadowed the conflicts between the Secretary of State and the national-security assistant which later—especially in the Nixon, Carter, and Reagan Administrations—became part of the Washington landscape.

As I prepared for the showdown with Marshall, I felt that I knew what the President wanted and, more important, how he felt. From our many talks over the past year I knew that five factors dominated his thinking about the proposed Jewish state. For as long as he could remember, he had detested intolerance and discrimination. He had been deeply moved by the plight of the millions of displaced people of the Second World War, and felt that, alone among the homeless, the Jews had no homeland of their own to which they could return. He was, of course, horrified by the Holocaust, and he denounced it vehemently as, in the aftermath of the war, its full dimensions became clear. Also, he believed that the Balfour Declaration, issued by the British Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour in 1917, committed Great Britain and, by implication, the United States, which now shared a certain global responsibility with the British, to the creation of the Jewish state in Palestine. (I recognize that historians have long disagreed over whether or not Balfour committed anyone to anything, but President Truman's view on this point was clear.) And, finally, he had been a student of and a believer in the Bible since his youth. From the Old Testament, he felt, the Jews derived a legitimate historical right to Palestine. He sometimes cited such Biblical verses as those from Deuteronomy 1:8: "Behold, I have given up the land before you; go in and take possession of the land which the Lord hath sworn unto your fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob."

From the beginning, I, too, had supported the desire of the Zionists to create a nation, even though this stand put me in opposition to an entire generation of senior foreign-policy makers whom I admired and numbered among my friends. I held it not only because I knew what the President wanted but because I considered the creation of a Jewish state in the Palestine region a historical and strategic necessity.

The Zionist position in 1948 was simple: partition Palestine into two parts—one Jewish, one Arab. On its surface, the joint British–State Department position favoring trusteeship may have seemed a reasonable way to avoid conflict, but the President feared that if Palestine were turned over to the United Nations the Arabs would combine military action and diplomatic foot-dragging in an effort to throttle the Jewish state at its birth. I fully agreed. I knew that Marshall and his deputy, Robert Lovett, would argue that we should continue to support trusteeship, and delay recognition of the new state. And by "delay," I believed, State really meant "deny."

My fears about the State Department



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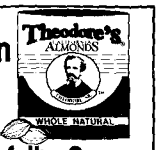

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had crystallized after a bitter incident in March, when, without informing the President, the State Department permitted the American delegation to the United Nations to reverse its support for partition, and switch to trusteeship for Palestine—a contradiction of a personal commitment that the President had given the previous day to Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader who later became the first President of Israel. Furious and depressed when he learned what had happened, President Truman wrote on his calendar for March 19, 1948:

> The State Dept. pulled the rug from under me today. . . . The first I know about it is what I see in the papers! Isn't that hell? I am now in the position of a liar and a double-crosser. I've never felt so low in my life. There are people on the third and fourth level of the State Dept. who have always wanted to cut my throat. They've succeeded in doing it.

That afternoon, the President angrily instructed me to "read the riot act" to those "third and fourth level" people at the State Department. A few hours later, I held an angry meeting with Rusk, Henderson, and Charles Bohlen, the State Department Counsellor, which left us barely on speaking terms. But the President, despite his anger, had not ordered the State Department to reëndorse partition, lest he create a crisis with Marshall. Thus, with the May 14th deadline fast approaching, the United States was in the awkward position of having its United Nations delegation still rounding up votes for trusteeship while the President favored partition and prompt recognition of the about-to-be-proclaimed new Jewish state.

Sixteen years as a trial lawyer in St. Louis before the Second World War had shaped my approach to the May 12th confrontation with Marshall. For me the key to successful advocacy is preparation—careful preparation. Even now, on a day when I'm going into court I rise very early, and rehearse my presentation as I shave, then sometimes go over it for several hours alone in my bedroom or my office. I have seen many good cases lost simply because they were badly presented. But this was the only time I would ever argue a case against General Marshall. Knowing that the President was privately on my side did nothing to reduce the difficulty of the task, since he was counting on my presentation to turn Marshall around.

George Catlett Marshall was a man of the strictest rectitude. Not even President Truman called him by his first name; that privilege was reserved for his wife and a handful of early military contemporaries. And he called even his closest associates only by their last names. He had little noticeable sense of humor. He had planned to spend his time in quiet retirement with his wife at their home in Virginia, but when at the beginning of 1947, just as the Cold War was beginning its most dangerous phase, President Truman asked him to return from a thankless and unsuccessful mission as special envoy to China and to become Secretary of State he responded once again without complaint. It was this devotion to the President—or, more accurately, to the *Presidency*—that so impressed Truman, and everyone else as well, including me.

At 4 p.m. on Wednesday, May 12th, a cloudless, sweltering day, seven of us joined President Truman in the Oval Office. The President sat at his desk, his back to the bay window overlooking the lawns; his famous "The Buck Stops Here" plaque stood on the front of his desk. In the seat to the President's left sat General Marshall, austere and grim, and next to Marshall sat Lovett. Behind Lovett were two State Department officials, Robert McClintock and Fraser Wilkins. I wondered why Rusk and Henderson, who had been centrally involved in every phase of the policy debate for months, were not present. Not until forty years later did I learn why: Wilkins told me then that just before the meeting Lovett had decided that the presence of Rusk and Henderson in the room with me would be too inflammatory, so he had substituted their two deputies. Another Presidential aide, David Niles, the appointments secretary Matthew Connelly, and I sat together in chairs to the right of the President. As the meeting began, exactly fifty hours remained before the new nation would be born.

The meeting opened in a deceptively calm manner. President Truman did not raise the issue of recognition; his desire was that I be the first to raise it, but only after Marshall and Lovett had spoken, so that he would be able to ascertain the degree of Marshall's opposition before showing his own hand. Lovett began by criticizing what he termed signs of growing "assertiveness" by the Jewish Agency. "On the basis of some recent military successes and the prospect of a 'behind the barn' deal with King Abdullah," Lovett said, "the Jews seem confident that they can establish their sovereign state without any necessity for a truce with the Arabs of Palestine." King Abdullah of Transjordan, who was assassinated in 1951, was the grandfather of King Hussein of Jordan. Lovett was referring to highly secret talks between the Jews and the Jordanians. Some of the talks involved Golda Meir and King Abdullah himself, but that was not known at the time.

Marshall interrupted Lovett. He was strongly opposed to the behavior of the Jewish Agency, he said. He had met on May 8th with Moshe Shertok, its political representative, and had told Shertok that it was "dangerous to base long-range policy on temporary military success." Moreover, Marshall said, he had told Shertok that if the Jews got into trouble and "came running to us for help . . . there was no warrant to expect help from the United States, which had warned them of the grave risk which they were running." I was surprised to hear, from Marshall himself, how bluntly he had dealt with Shertok. He had laid down a tough opening position.

As Marshall was speaking, he was interrupted by an urgent message from his special assistant. The United Press had reported that Shertok had returned to Tel Aviv carrying a personal warning from Marshall to David Ben-Gurion. Marshall, clearly displeased, told us that not only had he not sent Ben-Gurion a message but he had never even heard of Ben-Gurion—a surprising statement about the man who was the leader of the Jewish Agency and was about to become the new nation's first Prime Minister. Marshall directed the State Department to refuse to comment on the U.P. news story, and then concluded his presentation. The United States, he said, should continue to support those resolutions in the United Nations which would turn Palestine over to the U.N. as a trusteeship, and defer any decision on recognition.

It was now my turn. Even though I disagreed with many of Lovett's opening statements, I had waited without saying a word until the President called on me, in order to establish that I was speaking at the request of the President, and not on my own initiative.

I began by objecting strongly to the State Department's position paper reaffirming American support of Security Council efforts to secure a truce in Palestine. "There has been no truce in Palestine, and there almost certainly will not be one," I said. I reminded everyone that in a meeting chaired by the President on March 24th "Dean Rusk stated that a truce could be negotiated within two weeks," but that "this goal is still not in sight."

I went on to say, "Second, trusteeship, which State supports, presupposes a single Palestine. That is also unrealistic. Partition into Jewish and Arab sectors has already happened. Jews and Arabs are already fighting each other from territory each side presently controls."

The time had now come to join the issue. "Third, Mr. President," I said, "I strongly urge you to give prompt recognition to the Jewish state immediately after the termination of the British mandate on May 14th. This would have the distinct value of restoring the President's firm position in support of the partition of Palestine. Such a move should be taken quickly, before the Soviet Union or any other nation recognizes the Jewish state."

I knew that my comments would not please Marshall and Lovett, since I was implying that State had embarrassed the President by reversing the American position in the United Nations two months earlier. But I strongly believed that to be the case, and I saw no reason not to bring it up.

"My fourth point," I continued, "is that the President should make a statement at his press conference tomorrow which announces his intention to recognize the Jewish state, once it has complied with the provision for democratic government outlined in the U.N. resolution of November 29th. I understand this is in fact the case, and therefore presents no problem." I handed a proposed press statement around the room, and read aloud its conclusion:

> I have asked the Secretary of State to have the Representatives of the United States in the United Nations take up this subject . . . with a view toward obtaining early recognition of a Jewish State by the other members of the United Nations.

Then I went on, "My fifth point relates to the Balfour Declaration. Jewish people the world over have been waiting for thirty years for the promise of a homeland to be fulfilled. There is no reason to wait one day longer. Trusteeship will postpone that promise indefinitely.

"Sixth, the United States has a great moral obligation to oppose discrimination such as that inflicted on the Jewish people. Alarmingly, it is reappearing in Communist-controlled Eastern Europe. There must be a safe haven for these people. Here is an opportunity to try to bring these ancient injustices to an end. The Jews could have their own homeland. They could be lifted to the status of other peoples who have their own country. And perhaps these steps would help atone, in some small way, for the bestial actions, for the atrocities so vast as to stupefy the human mind, that took place during the Holocaust.

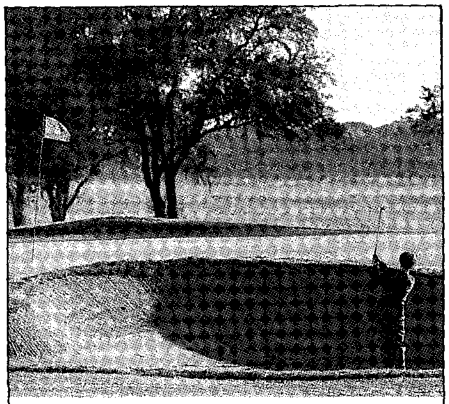
"Finally, I fully understand and agree that vital national interests are involved. In an area as unstable as the Middle East, where there is not now and never has been any tradition of democratic government, it is important for the long-range security of our country—and, indeed, the world—that a nation committed to the democratic system be established there, one on which we can rely. The new Jewish state can be such a place. We should strengthen it in its infancy by prompt recognition."

I had noticed Marshall's face reddening with suppressed anger as I talked. When I finished, he exploded. "Mr. President, I thought this meeting was called to consider an important and complicated problem in foreign policy. I don't even know why Clifford is here. He is a domestic adviser, and this is a foreign-policy matter."

I will never forget President Truman's characteristically simple reply: "Well, General, he's here because I asked him to be here."

Marshall, scarcely concealing his ire, shot back, "These considerations have nothing to do with the issue. I fear that the only reason Clifford is here is that he is pressing a political consideration with regard to this issue. I don't think politics should play any part in this."

Lovett joined the attack. "It would be highly injurious to the United Nations to announce the recognition of the Jewish state even before it had come into existence and while the General



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WORKING MARRIAGE
MANKOFF

• •

Assembly is still considering the question. Furthermore, such a move would be injurious to the prestige of the President. It is obviously designed to win the Jewish vote, but in my opinion it would lose more votes than it would gain." Lovett had finally brought to the surface the root cause of Marshall's fury: his view that the position I presented was dictated by domestic political considerations—specifically, a quest for Jewish votes in the upcoming Presidential election.

"Mr. President, to recognize the Jewish state prematurely would be buying a pig in a poke," Lovett continued. "How do we know what kind of Jewish state will be set up? We have many reports from British and American intelligence agents that Soviets are sending Jews and Communist agents into Palestine from the Black Sea area." Lovett read some of these intelligence reports to the group. I found them ridiculous, and no evidence ever turned up to support them; in fact, Jews were fleeing Communism throughout Eastern Europe at that very moment.

When Lovett concluded his attack, Marshall spoke again. Speaking with great and barely contained anger and with more than a hint of self-righteousness, he made the most remarkable threat I have ever heard anyone make directly to a President. He said, "If you follow Clifford's advice and if I were to vote in the election, I would vote against you."

Everyone in the room was stunned. Here was the indispensable symbol of continuity, whom President Truman revered and needed, making a threat that, if it became public, could virtually seal the dissolution of the Truman Administration and send the Western Alliance, then in the process of creation, into disarray before it had been fully structured. Marshall's statement fell short of an explicit threat to resign, but it came very close.

Lovett and I both tried to step into the ensuing silence with words of conciliation. We both knew how important it was to get this dreadful meeting over with quickly, before Marshall said something even more irretrievable. My suggested Presidential press statement was clearly out of the question, and I withdrew it. Lovett said that State's legal adviser, Ernest Gross, had prepared a paper on the legal aspects of recognition, and he would send it to us immediately.

President Truman also knew that the meeting had to be ended. He said that he was fully aware of the dangers in the situation, to say nothing of the political factors involved on *both sides* of the problem, and that those were his responsibility, and he would deal with them himself. Seeing that Marshall was still highly agitated, he rose and turned to him and said, "I understand your position, General, and I'm inclined to side with you in this matter."

We rose with the President and gathered up our papers. Marshall did not even glance at me as he and Lovett left. In fact, he not only never spoke to me again after that meeting but, according to his official biographer, never mentioned my name again. At the end of that day, still steaming, he did something quite unusual, which the President and I were unaware of at the time. Certain that history would prove him right, he wanted his personal comments included in the official State Department record of the meeting. It is normal for the records of such meetings kept by the State Department to water down or leave out personal comments; Marshall did precisely the opposite. His record, exactly as he wanted historians to find it when it was declassified, almost three decades later, reads as follows:

> I remarked to the President that, speaking objectively, I could not help but think that the suggestions made by Mr. Clifford were wrong. I thought that to adopt these suggestions would have precisely the opposite effect from that intended by Mr. Clifford. The transparent dodge to win a few votes would not in fact achieve this purpose. The great dignity of the office of the President would be seriously diminished. The counsel offered by Mr. Clifford was based on domestic political considerations, while the problem which confronted us was international. I said bluntly that if the President were to follow Mr. Clifford's advice and if in the elections I were to vote, I would vote against the President.

General Marshall's position was unfair. He had no proof to sustain the charge of a political motive on my part, nor did he offer any. My growing involvement in foreign policy was at the President's direction. I had not mentioned politics in my presentation. I believed then, as I do now, that the President's position was based on the national interest, not on domestic political considerations.

The view of Marshall and Lovett was based on the assumption that the Palestine issue would decide how Jewish Americans voted. In my opinion, their assumption was incorrect, and, in fact, a significant number of Jewish Americans opposed Zionism. Some feared that the effort to create a Jewish state under the conditions that existed then was so controversial that the plan would fail. In 1942, a number of prominent dissident Reform rabbis had founded the American Council for Judaism to oppose the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. It grew into an organization of over fourteen thousand members, which collaborated closely with State Department officials, including Dean Acheson and Loy Henderson. Its leaders believed that the establishment of an exclusively Jewish state was "undemocratic and a retreat from the universal vision of Judaism," and would lead to "ghettoizing Jews by segregating them from their compatriots and turning them into aliens." Other individuals, including Arthur H. Sulzberger, the publisher of the *Times* (he supported the American Council for Judaism), and Eugene Meyer, the publisher of the Washington *Post*, opposed Zionism. Sulzberger's wife, the redoubtable Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, who disagreed strongly with her husband, later recalled that "Zionism was a heavily debated issue among American Jews." Many Jews opposed American backing for any Jewish state in Palestine.

In any event, neither the President nor I believed that Palestine was the key to the Jewish vote. As I had written in 1947, in a lengthy memorandum to the President proposing a strategy for the 1948 election campaign, I believed that the key to the Jewish vote in 1948 would be not the Palestine issue but a continued commitment to liberal political and economic policies. Noting the sharp divisions over Zionism within the Jewish community, I had concluded, "In the long run, there is likely to be greater gain if the Palestine problem is approached on the basis of reaching a decision founded upon intrinsic merit."

Quite simply, I fully shared the President's conviction that it was proper for the Jews to have a homeland, and for our country to recognize the new state on its creation. I also believed that this was the decent, the compassionate, and the honorable course to follow.

IN the course of the meeting in the Oval Office, I had left the proposed press statement and some other papers on the front of the President's desk. I lingered a moment to pick them up. Marshall had deeply disappointed me. I thought his implied threat had crossed the bounds of what was permissible and proper in a meeting with the President. I also thought I had lost.

Seeing my face, President Truman apparently felt that I needed to be cheered up. "Well, that was rough as a cob," he said, using one of his favorite Missouri farm phrases. "That was about as tough as it gets. But you did your best."

"Well, Boss, this isn't the first case I've lost," I replied. "I've never expected to win them all." Then, to see if the President wanted to try again, I said, "Maybe it is not over yet. I would like approval to test the waters one more time."

The President's reply was ambiguous. "You may be right. I don't know. I never saw the General so furious. Suppose we let the dust settle a little. Then you can get into it again and see if we can get this thing turned around. I still want to do it. But be careful. I can't afford to lose General Marshall."

It might be argued that a Presidential telephone call to Marshall or Lovett would have resolved the issue. But that view, while normally correct in regard to relationships between the President and anyone in his Cabinet, did not fit this unique situation. Harry Truman, then an unelected President, was viewed by most people as a temporary custodian of the giant legacy of Franklin Roosevelt. Facing the central political fact of 1948—Republican control of both Houses of Congress—he could not afford an open break with Marshall. Besides, he genuinely liked and respected Marshall, and on every other important issue they were in agreement.

Thus, when I left the Oval Office I understood that the chances for salvaging the situation were very small—but not quite zero. As I was in my office going over the day's events with George Elsey, the telephone rang. It was Bob Lovett. "I have been deeply disturbed ever since the meeting in the President's office this afternoon," he said, and then he paused. I felt like saying, "You didn't help much," but, barely resisting the temptation, waited to see what was coming next. "It would be a great tragedy if these two men were to break over this issue," he went on.

I certainly agreed. "It would be about the worst thing that could happen to the President and to the country," I said. I was thinking of how difficult it would be to conduct our foreign policy if we lost Marshall, or even if his opposition and threat to

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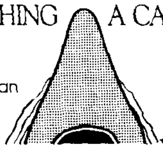

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President Truman on this issue became publicly known.

"Could you drop by my house for a drink on your way home tonight?" Lovett asked. "I would like to talk to you more about this."

I was delighted. I knew Lovett to be a sensible and thoughtful man. In informal settings, he was witty and charming, with a fine sense of detachment and irony, and he was one of the best raconteurs I have ever met. These qualities might have been of interest only to hostesses had they not also skillfully covered an immensely tough interior. All in all, he was close to the model of a perfect public servant. If anyone could turn Marshall around, it might be the man whose appointment as Under-Secretary of State the General had demanded almost immediately upon becoming Secretary, calling him, with a rare display of personal affection, "my old co-pilot." But was Lovett willing to try?

The Lovetts had rented a house in the Kalorama area, a quiet, tree-lined section of Washington off Connecticut Avenue, about ten minutes from the White House. When I arrived, Lovett and I went into his library. In those days, bourbon-and-branch-water was virtually the official drink of the Administration; I had one, and Lovett, always concerned about his health, drank a sherry.

Lovett opened on a positive note. A break between the President and General Marshall, he said, would have unacceptable consequences. We were in the midst of the most difficult months of the Cold War. We had to avert a split in our ranks. Any leak of the astonishing events of that afternoon would be catastrophic. Lovett stressed the reasonableness of his own views. "Let's get through this crisis, then sit down and review the issue again in a more thorough manner," he suggested.

Gentle and conciliatory though Lovett's style was, this seemed to be more of the same from State—delay and circumvention of the President's policy objectives. In order not to return to the contentious tone of the Oval Office meeting, I observed that the "very persuasive critique" by Lovett and Marshall had caused the President to set aside any thought of announcing recognition the following day. Lovett probed to see to what extent my comments in the meeting represented the President's position.

"Do you think," Lovett said, "that if you were to present some modification of State's views to the President as something he could live with he might be persuaded to moderate his position and work something out with General Marshall that would get us past this crisis—at least, past the next two days?"

Lovett's question presented me with an immediate decision. I could have said I needed to check with the President and reply the next day. But, with time running out, I replied, "Bob, there is no chance whatsoever that the President will change his mind on the basic issue. My presentation today was made at his instruction and represented his views. He wants to recognize the new state. So all I can say is that if anyone is going to give, it is going to have to be General Marshall, because I can tell you now the President is not going to give an inch." Because I saw no value in even hinting that compromise was possible, I had stated President Truman's views much more strongly than he would have stated them himself. It was essential to focus the pressure back on Marshall, and Lovett was the only channel through which to do it.

"Well, then," Lovett said thoughtfully, "let's see what can be done at State."

On that slightly encouraging note I left, hoping that Lovett could somehow bring *his* co-pilot around.

The next morning, Thursday the thirteenth, I began by reporting to the President on my meeting with Lovett. "O.K., this is part of the process of letting the dust settle," the President said. "Keep encouraging Lovett to work on the General."

In the middle of a day of tense waiting, Lovett called with a new suggestion—to make a formal decision to recognize the new state, but delay announcing it or carrying it out for an unspecified period.

I saw no value in this suggestion, and told Lovett so without checking with the President. "That's a nothing approach, Bob," I said. "I've talked to the President, and I want to tell you that he is not going to budge an inch in his basic view. He is rock solid."

Lovett raised with me the idea of recognizing the new state de facto instead of de jure. Here was an issue on which I felt we could yield to State, and I did so, again without checking with the President. The difference, while extremely important to governments in defining and justifying international boundaries, was not something I felt was critical at this moment, since we could upgrade the nature of our recognition to de jure later.

Thursday ended with no resolution of the crisis. Amazingly, there had been no leaks. When the President was asked at his press conference what he planned to do when the Jewish state was proclaimed, he replied curtly, "I will cross that bridge when I get to it." As I listened, I thought, We get to that bridge tomorrow.

FRIDAY morning was the beginning of a historic day in Palestine, but the United States government had still not decided what it would do at 6 P.M. The weather in Washington, which had been unseasonably hot and muggy, finally showed signs of breaking. I reached the office earlier than usual and called Lovett. He was looking for ways to calm things down, but he and Marshall were still opposed to recognition of the Jewish state.

I was also in close contact, directly and through David Niles, with Eliahu Epstein, the Jewish Agency representative in Washington. From Epstein, I had been able to learn much about the situation in the Middle East and about the position of the Jewish Agency which went beyond the information that the State Department, with its pro-Arab bias, had allowed to filter across the street to the White House through official channels.

In our conversations, Lovett probed for the minimum that would satisfy the President. Finally, I had an idea. "Look, Bob, the President understands that General Marshall is not going to support him on this," I said. "Let's forget Wednesday. We're not seeking a formal retraction of what the General said. The President doesn't care whether he supports this now or never. If you can get him simply to say that he will not oppose this, that's all the President would need."

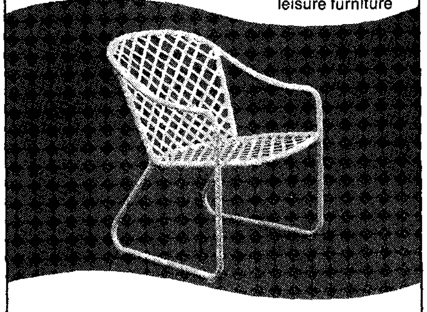
There was a brief pause at the other end of the line. "Let me see what I can do" was all that Lovett said in reply.

Even without a clear signal from Lovett and Marshall, I felt, we had to set in motion the machinery for recognition, in the event that a favorable decision was made. At 10 A.M., I made a different call—one that I looked on later with great pleasure. "Mr. Epstein," I told the Jewish Agency representative, "we would like you to send an official letter to President Truman before twelve o'clock today formally requesting the United States to recognize the new Jewish state. I would also request that you send a copy of the letter directly to Secretary Marshall."

Epstein was ecstatic. He did not realize that the President had still not decided how to respond to the request I had just solicited. Epstein and I went over some important details of the letter. It was particularly important, I said, that the new state claim nothing beyond the boundaries outlined in the U.N. resolution of November 29, 1947, because those boundaries were the only ones that had been agreed to by everyone, including the Arabs, in any international forum.

A few minutes later, Epstein called me. "We've never done this before, and we're not quite sure how to go about it," he said. "Could you give us some advice?" I told him that I would check with the experts and get back to him. With my knowledge and encouragement, Epstein then turned for additional advice to two of the wisest lawyers in Washington, David Ginsburg and Benjamin Cohen, both of whom were great New Dealers and strong supporters of the Zionist cause. Working together during the rest of the morning, he and they drafted the recognition request, and Epstein called back and read it to me.

It was short. "My dear Mr. President," it began. "I have the honor to notify you that the state of—" Here Epstein and I had a problem. We did not know the name of the new state. After some discussion, Epstein said he would simply type in the words "the Jewish State," and he finished reading the draft. I asked him to be sure the letter explicitly referred to the November 29th U.N. resolution. The document ended with a minor rhetorical flourish, which we worked out over the telephone together: "With full knowledge of the deep bond of sympathy which has existed and has been strengthened over the past thirty years between the Government of the United States and the Jewish people of Palestine, I have been authorized by the provisional government of the new state to tender this message and to



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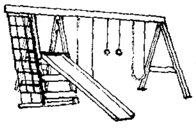

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express the hope that your government will recognize and will welcome the new state into the community of nations."

Epstein handed the letter to his press aide, Harry Zinder, and told him to take it to my office immediately. As I was anxiously waiting for it, Epstein got word on his shortwave radio that the new state would be called Israel. He immediately sent a second aide after Zinder to change the letter. Two blocks from the White House, Zinder, sitting in an automobile, crossed out with a pen the words "the Jewish State," and replaced them with "the State of Israel." Zinder then brought it to my office. That was how I learned the name of the new state.

With Epstein's letter in hand, Niles and I began drafting the reply, checking with State on technical details. Niles also checked with, of all people, Ben Cohen, who thus found himself on both sides of the first official exchange between the United States and Israel. However, there was still no word from either Lovett or Marshall. In the late morning, unable to contain my concern and tension, I called Lovett again and said we should move to resolve the matter. In response, Lovett suggested that we meet for lunch at a small, private club he belonged to—the F Street Club, not far from the White House.

The lunch with Lovett was a remarkable example of the way we were operating. With time literally slipping away, Lovett and I functioned in a sort of never-never land: while we calmly and professionally discussed technical aspects of the decision, we continued to disagree profoundly over whether or not the recognition should be offered at all. Lovett's ability to function effectively on such murky terrain was one of the reasons that I respected him so much.

I had brought with me Epstein's request for recognition, our proposed reply, and a draft Presidential statement. I wanted to increase the pressure on State. In a friendly but firm manner, Lovett continued to argue against recognition. Delay, he said, was essential. Delay, I said, was the equivalent of non-recognition in the explosive conditions that existed at that moment in the Middle East.

Less than four hours remained before the new nation would be proclaimed. I picked my way carefully through the conversation, so as not to provoke State into seeking any further delay. "The President was impressed, as I was, by your argument, but at six o'clock tonight, without action by us, there will be no internationally recognized government or authority in Palestine," I said. "A number of people have advised the President that this should not be permitted. The President wishes to take action on recognition."

Lovett had still not given up. "Indecent haste in recognizing the new state would be unfortunate for the very reasons that I mentioned on Wednesday," he said. "Please get the President to delay for a day or so." He went on to question the urgency I attached to the issue. "It is hard for me to believe that one day could make so much difference," he said. "There will be a tremendous reaction in the Arab world. We might lose the effects of many years of hard work with the Arabs. We will lose our position with Arab leaders. It will probably put our diplomatic missions and consular representatives in personal jeopardy."

"Speed is essential to preëmpt the Russians," I replied. I reminded him that he and Marshall had been expressing great concern lest the Soviet Union take advantage of indecision on our part to gain a toehold in the area. "And a one-day delay will become two days, three days, and so on," I said.

Lovett could see that our position was absolutely firm. If the State Department did not change its attitude, the feared explosion between the President and Marshall could not be averted. Marshall simply had to back down. "It is impossible to time our messages to arrive in so many distant capitals when we still don't know when the final decision will be made," Lovett said, somewhat weakly. He again suggested a one-day delay.

I replied, "We have the formal request from the Jewish Agency, and the President will make the final decision this afternoon." On this ambiguous note, our lunch—friendly in tone, adversarial in content—ended, and I returned to the White House still uncertain whether Lovett could "deliver" Marshall.

The President viewed my lunch as a sign that Lovett was trying to lead Marshall and his colleagues out of their bunker a step at a time by allowing me to reject their arguments one by one, partly in the name of the President. If Lovett wanted me to play the heavy in this minuet, I was more than willing. If Lovett was trying to get himself and the State Department off the hook by saying that the decision was dictated by domestic politics, I thought that not disputing the point was an acceptable price for us at the White House to pay to get the job done. The only important thing, with time running out, was to get it done quickly.

Around 4 P.M., Lovett made the tele-

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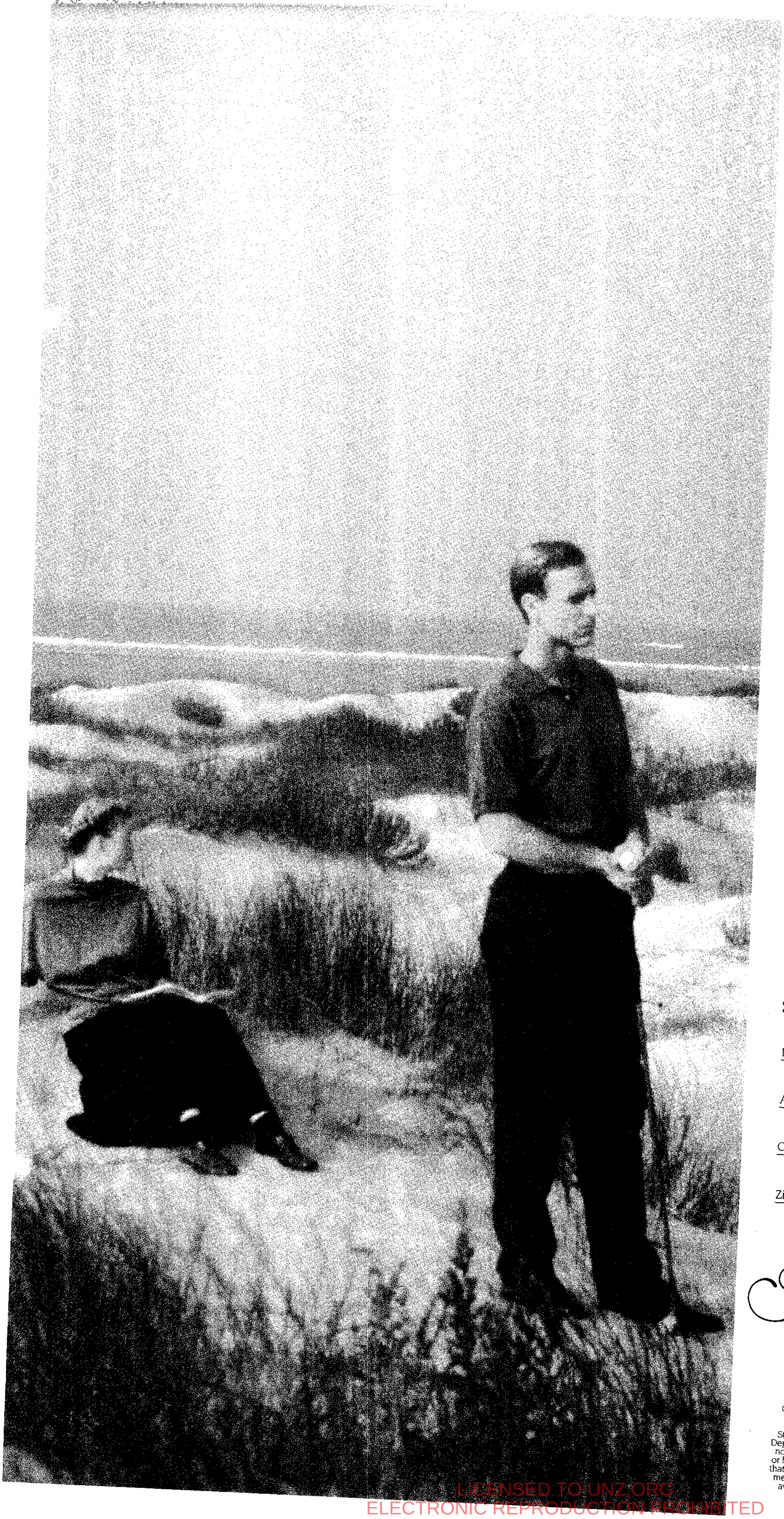

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phone call I had waited so long to receive. "Clark," he said, "I think we have something we can work with. I have talked to the General. He cannot support the President's position, but he has agreed that he will not oppose it."

"God, that's good news," I replied. I was truly thrilled. I thanked Lovett for his efforts, and asked if he could get Marshall to call the President directly with the news. Lovett said he would try. Marshall never did make the call himself—I assume that doing so would have been too painful for him—but Lovett confirmed Marshall's position directly with the President a few minutes later. As Lovett called the President, I called Epstein and told him, in strict confidence, the good news.

Only thirty minutes remained before the announcement would be made in Tel Aviv. The American segment of the drama was now coming to its climax in three places simultaneously: the mini-command center in my office; the State Department; and the floor of the United Nations General Assembly, then at Flushing Meadow, New York.

I thought the issue was finally behind us. But then, to my astonishment, Lovett called to suggest another delay. Would the President agree to defer any action until after the General Assembly adjourned, around ten that night?

Saying I would check with the President, I waited approximately three minutes, and then I called Lovett back to say that delay was out of the question. It was about five-forty, and the State Department had run out of time and ideas. I was not about to see the United States delay recognition for technical reasons.

But one last, suitably bizarre scene was still to be played out. At five-forty-five, I called Dean Rusk to ask him to inform Ambassador Warren Austin, the head of our delegation at the U.N., that the White House would announce recognition of Israel right after 6 P.M. I realized as I talked to Rusk that Lovett had not yet told him that the decision had been made. He reacted as if he had been stung. "This cuts directly across what our delegation has been trying to accomplish in the General Assembly, and we have a large majority for it," he said testily.

"Nevertheless, Dean," I replied, "this is what the President wishes you to do."

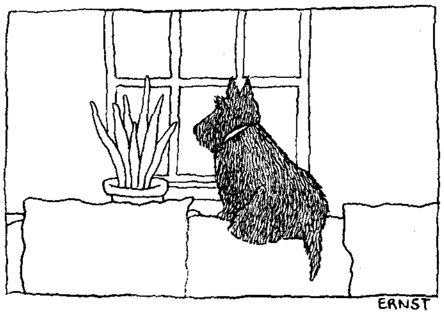
Reluctantly, Rusk called Austin off the floor of the General Assembly and told him what was about to happen. Stunned by the news, Austin decided not to return to the General Assembly floor, in order to signal that he had not known in advance of the President's decision. Instead, he got into his car and went home. His colleagues in the American delegation, thinking that Austin had simply gone to the washroom, continued to round up votes for trusteeship.

Just after 6 P.M., I walked hurriedly past the White House press corps, lounging on the worn sofas in the lobby of the West Wing, to the office of the President's press secretary, Charlie Ross. Impatient to be told that there would be no more news that day, the reporters wondered what story they were waiting for at such a late hour. Handing Ross a piece of paper, I asked him to gather the press as quickly as possible. At 6:11 P.M., Ross read aloud to them the following message:

> Statement by the President. This Government has been informed that a Jewish state has been proclaimed in Palestine. . . . The United States recognizes the provisional government as the de-facto authority of the new State of Israel.

Back at the United Nations, the situation unravelled. Totally unaware of the White House announcement, the delegates continued to debate trusteeship status for Palestine. Suddenly, a rumor swept the floor: the United States had recognized the Jewish state. The New York *Times* reported the next morning, "The first reaction was that someone was making a terrible joke, and some diplomats broke into skeptical laughs." In the ensuing chaos, American delegates had to physically restrain the enraged Cuban delegate when he tried to march to the dais to withdraw his nation from the world assembly.

THOUGH it had been a near-run thing, the deed had been done. The United States had been the first to recognize Israel, as the President had hoped and wanted. (The Soviet Union followed suit three days later.) The struggle with Marshall, Lovett, Forrestal, and the entire foreign-policy establishment had been contained—but only barely.



Lovett never told me exactly what had passed between him and Marshall in those last two days. From what he did tell me, I concluded that he had finally sat down alone with Marshall on Friday and said, in effect, that, having argued their position, they had an obligation to accept the President's policy or resign, and that this issue did not merit resignation. Although Marshall never forgave me, these events did nothing to impair my personal relations with Lovett. In fact, the curious combination of disagreement over substance and collaboration to resolve the crisis had forged stronger and closer bonds between us. Lovett remained adamant for the rest of his life, however, in his view that the President and I had been wrong. So did most of his colleagues. Nothing could ever convince him, Marshall, Acheson, Forrestal, or Rusk that President Truman had made the right decision. But never once, in these forty-plus years, have I wavered in the conviction that what Harry Truman did was correct. Under our system, political considerations are present in every important decision a President makes, but in this case they were not the central or driving factor. The charge that domestic politics determined our policy on Palestine angered President Truman for the rest of his life. I shared his feeling; it implied that the President and those Americans who supported the Zionists were somehow acting in opposition to our nation's interests.

What would have happened if President Truman had not acted as he did? History does not allow us to test alternatives, but in my view American recognition and the American support that followed were vital in helping Israel survive. Had the United States continued to support trusteeship status for Palestine, Israel's condition at birth would have been infinitely more precarious. In the war that ensued, the Israelis would have been at an additional disadvantage if we had continued to support trusteeship, as the State Department had wanted. Emboldened by weaker American support for Israel, the Arabs might have been more successful in their war against the Jews. If that had happened, the United States might have faced a far more difficult decision within a year: either to offer the Israelis massive American military support or to risk watching the Arabs drive the Israelis into the sea.

Because President Truman was often annoyed by the tone and fierceness of the pressure exerted on him by American Zionists, he left some people with the impression that he was ambivalent about the events of May, 1948. This was not true. He never wavered in his belief that he had taken the right action. He felt particularly warm toward Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President, and David Ben-Gurion, its first Prime Minister. In 1961, years after he left the White House, Harry Truman met with Ben-Gurion in New York. Ben-Gurion's memory of that meeting is revealing:

> At our last meeting, after a very interesting talk, just before [the former President] left me—it was in a New York hotel suite—I told him that as a foreigner I could not judge what would be his place in American history; but his helpfulness to us, his constant sympathy with our aims in Israel, his courageous decision to recognize our new State so quickly and his steadfast support since then had given him an immortal place in Jewish history. As I said that, tears suddenly sprang to his eyes. And his eyes were still wet when he bade me goodbye. I had rarely seen anyone so moved. I tried to hold him for a few minutes until he had become more composed, for I recalled that the hotel corridors were full of waiting journalists and photographers. He left. A little while later, I too had to go out, and a correspondent came to me to ask, "Why was President Truman in tears when he left you?"

I believe that I know. Those were the tears of a man who had been subjected to calumny and vilification, who had persisted against powerful forces within his own Administration which were determined to defeat him. They were the tears of a man who had fought ably and honorably for a humanitarian goal to which he was deeply committed. They were tears of thanksgiving that his God had seen fit to bless his labors with success.

I admired President Truman enormously for the courage he showed in this crisis. But, then, I admired Harry Truman more than any other man I have ever known.

—CLARK CLIFFORD
WITH RICHARD HOLBROOKE

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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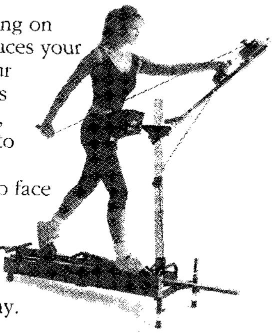

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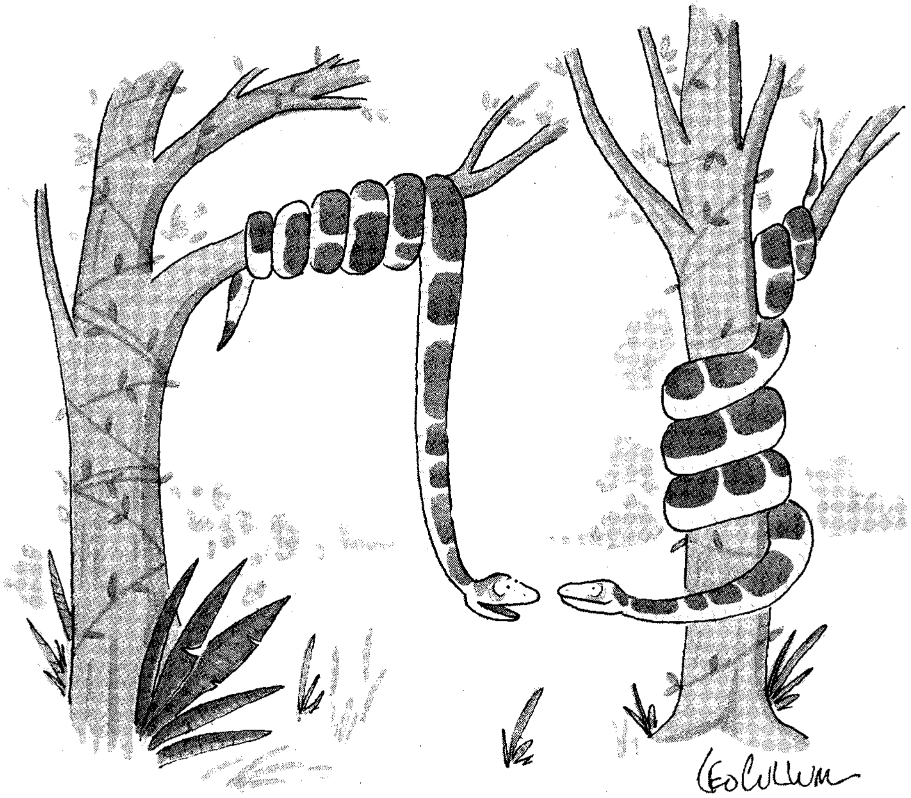
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Realness

JENNIE LIVINGSTON'S "Paris Is Burning," about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls, is a beautiful piece of documentary filmmaking—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The movie is an examination of the rituals of an American urban subculture (most of the balls we're shown take place in Harlem), and the subject is loaded with ironies of the sort that encourage heavy-duty sociological analysis, because virtually every aspect of this community of underdogs imitates some perceived value of the white middle-class heterosexual society from which they feel excluded. The drag queens of "Paris Is Burning" seem to be holding a mirror up to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom (usually an Elks lodge or a Y.M.C.A. hall), they appear in clothing that signifies strength, success, sexual desirability—in the armor of confident, unambiguous social identities. Some present themselves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes), wearing glasses, cardigan sweaters, and serious looks, and carrying textbooks and notebooks at their sides; military men in crisp uniforms; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds; Wall Street businessmen in impeccable three-piece suits. The criterion by which all these turns on the floor are evaluated (in the style of the Olympics or a slam-dunk contest, with a panel of judges holding up scorecards after each performance) is verisimilitude—"realness," in the idiom of the ball culture. Every man we meet in this picture is the product of a tireless, fanatically scrupulous art practiced on himself—each man his own Pygmalion and his own Galatea.

It doesn't take an advanced degree to recognize the paradoxes of the world described by "Paris Is Burning," or to develop from it elaborate theories about reality and artifice, or the language of style, or the relationship of street culture to official culture, or the mechanics by which the dominant values of a society are internalized even by those whom they oppress—you could go on and on. The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about "Paris Is Burning" signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that our formulations—our neatly paired theses and antitheses—multiply faster than we can keep track of them, and the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. What's wonderful about the picture is that Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate images and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor: a joke whose punch line, I suspect, is the intellectual vertigo it produces in outsiders who presume to explain it. The most self-aware of the gay men we see here revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and the film makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach; the ball veterans, the elders of the community, use their self-conscious theatricality to create a refuge for themselves—a forest of symbols in which they and their friends can play undisturbed and others just get lost.



"*Am I still your main squeeze?*"

Some of those inside the ball world get lost, too—the ones who are taken in by their own mimetic powers, for whom "realness" is no joke. In the process of reporting on this extraordinary society and presenting for our entertainment the rowdy and often hilarious theatre of the ballroom competitions, "Paris Is Burning" (which is also the name of one of the major balls) manages to tell a fascinating story about generational differences. Part of the attraction of the ball subculture, what gives it its vitality as a community, is that its members have developed their own forms of social organization: everyone belongs to a particular "house," which functions as a kind of family. And within each house there's a structure, a hierarchy: the younger members are known as "the children"; the more experienced, who have won trophies at the balls, are "legends"; the ultimate authorities, watching over everyone, are "the mother" and "the father." As in any clan, the elders are the voices of prudence and moderation, but in this world it takes us a while to catch on to that, because the legends and the mothers and the fathers express their essential conservatism through flamboyance—old-style flaming effeminacy. They're men who came bursting out of the closet years ago, dressed to the teeth and ready to dazzle. The first performer we see in full drag in "Paris Is Burning" is Pepper Labeija, who appears on the ballroom floor in an extravagant, billowing gold dress and struts his stuff with outrageous, self-mocking assurance. Livingston cuts from this out-there performance to a scene of Pepper at home—a trim middle-aged man in men's clothes. He looks straight into the camera and says, "Do you want me to say who I *am* and all of that?" His voice as he says this has an exaggerated weariness and an undertone of sarcasm: he seems amused both by the absurdity of the idea that he could define himself simply and by the naïveté of a filmmaker—or an audience—who thinks he'd give himself away so easily. He answers with the equivalent of name, rank, and serial number: "I am Pepper Labeija, the Legendary Mother of the House of Labeija." Pepper is the presiding spirit of "Paris Is Burning." His campy bravura in the ballroom and his ironic detachment outside it are the components of a remarkably sane, clear-eyed attitude toward life. He enjoys himself, because he appreciates the value of play and make-believe and knows them for what they are. His routines on the ballroom floor are explicitly and unabashedly *performances*, as obvious and outsized as those of an old Shakespearean ham; he has the wit to keep his distance from what he impersonates.

Later in the film, Pepper speaks directly to the heart of the issue: "I've been a man, and I've been a man who emulated a woman. I've never been a woman." He's making this statement as a warning to the younger generation, to the children who seem to him to be taking verisimilitude to dangerous extremes. Many of the young ball-walkers we see in "Paris Is Burning" perform in a far more earnest and more naturalistic style than that of the legends, and with an almost frightening absorption in their roles; they're Method actors of drag. A few have had breast implants; a handful have gone all the way and had sex-change operations; and many more dream of such transformations. They dream, too, of breaking out of the safe, self-contained world of the ball subculture and gaining acceptance in the larger world—not as talented drag performers but as real women. We see one of them, an elegant young man who calls himself Octavia (of the House of Saint Laurent), nervously entering the Supermodel of the Year competition; his idol is the cover girl Paulina. Another, a slim blond ("petite" is his word) who goes by the name of Venus Xtravaganza, says flatly, "I would like to be a spoiled rich white girl." In a brilliant sequence, Livingston cuts back and forth between an interview with Octavia and one with Venus, each in his shabby-looking apartment, and their comments have the eerie repetitiveness of a litany: almost every sentence either of them utters begins with "I want." They're intensely focussed on their fantasies, which have become their goals: they've crossed a line between the attempt to create an illusion and the belief that they can incarnate it in the world. These children don't think of what they do at the balls as play; they lack the humor and the self-awareness of the drag classicism that the legends practice—the protective irony that has enabled men like Pepper to survive in a hostile world.

Livingston and her editor, Jonathan Oppenheim, are terrifically deft at juxtaposing the near-hysterical party atmosphere of the ball footage with the more reflective mood of the interviews, and they don't hit us over the head with the contrast between the wild fun and the pathos: both qualities seem to emerge naturally from the material. And, like all the best documentaries, "Paris Is Burning" does its subjects the honor of not understanding them too readily—of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. The movie is a sympathetic observation of a specialized, private world; it doesn't feel like a violation or an intrusion (or, for that matter, a dissertation). We feel, instead, Livingston's curiosity about the way this little society works and her affection for its members. She's more interested in the differences between individuals than in the theoretical similarities, so she keeps picking up fresh nuances of behavior and performance: the movie packs a tremendous amount of information into its seventy-eight minutes. "Paris Is Burning" has its share of sobering, and even tragic,

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moments, but its spirit is buoyant, because it never strays too far from the crazy exuberance of the ballrooms. We see one amazing performance after another, from the spectacular lightning-flash voguing of Willi Ninja (he's like Nijinsky's faun on fast forward) to the picture's final routine, a lip-synching turn by a fat man doing Patti LaBelle in a sequinned gown: this huge queen wiggles his hips and waves his arms and then, suddenly, breaks into a dead run for the center of the floor, where he flops down and begins to writhe ecstatically, kicking his big legs every which way. There's no accounting for this sort of theatrical transport. It is, perhaps, a joy that only the most abandoned of performers will ever know, and all we can do is gaze on it, in delight and awe; its sources are beyond the reach of our formulations.

THE Italian courtroom drama "Open Doors" is adapted from a novella by Leonardo Sciascia, whose most celebrated stories are perverse, satiric fables about crime and punishment in his native Sicily. In the movie, directed by Gianni Amelio, there are traces of Sciascia's sinister wit, but they don't always stand out clearly from the rather placid surface. Both the novella and the film are based on an actual criminal case—the 1937 trial, in Palermo, of a Fascist bureaucrat accused of murdering his wife and two of his colleagues. The killer (played by Ennio Fantastichini) freely admits his guilt, and knows that the punishment mandated by Mussolini's government—which he has served enthusiastically—is death. Everyone, including the defendant, expects the trial to be a purely formal exercise, with an inevitable conclusion: the fatal sentence will be pronounced, and the power of Fascist justice will be affirmed. But the proceedings don't follow the ordained course: one of the judges, Vito Di Francesco (Gian Maria Volonte), keeps fouling up the works by calling new witnesses and conducting lengthy, irrelevant-seeming interrogations of them. At first, we don't know what Di Francesco is doing, and can't tell whether he does, either; we even suspect that this laconic white-haired man might be a little feebleminded. Gradually, it dawns on us that his detours and ditherings are in fact strategic. He doesn't believe that a capital-punishment case should be conducted briskly, perfunctorily: he wants to slow things down, to give his fellow-judges and the jurors time to consider the gravity of their responsibility—and perhaps to reconsider their authority to pronounce a sentence of death. The stubborn judge forces the trial, and the movie, to adopt his rhythms, which are those of contemplation and patient deliberation.

What Sciascia probably found irresistible about this material was the irony inherent in Di Francesco's strategy: here is a man who is using his judicial powers in order to delay, or possibly avoid, exercising a judicial power he finds terrifying. Amelio doesn't seem to share Sciascia's mordant sense of humor; he treats the story, for the most part, as a conventional docudrama with an anti-capital-punishment message. The movie isn't bad at all—it just goes flat every now and then. (And it wouldn't necessarily be more effective if it reflected Sciascia's sensibility more faithfully; the central irony here is too thin to sustain our interest through an entire movie.) Volonte, however, is a wonder. Not much of this astonishing actor's work has reached American screens in the past twelve years—since the crowning achievement of his performance as Carlo Levi in Francesco Rosi's "Christ Stopped at Eboli." He looks slighter now—almost frail—but he's still a forceful presence: even when he seems to be doing nothing, you can't take your eyes off him. The role of Judge Di Francesco isn't a flashy one; it's all stillness and reserve and long, thoughtful walks. The drama—the conflict—is internal; everything of any importance in this picture happens inside the judge's mind, and he doesn't always tell us what he's thinking. Volonte, with his eyes and his bearing and the way he wears his clothes, inhabits his character so fully that we feel we can read his thoughts even when he's not so sure of them himself. And his movements have a lyrical precision: they often evoke the images of aging we find in the radiant late poems of Yeats. (Volonte knows how to look like "a tattered coat upon a stick" without appearing pathetic.) The actor draws us into a kind of complicity with the judge, and, transforming himself, seems to transform the movie: he gives it the suggestion of real human mystery beneath the flat surface—a constant sense of something about to be revealed.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

PERSONAL HISTORY

THE SCHOOL ON THE LINKS

Photograph by D. & W. Prophet, of Dundee

James Gillespie's High School, Junior Class of 1930. *Fourth row up, center:* Miss Christina Kay. *Third row up, second from right:* Muriel Camberg (Spark); *third from right:* Frances Niven (Cowell).

FROM the sixteenth century to the nineteenth century, the worthy and prosperous merchants and burghers of Edinburgh vied with each other to leave their fortunes for the founding of schools throughout the city. Education was held in awe, and the Scottish idea was that nobody should be denied this privilege. The schools, only a few of them having undergone change in nature and in buildings, still exist. Heriot's School, founded by George Heriot, otherwise known as Jingling Geordie, still flourishes. Jingling Geordie was a jeweller, a goldsmith, and a moneylender to James VI of Scotland (James I of England). Daniel Stewart, an Exchequer officer, endowed a school that still stands in its turreted splendor of 1814. Mary Erskine, "relict of James Hair, druggist," left a fortune for the foundation, in 1707, of the girls' school named after her. Fettes College was founded by Sir William Fettes, a late-eighteenth-century tea-and-wine merchant and Lord Provost of Edinburgh. George Watson, an early-eighteenth-century merchant and the first accountant at the Bank of Scotland, left considerable funds for the boys' school and girls' school of his name. James Donaldson, a publisher of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, left a fortune that now provides a school for deaf children. And splendid Andrew Carnegie, whom we all know by his bequests to universities and libraries, came from a linen weaver's family in Dunfermline, close to Edinburgh. Carnegie's endowments included handsome trusts for a school and library in Dunfermline, and for Scottish universities, among them the University of Edinburgh, of which he was Rector.

When James Gillespie, a snuff merchant, died, in 1797, a part of his fortune went to found a day school for boys and girls. This was the school that it fell to my happy lot to attend. Gillespie's endowment allowed for parents of high aspirations and slender means, like my own, to pay moderate fees in return for educational services far beyond what they were paying for. When I first attended, at the age of five, it was coeducational, but after some years we lost our little boys and we were James Gillespie's High School for Girls, to this day one of Edinburgh's best-known schools.

Never were we allowed to forget the history of our dear Mr. Gillespie. Each year on Founder's Day the school gathered for a ceremony, which all during the twenties began with the Our Father and ended in general hilarity as the students watched the staff, on the platform, taking a pinch of snuff in honor of the Founder's profession. Founder's Day was held on a Friday in June. While our elders recovered from their sneezes, the senior prefect always put up an eloquent and prolonged plea on behalf of a holiday for the school on the following Monday, which was invariably granted. In between these opening and closing events would come a homily, reminding us of the worthy Gillespie legends. In the nineteen-thirties, the snuff-taking ceremony was waived.

The story of James Gillespie, Esq., of Spylaw, is in many ways the most charming of all the merchants' histories; he was so satisfactorily and completely an Edinburgh character. He was humbly born, a son of the people. He is depicted with a shrewd eye; his bulbous nose and protuberant chin form a nutcracker profile; his mouth has the set of prosperity. James Gillespie and his elder brother, John, went into the snuff-and-tobacco business in the early part of the eighteenth century. James had his own mill in the Spylaw district of Edinburgh, while his brother ran a tobacconist shop in the High Street. Neither brother married. They had a reputation for extreme frugality and, at the same time, for benevolence. The Gillespies flourished all the more when the American war caused a scarcity of tobacco and sent up the price. I like to reflect on the fact that my good schooling is partly due to the War of Independence. James appears to have outlived his brother, working on to a ripe age and accumulating a large fortune. He kept a carriage, and the story is told that one day, meeting a friend of the nobility, James asked for a motto to place upon it. The friend (Henry Erskine) obliged with the couplet:

> Wha wad hae thocht it
> That noses had bocht it.

Gillespie put nothing of the kind on his carriage, content with only his initials. A memoir of this fine old man records:

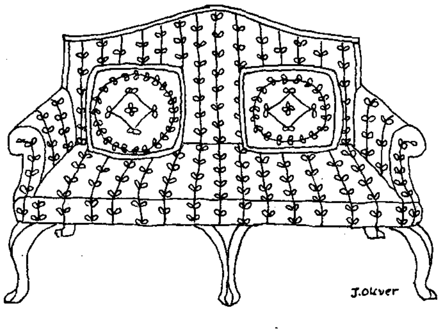
> Mr. Gillespie lived among his workmen in homely and patriarchal style, and though far from being miserly was extremely frugal and industrious, his favourite maxim being "waste not, want not." Even in extreme age one might have seen him with an old blanket round him and a nightcap on, both covered with snuff, attending the mill and superintending the operations of his man, Andrew Fraser.

There was one young man, evidently a relation, whom James Gillespie brought up as his heir, but Gillespie's death revealed that this, his next of kin, had been disinherited. It sounds a mean act on the part of the Laird of Spylaw, reputed, as he was, to have sat at the table familiarly with his servants, to have been an exceptionally indulgent landlord, to have nourished affection for his horse and cared greatly for his household animals and livestock. Why did James Gillespie disinherit the younger man? It is said that he did not want to indulge in the vanity of being remembered by a "thing called after himself." There is no verification for the story beyond a history of the Parish of Colinton written while James Gillespie's name was "still green" in the parish. It was certainly an attitude typical of Edinburgh to deny feelings for the sake of principle, and maybe that is the chilly truth about the disinheritance of the young Gillespie. Certainly, no member of James Gillespie's family benefitted at all from his will.

Gillespie's fortune was originally left in trust for a hospital and a school for poor boys. Gradually the object of the charity was changed until a modest fee-paying establishment—James Gillespie's School, for boys and girls—came under the benefit of his foundation. For most of my school days, it fell under the care of the Edinburgh Education Authority, and after 1929 it was mainly for girls. Today, it is a state-board school, again coeducational. What happened to James Gillespie's money is a question that has cropped up throughout all these changes, never failing to occupy correspondence columns in the newspapers. Some say that the funds were simply absorbed by the Edinburgh educational authorities. An interesting point is that at a committee meeting in 1938 the school was reported to be overcrowded, with fourteen hundred girls. There was a waiting list of four hundred. As a solution to the problem, it was proposed that the fees be raised. To which the chairman replied, "Every time we have increased the fees the number of pupils desiring to attend has risen."

Despite the introduction of fee paying, one of the main benefits to be derived from James Gillespie's fortune was the system of bursaries and scholarships, which enabled the more intelligent girls from free schools to attend Gillespie's without paying, while girls already at Gillespie's who obtained sufficiently good marks could continue their higher education without further fees. This was a godsend to parents like mine, who could not afford the rising cost of education. After the age of twelve, I did not involve my parents in school fees.

The official religion of James Gillespie's School was Presbyterian of the Church of Scotland; much later, this rule was expanded to include Episcopalian doctrines. But in my day Tolerance was decidedly the prevailing religion, always with a puritanical slant. Nothing can be more puritanical in application than the virtues. To inquire into the differences between the professed religions around us might have been construed as Intolerance. Many religious persuasions were represented among the pupils. There were Jewish girls in practically every class. I remember one Hindu Indian, named Coti, whom we made much of. There were lots of Catholics. Some students were of mixed faiths—mother Protestant, father Jewish; Irish Catholic mother, Episcopalian father. It meant very little in practical terms to us. The Bible appeared to cover all these faiths, for I don't remember any segregation during our religious teaching, although in other classes some pupils may have sat apart, simply "listening in."

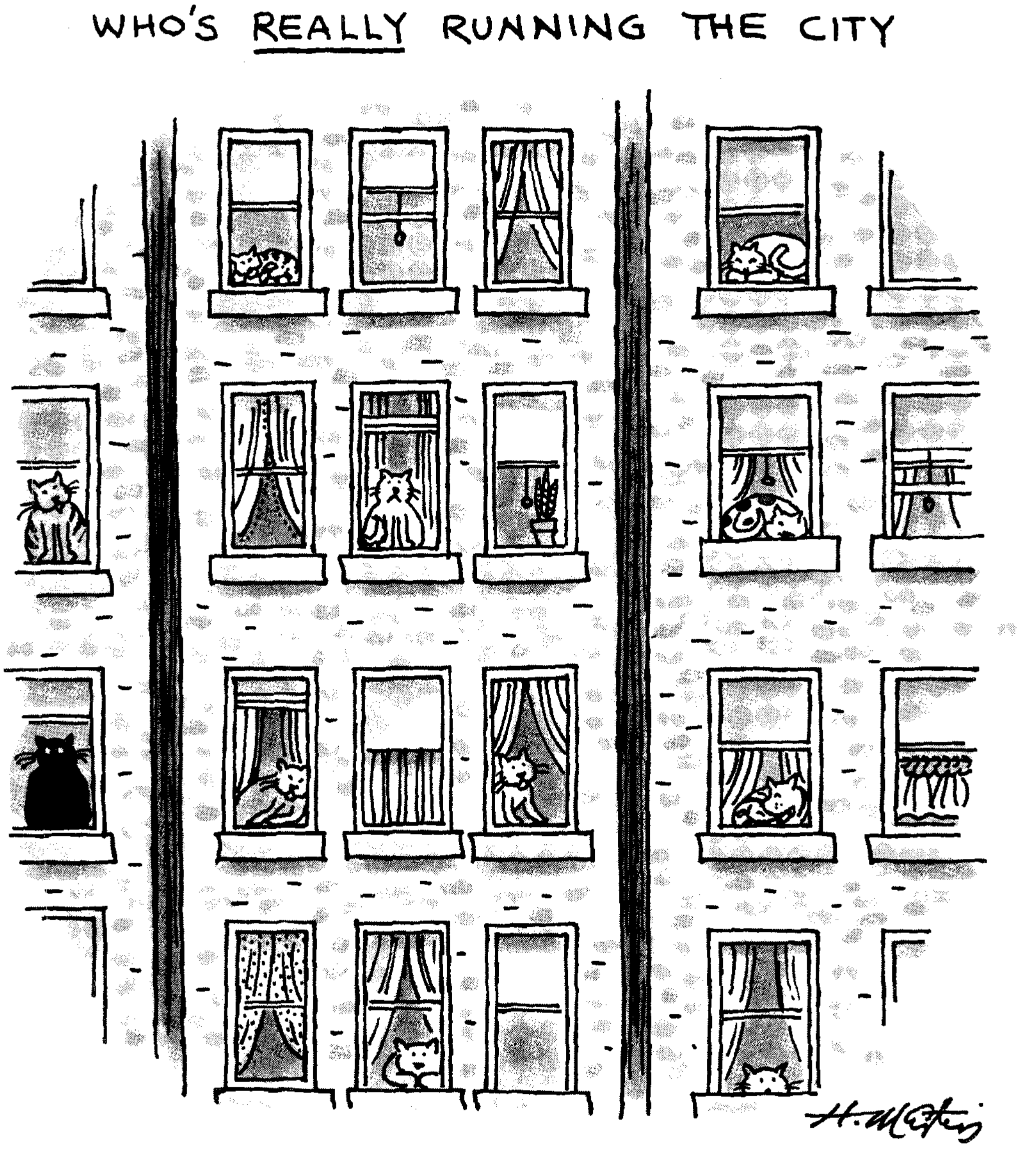


Scotland was historically rich in sects. James Gillespie himself was an admirer of the Covenanters, those worthy bearers of Bible and sword who rebelled against the imposition of the English liturgy on the Scots in the seventeenth century. The Covenanters could be said to be reformers of the Reformation. But James Gillespie went further than that. He inclined toward a stricter sect, the Cameronians—a section of the Scottish Covenanters named after their chief exponent, Richard Cameron. In 1743, during James Gillespie's lifetime, they became the Reformed Presbyterians. Politically, they strongly opposed the union of England and Scotland.

One Founder's Day, Friday, June 12, 1931, after the ceremony, twenty-five Gillespie's girls set off for the Covenanters' Grave in the Pentland Hills to sing the Scottish paraphrase of the Twenty-first Psalm in Mr. James Gillespie's honor:

> I to the hills will lift mine eyes
> From whence doth come mine aid.
> My safety cometh from the Lord
> Who heaven and earth hath made.

THE school building had been built in 1904 for another school, Boroughmuir. But Gillespie's took over in 1914. It was an Edwardian building, and, for those days, modern inside, with large classrooms, and big windows that looked out over the leafy trees, the skies, and the swooping gulls of Bruntsfield Links. From where I lived, the school was a ten-minute walk through avenues of tall trees. Leading away from the school was another avenue—of hawthorns, flowering dark pink in May. We called these "may


WHO'S REALLY RUNNING THE CITY

blossoms." The school was surrounded by the large public moorland of the Links. A very attractive cottage (which had belonged to a fashionable photographer, Swan Watson) was attached to the school, but shortly after my arrival, to our mixed sorrow and delight, it was pulled down to make way for an extension that comprised a wonderful science room, a spacious gymnasium, and a totally new infants' department.

Of the infant school I remember comparatively little. My home life was still of the first importance, and remains imprinted in memories that I can still share with my brother, Philip. But of those early years at school I retain an impression of plasticine modelling, carol singing, and reading aloud (which I did well). A medal was circulated every week. One week, I won it for a crayon drawing of a tomato. I remember my big red tomato on the dark-brown drawing-paper background; I couldn't see anything very special about it. I played the triangle in the percussion band. All I had to do was bang it rhythmically—something that would have driven my parents mad at home. I also played a milkmaid in a tableau.

There were always flowers in the classrooms, on the windowsills and on the teachers' tables, all throughout my school days. The girls or their parents usually provided these, but the teachers were always tending plants. Some of them would lift the flower vases each morning to see if the cleaners had cleaned properly underneath. We had hyacinths in the spring. My mother sometimes put a bunch of daffodils in my hands to take to school in the afternoon.

The furnaces for the central heating were stoked by Jannie (the janitor—an ex-policeman, whose real name was John Bremner). Jannie it was who, with his ally, Parkie (the park keeper), kept an eye on the leafy meadows surrounding the school so that no potential molesters or peeping men in mackintoshes ever got near us. All the same, we were cautioned not to turn somersaults on the low iron railings that lined the pathways, lest "passing men might see your underwear." Alas, those iron railings went, like so much other civic ironwork, to make armaments in wartime, never to be replaced.

From the earliest days, we each tended to have a special friend, our "chum." My chum until I was nine years old was Daphne Porter, an only child whose father had died "out in India." Daphne had been told about sex, and she gave me her elementary version of the affair in a matter-of-fact way: I well remember that she was concentrating on something else, like making a daisy chain, while she informed me what "the gentleman" did to "the lady." We used to have tea at each other's houses after school. One day Daphne was absent, and many days went on into months. Daphne was in hospital and eventually died, taking all her information with her, and her very pretty looks. I had no idea what she died of. Her mother appeared like a ghostly wraith, walking along the street in deep mourning, which in the Edinburgh of those days consisted of a long black veil over a black coat, and black stockings and shoes. At the passing by of Mrs. Porter, I thought of the possibility of my own early death, and was far more unhappy for my mother's imagined grief than I was for myself. I didn't know what to say to Mrs. Porter. I just walked along with her for a block. I don't think she knew what to say to me.

So for a while I had no chum, but soon I found another best friend, Frances Niven. I already knew Frances quite well. We were both deeply interested in poetry and imaginative writing of all kinds. From then, Frances was my closest friend all through my school days.

THE walls of our classrooms had hitherto been covered with our own paintings and drawings, records of travels, pages from the *National Geographic*, portraits of exotic animals and

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birds. But now I come to Miss Christina Kay, that character in search of an author, whose classroom walls were adorned with reproductions of early and Renaissance paintings—Leonardo da Vinci, Giotto, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli. She borrowed these from the senior art department, run by handsome Arthur Couling. We had the Dutch masters and Corot. Also displayed was a newspaper cutting of Mussolini's Fascisti marching along the streets of Rome.

I fell into Miss Kay's hands at the age of eleven. It might well be said that she fell into my hands. Little did she know, little did I know, that she bore within her the seeds of the future Miss Jean Brodie, the main character in my novel, in a play on the West End of London and on Broadway, in a film and a television series. I do not know exactly why I chose the name Miss Brodie. But recently I learned that Charlotte Rule, a young American woman who taught me to read when I was three, had been a Miss Brodie and a schoolteacher before her marriage. Could I have heard this fact and recorded it unconsciously?

In a sense, Miss Kay was nothing like Miss Brodie. In another sense, she was far above and beyond her Brodie counterpart. If she could have met Miss Brodie, Miss Kay would have put the fictional character firmly in her place. And yet no pupil of Miss Kay's has failed to recognize her, with joy and great nostalgia, in the shape of Miss Jean Brodie in her prime.

She entered my imagination immediately. I started to write about her even then. Her accounts of her travels were gripping, fantastic. Besides turning in my usual essays about how I spent my holidays, I wrote poems about how she had spent her various holidays (in Rome, for example, or Egypt, or Switzerland). I thought her experiences more interesting than mine, and she loved it. Frances, too, fell entirely under her spell. In fact, we all did, as is testified by the numerous letters I have received from time to time from Miss Kay's former pupils.

I had always enjoyed watching teachers. We had a large class, of about forty girls. A classroom that size, with a sole performer onstage before an audience sitting in rows, looking and listening, is essentially theatre. From my first days at school, I had been far more interested in the looks, the clothes, the gestures of the individual teachers than in their lessons. With Miss Kay, I was fascinated by both. She was the ideal dramatic instructor, and it is not surprising that her reincarnation, Miss Brodie, has always been known as a "good vehicle for an actress." It was not that Miss Kay overacted; indeed, she never acted at all. She was a devout Christian, deeply versed in the Bible. There could have been no question of a love affair with the art master, or a sex affair with the singing master, as in Miss Brodie's life. But children are quick to perceive possibilities, potentialities: in a remark, perhaps in some remote context; in a glance, a smile. No, Miss Kay was not literally Miss Brodie, but I think Miss Kay had it in her, unrealized, to be the character I invented.

Years and years later, some time after the publication of "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," Frances Niven (now Frances Cowell), my dear best friend of those days, observed in a letter:

> Surely 75% is Miss Kay? Dear Miss Kay! of the cropped iron grey hair with fringe (and heavy black moustache!) and undisputable admiration for Il Duce. Hers was the expression "crème de la crème"—hers the revealing extra lessons on art and music that stay with me yet. She it was who took us both (who were especial favourites of hers—?—part of the as yet unborn Brodie Set) to see Pavlova's last performance at the Empire Theatre. Who took us for afternoon teas at McVitie's.

Frances and I were not alone in finding Miss Kay exhilarating and impressive. I don't think any one of us ever forgot her. One of her former pupils, Elizabeth Vance (formerly Betty Murphy), from a class following mine, has written to me about "the wonderful years with Miss Kay." Elizabeth was quick to recognize the element of our Miss Kay in Miss Brodie. A recent letter of hers from her home in Australia gives some flavor of Christina Kay's extracurricular teaching. ("Teaching" is not quite the word, however. It was, rather, pure and riveting entertainment.)

Here is a part of Elizabeth's reminiscences:

> I wonder if Miss Kay had *one* Italian parent, or perhaps a grandparent, as I remember her with dark eyes and an olive complexion—and such a great love of Italy and its art treasures: the paintings, the statues, the buildings.—I have never seen the Colosseum, the catacombs, the Sistine Chapel, the Ponte Vecchio or the Doges' Palace but through Miss Kay I feel I know

> them quite well. Interspersed with the Italian masters and the French Impressionists of the 19th century and the Dutch School (Rembrandt's portraits in particular) and literature and poetry and interior decorating (I moved all the ornaments on our sitting-room mantelpiece to form a more pleasing "line") we still had such an excellent grounding in the traditional three R's (useful, even today). How *did* she manage it. With Miss Kay I *liked* mental arithmetic and long division and multiplication sums, and those spelling lists, and found grammar thoroughly enjoyable.

But it is in another letter that Elizabeth Vance brings back to me the flavor and sense of Miss Kay in her classroom sixty years ago.

> During recent scenes on television of the reunification of Germany, from Berlin, and over the sounds of bands playing and fireworks banging, I heard the commentator mention Unter den Linden—and I was back in Miss Kay's class and she was saying "in Berlin there is a street called Unter den Linden—that means 'under the lime trees,' girls, and there are many furriers' shops in that street."

"Many furriers' shops"—that was typical of those dazzling non sequiturs of Miss Kay's which filled my young heart with joy. One could see in one's mind's eye a parade of rich, overindulged German ladies, already swathed in furs, stepping out grandly under the lime trees of Berlin.

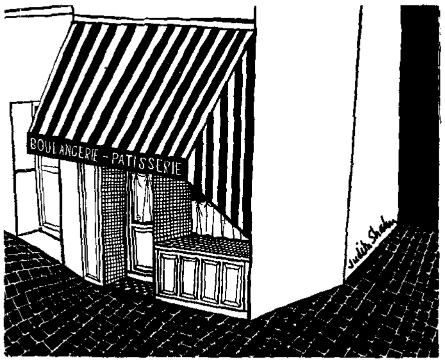
Cathie Davie (now Semeonoff), a brilliant scholar and school Dux, was a senior girl when I was still a junior. She excelled at everything—acting, poetry composition, mathematics, English. I had never known quite such an intellectual; even my clever cousin Mossie, who collected gold medals in medical school, seemed less intelligent. Cathie seemed unaware of her talents. I saw comparatively little of her, but, as she lived near me and took the same route home at lunchtimes and in the afternoons, I used to catch up with her and sometimes introduce a topic. Whatever it was, she would discourse upon it without divergence while traversing the leafy avenues of the Links. I was fascinated. She discussed Chaucer or Spenser as living people, but living people she never discussed at all. Cathie was infinitely kind. Some years ago, when someone had been making a claim in the newspapers for Miss Brodie's origin in a different teacher—the indefatigable and enthusiastic Alison Foster, of the upper school's English Department—Cathie, who had experienced Miss Kay's classroom in her own junior years, was quick to inform the claimant that "anyone who had been in her class knew that the character was based primarily on Miss Kay."

When I first saw the film of "The Prime," my immediate reaction was that it was too brightly colored for a true depiction of the Edinburgh scene. But I think Miss Kay would have felt very happy about the imposed bright colors. She loved colors. She taught us to be aware of them. She could never accept drab raincoats. "Why make a wet day more dreary than it is? We should wear bright coats, and carry blue umbrellas, or green." (In those days, umbrellas were universally black or brown.) She said, "I would like to see a gray coat and skirt for the spring, girls, worn with a citron beret. 'Citron' means 'lemon'; it is yellow with a sixteenth or so of blue. One would wear a citron beret in Paris with a gray suit." We painted the primary, secondary, and tertiary colors. I believe that with Miss Kay color came before drawing or form. To her, color *was* form. "Rossetti knew well how to use the complementary tertiary colors, russet and olive green." And she showed us the picture of Dante's encounter with Beatrice, painted with russets and greens. I don't believe she cared much about Dante or Beatrice or the narrative element in the picture; it was simply a colorfest. "You will always know Corot," she said, "by his small touch of red, such as a hat. That makes the painting."

We could have begun to learn the arts and sciences of colors elsewhere, it is true; Miss Kay's lessons probably did not differ in substance from anyone else's. What filled our minds with wonder and made Christina Kay so memorable was the personal drama and poetry within which everything in her classroom happened. Her large, dark eyes were always alert and shining—that, I think, was half of the magic. Shapes and sculptures, arithmetical problems, linguistic points moved easily around each other. Part of our curriculum was the roots of our language. She would often stop in midsentence to point out a Latin, Greek, or Anglo-Saxon root. I can see her now, chanting, " 'Merrily, merrily shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough'—and the root of 'bough' is?"

Up would go a few hands.

"Right. '*Bōg*.' It describes the flexible bough. Well, as I was saying, Ariel symbolizes freedom . . . " In "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" I said that Miss Brodie pointed out to us (as Miss Kay so often did) that "educate" derives from the Latin *e* (out) and *duco* (I lead). She had strong views on education. She believed that it was a "leading out" of what was there already (I believe this is basically an Aristotelian theory) rather than a "putting in." When I saw the play of "Miss Brodie" I was puzzled and a little amused to see that another character was made, seriously, to put Miss Brodie right on this question: the right derivation was *educare*. Either the adaptor or one of the producers had not realized that the root of *educare* is *e* and *duco*. I was so pleased with the play as a whole that I didn't venture to point this out. I didn't want to nitpick. And, besides, I had the distinct impression that any views I, as author of the book, might have were not really welcome.



DID Miss Kay have a sweetheart in her life? I think she did, long before our time. I would put her age at about fifty in my memory, and, looking at the class photograph, I think that is about right. The two years I was in Miss Kay's classes, the last in the junior school, were 1929 and 1930. She was of the generation of clever, academically trained women who had lost their sweethearts in the 1914-18 war. There had been a terrible carnage. There were no men to go round. Until we ourselves grew up there was a veritable generation of spinsters. At any rate, Miss Kay told us how wonderful it had been to waltz in those long full skirts. I sensed romance, sex.

There was no mistaking the romantic feminine ardor with which Miss Kay recounted her visit one summer, with two other ladies, to Egypt. Miss Kay described to us one of the dresses she wore on the cruise that bore her there—large red poppies on a black background, "how right for my coloring." And the visit to Egypt was recounted in every detail; we smelled the smells and felt the heat. We saw the tall, dignified figure of the guide (the dragoman, as he was called) and sensed Miss Kay's attraction to him. While discussing with her the different Lord's days (Friday for the Muslims, Saturday for the Jews, Sunday for the Christians), the dragoman said, with a spiritual smile, "Every day is the Lord's day." This impressed Miss Kay greatly, as did his appearance at the railway station when she and her two travelling companions left the country; he bore for each a large bunch of flowers. When I repeated this exotic tale to my mother, she remarked that Thomas Cook (the main travel agency of those days) paid for those flowers. I felt that this was dreadfully cynical, but I couldn't help feeling at the same time that my mother was probably right, and we had a laugh together about it.

I have said Christina Kay was a devout Christian. She knew how to apply her Christianity. For instance, she felt "Land of Hope and Glory" was basically anti-Christian. And we were expressly forbidden to join in any singing of the lines "Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set; God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet." Of course, she was quite right. Such teachings, the sheer logic of the contradiction inherent in them of the moral culture we honored, sank in. Miss Kay recommended to us, instead, the lines of Kipling's "Recessional": "The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings depart: Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart." More than once, Miss Kay brought home to our attention exactly *what* we were singing so lustily. We were taught not to be carried away by crowd emotions, not to be fools.

Miss Kay's scriptural lessons were among her most marvellous. She had a true sense of the poetry of the Bible. Before reaching her class, we had been taught the Scottish catechism. I loved the beginning:

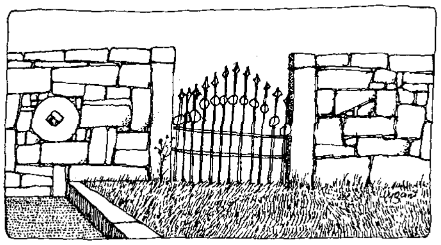
> Q. What is man's chief end?
> A. Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

We also knew the Ten Commandments.

When I was about nine, before I came to Miss Kay's class, I had a kind of religious experience. I saw a road workman knocked down or hit by a tramcar. He ran from the spot with his arms spread out and fell beside the pavement. I saw this from a place where I was playing with some other children from school. We were all speedily ushered out of the way, and so I had no means of knowing if the man had been injured, or maybe electrocuted, and if he lived or died. My father could find nothing about it in the evening paper. But the image of the workman with arms outspread stayed in my mind for a long time. I fancied he had gone to Heaven, and imagined him there in his workman's cap and overalls. I thought he liked me. I spoke to nobody about him. This image stayed with me for at least two years; then I ceased to be "haunted" by my workman. I remembered only how he once had been in my mind.

I flourished at my Scripture lessons in Miss Kay's class, she so well illustrated and explained the symbolism of both the Old Testament and the New. She made us learn the great passages by heart—the prophecy of Isaiah 53 ("Who hath believed our report?"); I Corinthians 13 on Charity ("Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels"); the song of Deborah; the song of Miriam; the Beatitudes; the Annunciation; the song of Simeon. I can recite them still.

At least twice a week after school, I would go to the public lending library in Morningside; it was in a charming nineteenth-century schoolhouse. I had lots of tickets that entitled the borrower to take out books—my own and my mother's, and also my father's when Philip didn't need them for his studies. I would bring home four books at a time, most of them poetry, for I was destined to poetry by all my mentors. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century poets were my preference—Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, and what were known as the Georgian poets (we were in the reign of George V): Edmund Blunden, Rupert Brooke, Walter de la Mare, Yeats, John Masefield, Robert Bridges, and, the only woman among them, Alice Meynell. I was always discovering new poems for Miss Kay to read. "Have you read this? Look at that," I would say. I was a passionate admirer of Masefield's narrative verse, especially "Dauber" and "Reynard the Fox." It was while I was in Miss Kay's class that I read "Jane Eyre," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," and "Cranford." I also tackled George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," without much success.



Miss Kay took Frances and me to the theatre and to concerts, sometimes to a good film, paying out of her own pocket. She begged us not to mention this to the other girls, "lest they should feel it is favoritism." Which of course it was. But she told the whole class that they were the *crème de la crème*, and meant it, because they were hers.

Among our other clandestine treats with Miss Kay were visits to modern poetic plays. There was at the time a repertory theatre company called the Arts League of Service, which we felt was very romantic. It appealed to us that the actors went round the countryside to act in small towns, sometimes sleeping in barns.

Miss Kay realized that our parents' interest in our welfare was only marginally cultural. She was determined that Frances and I should benefit from all that Edinburgh had to offer. We loved it. She felt rewarded by our response, as she told my mother years later. One of our special treats was going to hear John Masefield read his poems. This was around the time he became Poet Laureate, in 1930, and his fame was at its height. In those years, a poet could draw an immense audience. Twenty years later, when I wrote a book about Masefield, I recorded that event:

> On this occasion Mr. Masefield read parts of *Dauber*—the passage on the rounding of Cape Horn. I remember particularly how well *Minnie Maylow's Story* came over. His voice was remarkable. When he began to read everyone was aware that the poet was not shy, after all. He read like a true bard. Since then, I have heard many bards reading their own verse; most are diffident, some try to overcome this by overdramatizing. I have not heard anyone read his own work like John Masefield, as if he believed in it. He read as he might have read someone else's work, and that is a very difficult thing for a poet to do. His pronunciation was very pure, his tones very clear.

The most exciting of these outings with our beloved Miss Kay was to the Empire Theatre to see Anna Pavlova, indisputably the world's greatest dancer of her time—an event mentioned in the letter from Frances which I have already quoted. Actually, this was Pavlova's last tour. The great ballerina died shortly afterward. On this occasion, she danced "The Dying Swan." I remember the sinking swan, and the two final death taps of Pavlova's fingernails on the floor of the stage, like claws. Frances and I were now twelve years old. Both had already seen ballet dancing, but we had never thought such dancing as Pavlova's and her corps de ballet's could exist. We spoke of it together time and again afterward. We were busy, too, on various joint projects—nature stories and descriptions of life on Mars, and poems. What happened to those notebooks of ours? Who knows?

That year, I had a batch of five poems published in an anthology of young people's poems called "The Door of Youth." I was one of the youngest contributors. This fact, and the number of the poems, drew some attention to them. They had a certain lyrical quality. There was a poem about time (in which I noted that "as I write this verse on Time / that self-same Time is flying"); one about a stag hunt (in which the stag gets away); a poem about the sea, in which it features as a ravenous lion preying on ships and, in another mood, as a horse; a poem against the snaring of rabbits and against fox hunting; and a poem "To Everybody," which was used as the dedicatory item in the book.

My poems in the school magazine were often influenced by Miss Kay's lessons on relativity. One of the library books recommended by her was "The Mysterious Universe," by Sir James Jeans, a famous popular astronomer. I wrote poems about the universe, such as one in which the inhabitants of other planets "Look up to the sky and say/ 'The Earth twinkles clearly tonight.' " Miss Kay predicted my future as a writer in the most emphatic terms. I felt I hardly had much choice in the matter.

Christina Kay was an experimental teacher. Once, she separated us according to our signs of the zodiac: she had read somewhere that children of the same zodiacal sign had a special, mysterious affinity. For a time I was separated from Frances, a Capricorn, and put beside a boring Aquarian. What happened as a result of this experiment was nothing. But even that nothing Miss Kay somehow made into an interesting, a triumphant discovery.

Her father had died when she was still a girl. It had fallen to her to manage affairs for her widowed mother. She told us of the day she had to go and query a bill at the Edinburgh gas office. Our class of girls, incipient feminists, was totally enthralled by Miss Kay's account of how the clerks tittered and nudged each other: a *female* desiring to discuss the details of a gas bill! "But," said Miss Kay, "I went through that bill with the clerk, point by point. He at first said he couldn't see any mistake. But when I asked to see the manager he had another look at the bill. He consulted with one of his colleagues. Finally he came to me with a very long face. He admitted there had been an error in calculation. I made them amend the bill, and I paid it then and there. *That*," said Miss Kay, with her sweet, wise smile, "taught them to sneer at a businesslike young woman."

Miss Kay always had the knack of gaining our entire sympathy, whatever her views. She could tolerate, even admire, the Scottish aristocracy (on account of their good manners), but the English no. She made a certain amount of propaganda against English dukes, who, she explained with the utmost scorn, stepped out of their baths every morning into the waiting arms of their valets, who stood holding the bath towels and who rubbed them dry. This made us all laugh a lot. And, in fact, we often had cause for general mirth in Miss Kay's class.

After school, Miss Kay was an ardent lecturegoer. She attended lectures on such subjects as theology and German poetry, which were available to the general public at the University of Edinburgh. She went to lectures on health and "care of the hair and hands" at some other institution. She went to hear art historians and educationists. And on Sundays she would generally be at Professor Tovey's Sunday concerts in the Usher Hall. (Professor Donald Francis Tovey was Edinburgh's leading musicologist and conductor.) All these events, like her summer, Easter, and Christmas holidays, Miss Kay would bring back to school to offer up to us and enrich our lives.

I continued to enjoy a certain fame as the school's poet. I should describe

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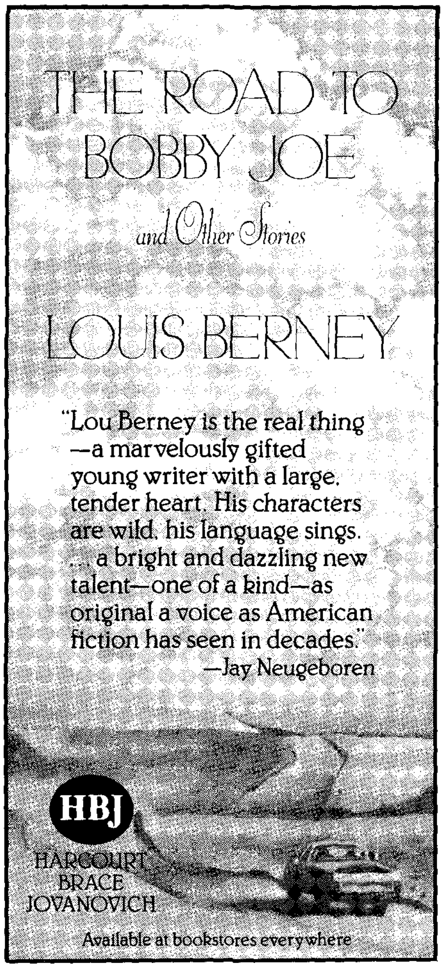
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at this point the curious and ambiguous experience I had after leaving Miss Kay's class when we all moved to the Higher Grade, as the senior school department was called. It was 1932, the year of the centenary of the death of Sir Walter Scott. A poetry competition was launched among the schools of Edinburgh by the Heather Club, a men's club founded in 1823 (for what purpose I do not know, except that it was very Scottish). I won first prize with my poem about Sir Walter Scott, and another girl at Gillespie's got third prize. The school was doubly jubilant; everyone was delighted. So delighted that I hadn't the heart, I couldn't possibly explain how I felt about the prize itself. Partly, it was a number of books, and that pleased me. But partly it was a coronet, with which I was to be crowned Queen of Poetry at some public Scott-centenary celebration. My mother was overjoyed, as was nearly everyone else, in school and out of school. I felt like the Dairy Queen of Dumfries, but I endured the experience and survived it. A star actress, Esther Ralston, did the crowning. It was a mystery to me what she had to do with poetry or Sir Walter Scott. The coronet itself was cheap-looking, I thought. The only person who openly agreed with my point of view was our reserved and usually silent headmaster, T. J. Burnett. He knew I had to go through with it now that I had won the prize, but he showed a sense of the unsuitable nature of this coronet affair. He was essentially an administrator, a man of very few words. "Tinsel," he said quietly to me, and then he made a congratulatory speech in front of the school. According to his daughter, Maida, he remarked at home, "That lassie can write." I know he was indignant for me. After the event, Miss Kay paid us a visit in the upper school with a press cutting in her hand. She said nothing to belittle the affair. But she did say, as she held up the photograph to the class, "You can see the sensitivity in that line of Muriel's arm." And, indeed, you can see an involuntary shudder in the line of my arm in the picture.

Frances, on this occasion, made me a small "laurel wreath" of colored wax, which I still treasure. With it she gave me a verse that she had composed for me:

Though on fame's dizzy heights you stand,
Though you climb ladders without end,
Please don't forget me for I am
Your dear and most devoted friend.

Fairly recently, I had occasion to remind Frances about these lines; I was also able to add that "fame's dizzy heights" are more often than not a great pain in the neck.

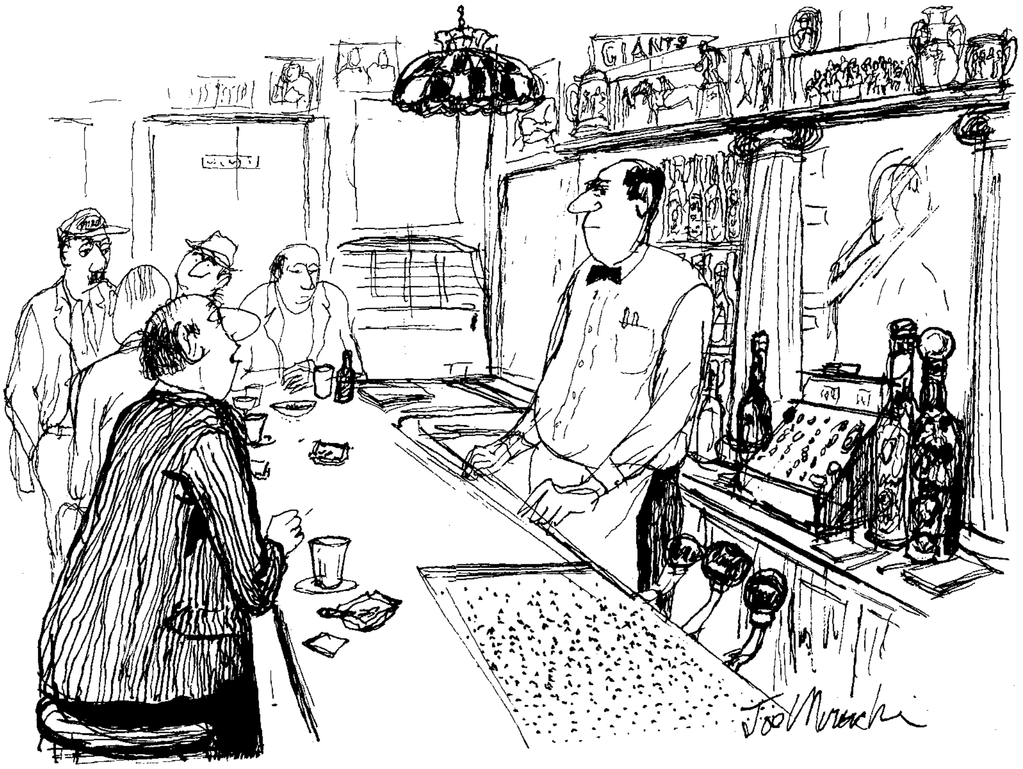
One of the good effects on me of this event was my meeting with the adjudicator of the prize, Lewis Spence, an Edinburgh poet and considerable man of letters. The classics teacher, Miss Munro (known as Beanie), and I went to tea with him at his home the Sunday after the awful ceremony. Lewis Spence was the first professional writer I had met. We talked about poetry, the essential suitability of certain forms and rhythms to certain themes. The conversation was general. I thoroughly enjoyed it. Some members of his family joined us, dispensing tea. Lewis Spence said to me, "Of course you will write as a profession." His daughter, very languid and beautiful with long hair, played the guitar and sang "La Paloma." On the way home Beanie Munro said, "She made 'La Paloma' sound quite original, hackneyed as it is."

What good times Frances and I had together! I went with Frances to Crail, a seaside town in Fife, to stay at her grandmother's house for part of the summer holidays. The North Sea was clean in those days but not always hospitable, because of its wildness. We would sit on the shore and watch the steel-gray and white-foam breakers tossing the little shipping vessels far away.

At weekends we roamed in the botanical gardens or went for walks at Puddocky (a puddock is a frog), beside the Water of Leith, then home to tea. We buried a document—I think it was a jointly written story—under an ancient tree in the botanical gardens. But what exactly it was, and why we buried it, I can't remember, except that I know it had a lot of the Celtic Twilight culture woven into it. There was a room at the top of the school where the wind was especially rumorous. I think it was the school library. Frances and I called it the "Mary Rose" room. "Mary Rose" was a play by J. M. Barrie.

THE year after Miss Kay's last class, when we were in the first forms of the upper, or senior, school, we were fully occupied in coping with our new variety of subjects, each one taught in a different classroom by a specialist teacher. We dashed from class to class. We were now also in different houses, of which there were four: Gilmore, Roslin, Spylaw, and Warrender. I was in Warrender, Frances in Roslin. It made no difference to our friendship; the system of houses applied predominantly to sports: hockey, tennis, and swimming. (Which house would win the shield?) But Frances and I sat together in class as usual.

Alison Foster (nicknamed Fossil) was an enthusiastic and friendly English teacher who edited the school magazine. Beanie, Miss Munro, taught Latin and Greek; she was pale and quiet and fairly young. There were a few male teachers. Mr. Wishart was our singing master; he got tunefulness out of us, taught us the rudiments of music, and prepared us for our annual Gilbert and Sullivan show and for our concert in the Usher Hall. There, after the prize-giving, a choir of at least seven hundred girls in white dresses and black stockings rendered many a rousing number, to the pride and delight of our parents and their friends. We ended with Blake's "Jerusalem," accompanied on the organ by Herbert Wiseman, Edinburgh's organist No. 1.



"My wife says I need professional help. You're a pro, aren't you, Ed?"

• •

The handsome art master, Arthur Couling, expressly admired my poems, but about my drawings he was expressly silent. Coolie, as he was called among the girls, was himself a practicing artist. He had some successful shows; one of his paintings, with the tantalizing title "Le Bateau à la Moustache Jaune," was bought by the Glasgow Corporation for a Glasgow gallery. Dishy Arthur Couling also painted the scenery for our dramatic performances and our light operas.

Frances lived near Coolie's house; it was in Northumberland Street. We had such a "pash" on Coolie, the infinitely glamorous, that we would walk up and down the street, quite unnecessarily, in the hope of catching sight of him. But Coolie's favorite girl was Betty Mercer, bold and clever, slightly anarchic, and very handsome. At the school dance he sat and talked to her all evening. He didn't dance with Betty, just talked. When we asked her what they had talked about, she said, "Cosmetics."

Once, when we were exasperating Coolie by our chatter in class, he said, "If you girls don't shut up I'll smash this saucer to the ground." The saucer was held high: he was trying to demonstrate the nature of an ellipse. We didn't quite shut up, so he smashed the saucer to the ground as promised. We were thrilled and astonished. I used this incident in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie."

The history master, Mr. Gordon, whom we called Jerry, was a short, fair man. I remember well his passion for the industrial revolution. The innocence of our minds and the universal decency of our schoolteachers' comportment can be gathered from the fact that he used to make me sit at the front of the class so that he could stroke my hair while teaching, without anyone thinking at all ill of him. The girls tittered quite a lot. I liked it quite a lot. There was nothing whatsoever wrong with Jerry Gordon. My former schoolmate Elizabeth has reminded me that when he saw that someone was not paying sufficient attention Jerry threw a piece of chalk at her. As Elizabeth remarks, this livened up the class.

The Greek class was extracurricular. Only three girls took Greek. We had to get to school at eight in the morning to fit in this extra lesson from Beanie Munro. I loved crossing the Links to school in the early morning, especially when snow had fallen in the night or was still falling. I walked in the virgin snow, making the first footprints of the day. The path was still lamplit, and when I looked back in the early light there was my long line of footprints leading from Bruntsfield Place—mine only. I loved the Bruntsfield Links in all seasons. In the long summer evenings of Scotland, I would practice on the Links putting green with my brother and his friends. Philip was a good and keen golfer. I would often follow him around the Links golf course for nine or even eighteen holes, helping to hunt for lost balls; and when I was old enough I took round the course my junior-sized set of three essential cleeks (clubs). These were a brassie, a mashie, and a putter. Later, my brother gave me a driver and a niblick, the shafts of which my father cut down to size for me.

Miss Forgan (Forgie) taught

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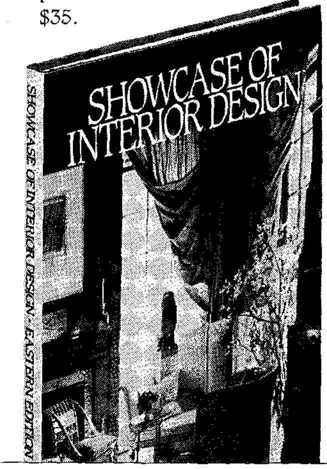
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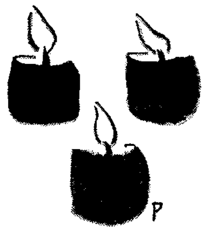
French. She never appealed to me. She was a large-boned woman of late middle age. She would come into the classroom wearing an invisible crown of thorns and heaving an aggrieved sigh. Looking back over the years, I am convinced she was ill or—who knows?—perhaps burdened with family cares: an ailing father, a war-wounded brother. I would sometimes see her in the street after school, wearily hauling her shopping bags full of "messages" that betokened a plural domestic life. I never offered to help Forgie with her shopping bags (as we were all brought up to do). I was afraid she would say no, nastily. Nevertheless, I did better at French with Forgie than I did with any other French teacher. This included the Mademoiselle who came from France to teach us for a year, and whom we were at great pains to follow. She spoke rapidly and volubly and was delighted with herself. She was very pretty. We were thoroughly dazed. Another French teacher was J. G. Glen, a mild man with white hair. He never taught me, but one of his pupils has since told me that once having learned Mr. Glen's French there was no possibility of ever pronouncing it right for the rest of one's life.



Mabel Marr, small and efficient, with her white coat, presided over the science room, alternating with Margaret Napier (Nippy), a highly qualified, rosy-cheeked woman, who also taught mathematics. So far I had been slow at arithmetic, but algebra and geometry appealed to me greatly, largely because of Miss Napier's teaching. For some odd reason, she showed faith in me, knowing me to be a poet. The result was that I got high marks in both science and mathematics. I still have my science book, in which we wrote up our guided "experiments." I loved the science room, with its benches and sinks, its Bunsen burners, its burettes, pipettes, test tubes, and tripod stands.

"Unless you specialize in chemistry or physics," said Nippy, "you will partially forget all this when you leave school. But as soon as you are reminded of any particular aspect it will come back to you." She was right. In spite of the claptrap, when I look at my science book it comes back clearly to me that, following an experiment involving the burning of phosphorous in an enclosed space of air over water, the conclusion is: "When a substance is burned in air (or tarnish is formed) ⅕ of the air is used up. Therefore ⅘ will be left. Hence the atmosphere consists of ⅕ of active air (a gas able to combine readily with substances) and ⅘ inactive air (a gas difficult to combine)." When I contemplate this in my schoolgirl handwriting, I see again the apparatus—bell jar, phosphorous, crucible lid, the trough, the water. I smell again the peculiar and dynamic smell of Gillespie's science room. Like all schoolchildren, we called our science lessons "stinks."

An alternative science and maths teacher was the wandlike Sandy Buchan, who impressed on us the dangers of trusting in appearances, especially where colorless, odorless, and tasteless matter was concerned. He put to us the awful caution:

Poor little Tommy Jones
We'll see him no more,
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.

I remember his enunciation of "colorless, odorless, and tasteless" in a precise Edinburgh voice. I reflected then, and still reflect, that there are people like that: no color, no taste, no smell. The moral is, avoid them; they might be poison. Sandy Buchan looked very elegant crossing the Links with his hat, gloves, walking stick, and long winter coat, but for sex appeal he couldn't compete with Coolie.

Another teacher who was under the impression that my bent for literature might add something to her class was Miss Anderson (Andie), who taught gym and dancing and was head games mistress. I was no good, really, at gym, and little better at dancing. As for games, I was what the hockey captain called "one of the spectators." But Andie would ask me to comment on our dancing, mostly folk dancing. She wanted me to give some imaginative life to it. Once, I was sitting cross-legged on the floor leaning against the parallel bars of the gymnasium and watching a group of girls performing a dance called The Mill when Andie asked me what I thought of it. I can't recall exactly what I replied, except that it was an exercise in diplomacy. I stood up and said something about the dancing being lovely but the dance not: to represent a mill the tempo should be speeded up. I think that this satisfied Andie and that she made our accompanist play faster. Frances was a very graceful dancer. In fact, she grew up to be a tall beauty; it was rightly said that she moved like a swan. And she always maintained her sweet nature.

Andie herself was an enormous, an athletic-looking woman, yet very light on her feet. The girdle of her gym tunic was tied round her hips, as was the fashion then, and tied in a very precise bow. That girdle would have gone three times round the average woman's hips. Andie's features were regular, her hair marcel waved. She would arrive at school in her own little black car, very sporting, wearing a dark leather coat. One of her pupils remembers how excellent she was as a Scottish folk dancer, participating in public performances in Princes Street Gardens. To my memory, her gymnastic feats would have been amazing even if she had not had to heave around that large bulk. She seemed to have built-in springs like the new mattresses that were coming on the market in our parts.

Although I was not much support to my team at hockey, I had to put in some afternoons at our playing fields at Meggetland, in southwest Edinburgh. I had a hockey stick that I had acquired cheaply from an older girl who had grown out of it. But I needed hockey boots. My father couldn't afford them; just at that moment he had bills to pay—no, hockey boots were impossible. I played in my ordinary walking shoes a few times, but very soon afterward my father appeared one evening after work with a pair of secondhand hockey boots. They were a perfect fit. I was overjoyed, especially as those boots had a rather kicked-about and experienced look; they were not at all novices in the field. My father smiled round the room, delighted with his success.

Who was Blossom? I cannot remember her real name, but I see her neat figure and pleasant face. She taught botany and sometimes took a Latin class. The Misses Kirkwood and Lynn taught sewing in those days before electric machines had reached the school. They both had pretty hands, which I much admired, but no style at all. The summer dresses they made us cut out and sew up were hideous, unwearable. The slippers we were induced to knit made one look like Minnie Mouse. Still, Frances and I filled in the sewing period, three-quarters of an hour a week, with quiet conversations about the poetry we were writing. Quiet, though not whispered, conversations were encouraged in the sewing class, for we sewed in pairs.

I believe Mr. Brash taught geography. He was young and fairly good-looking, but we thought him, in our jargon, "a Jessie." This does not mean homosexual in Scotland; it means slightly effeminate.

When the staff annually played the school's first hockey eleven, how vigorous they all were. How they pounded down the field, waving their sticks, especially Coolie and large, lusty, red-haired Mr. Tate, a maths teacher. The staff players sometimes slipped and fell on the muddy field, to the heartless applause and ironic encouragement of the onlookers assembled round the edge. Andie led the staff team, sometimes to glory. ("Go it, Nippy!" "Well saved, Andie!")

It was sixty years ago. The average age of those high-spirited and intelligent men and women who taught us was about forty; they were in their prime. I cannot believe they are all gone, all past and over, gone to their graves, so vivid are they in my memory, one and all.

I think we enjoyed an advantage over boarding-school pupils in our well-organized and friendly day school. We had the benefit of a parallel home life, equally full of daily events, and the impinging world of people different from our collegiate selves. Comparing our young youth with the lives of teen-agers over the intervening years, Frances has lately written to me, "We had the best life, Muriel." In spite of the fact that we had no television, that in my home at least we had no electricity all during the thirties (only beautiful gaslight), that there were no antibiotics and no Pill, I incline to think that Frances is right. —MURIEL SPARK

•

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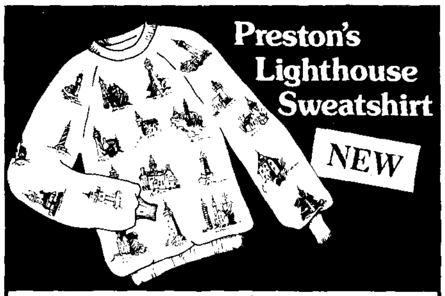

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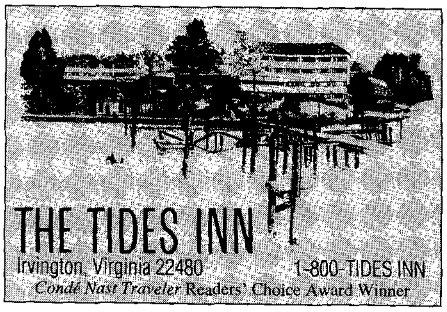
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“Bitter Healing: German Women Writers, 1700-1830,” edited by Jeannine Blackwell and Susanne Zantop (Nebraska; $38.50 cloth; $14.95 paper), is a model anthology. It includes talented work in several genres—poetry, fiction, memoirs, letters, and a one-act play—and the translators are specialists who have an ear for language. Fifteen authors appear, in chronological order, each provided with a short biography and a bibliography that lists works in German and in English translation, as well as criticism in English. Unfortunately, the *editors present their work with* apologies that seem to belittle the writers they've chosen—and, indeed, the valuable enterprise itself. Their preface doesn't begin to suggest how much good writing they've assembled; a historical foreword, by Ms. Zantop, concentrates, instead, on recapitulating almost a millennium of discouragements to women writers, including such horrors as the peculiar virulence of witch-hunting in the lands that later became Germany. With the eighteenth century, she reports, things looked up: publishing, one of the period's infant industries, turned to the small cadre of educated women for cheap, reliable labor. But as soon as German women established themselves as professional translators, editors, and writers, men began to devalue their work, alleging (for example) that women couldn't compose serious literature, because they were denied broad experience of the world. Since eighteenth- and nineteenth-century people knew as well as we do that still-lifes may be as profound as battle paintings, it's hard to believe that anyone took this guff seriously, but Blackwell and Zantop maintain that misogynist belittlement persuaded women writers to conceal their originality and rebelliousness, and that it also persuaded German literary historians to exclude women's writing from the canon. Blackwell and Zantop come very close to arguing that we should read their book as a gesture of reparation.

It is true, of course, that, like Ruth the Moabitess, contemporary feminist literary historians glean after the reapers have supposedly taken the cream of the crop. But we also know that all works of the past continually require reconsideration, whether or not gender is an issue. (Any history of taste recalls that for centuries “Gothic” was a term of critical contempt.) Rereading neglected women writers may give us fresh insights into the concerns of half our species and into the development of literary audiences. But feminist excavations may also disinter writers who give us pleasure by their writing. Why, then, do the editors remark in their preface that “ ‘Literary quality’ is, after all, a matter of taste, of class, of education, all of which are historically and socially determined”? It's a generalization that needs so much qualifying it's scarcely worth making, and I'm sorry to see it here: the editors seem to be preparing their readers for disappointment when they don't have to. The editors warn, correctly, that not one of these women writers was Goethe. But, then, only Goethe was Goethe, and we don't have to renounce discrimination to enjoy work that may not be absolutely great but is still very good. One unnecessary excuse the foreword offers is that most of these writers didn't think of themselves as Serious Artists, but wrote because they needed money. The difficulty of supporting oneself as a professional writer has always been enormous; that a number of these women did so is an indication of their ability. Perhaps I shouldn't quarrel with the editors of a volume I admire, but feminists shouldn't beg when in fact they're bestowing.

"A pharaoh who lived by the Nile
Was thought, in his land, to be vile.
While scolding his daughter
He fell into the water
And was eaten by an old crocodile."
S. Harris

The three autobiographies in this book, for example, are real gifts to the reader. All three memoirists populate their worlds with people who are individuals yet are still recognizable as kinds of characters we encounter—a crazy employer, a mother worn down by poverty, an overworked middle-class father. The earliest, by Johanna Eleonore Petersen (1644-1724), a noblewoman who was converted to Pietism, recalls its author's religious evolution in forthright prose. Readers will find entertainment in Petersen's unself-conscious self-portrait of a precociously pious, hyper-scrupulous youngster who presented the Duke and Duchess of Holstein with a baffling personnel problem: an attractive young lady-in-waiting who was too virtuous for their respectable court. The second autobiographer, Anna Luisa Karsch (1722-91), was a poor peasant who became a poet. She may remind you of Louisa May Alcott's Jo March, another natural writer growing up in a poor family. Karsch contrived to find books even when she was forbidden to waste time reading, and her tenacious memory retained the words of hundreds of hymns and poems, which, in time, she tells us, inspired her to write poetry. Henriette Herz (1764-1847) was the daughter of one physician and the wife of another. She finished her memoirs in her old age, when the memory of her Berlin salon of the seventeen-eighties and nineties glowed (as it still does) in Prussia's intellectual and artistic history. Herz recalls the provincial simplicity of the eighteenth-century capital she once adorned, and modestly describes her husband's knowledge of science and philosophy as the magnet that first attracted celebrities (the Humboldts, for instance) to their home. Like Rahel Varnhagen (1771-1833), another Berlin hostess, who is represented in this collection by several wonderfully ebullient letters, Herz was Jewish (she was baptized in later life), and she had no idea that her autobiography would one day acquire poignance as an account of German Jewish life and a reminder that Christians and Jews collaborated closely—and, apparently, without much sense of distance or difference—in one of Germany's most creative periods.

The editors suggest that women writers were especially attracted to certain genres. Among them was the fairy tale, which allows subtle criticism of things as they are—as in Benedikte Naubert's (1756-1819) enchanting, funny "The Cloak"—or visions of the way things might be, as in "The Queen's Son," by Bettina von Arnim (1785-1859), which imagines a verbal equivalent of a Hicks "Peaceable Kingdom." (If science fiction is a descendant of fairy tales, then contemporary women who write serious science fiction—Le Guin, Lessing—repeat this pattern.) Describing the constraints on women writers, the editors say that their writers "often veil highly explosive 'revolutionary' situations," and advise us to "read between the lines, and to unveil the conflicts that the texts carefully cover up." However, I find realism as prominent as obfusca-

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Upcoming Events

March 25-27 Art Kara, Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, Key West.
March 25-27 Tony Chimento, Lane Gallery, Key West.
March 25-30 "Deathtrap"—Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, Key West.
March 25-30 Susan Farago, Harrison's Gallery, Key West.
March 25-31 Student Show, Florida Keys Community College, Key West.
March 25-31 Don Pinder, "The Sleeping Island" East Martello Museum, Key West.
March 25-31 "Eastern Standard"—Waterfront Playhouse, Key West.
March 25-31 Purple Isle Juried Exhibition, Key Largo Public Library, Key Largo.
March 25-April 7 John Kiraly, Gingerbread Gallery, Key West.
March 25-April 7 "Cover of Life"—Red Barn Theatre, Key West.
March 28-April 6 Scott Jones, Lane Gallery, Key West.
March 28-April 12 Cricket Judd, Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, Key West.
March 29-31 Springtime Art Fair, Last Resort Art Collective, Marathon.
April 1 Budapest Brass, Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, Key West.
April 4-5 Key West Classics, Waterfront Playhouse, Key West.
April 4-17 David Pole, Lane Gallery, Key West.
April 6 First Bahama Saturday Festival, Bahama Village, Key West.
April 6 Gail Tremitiere, Patrons of Bach, Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, Key West.

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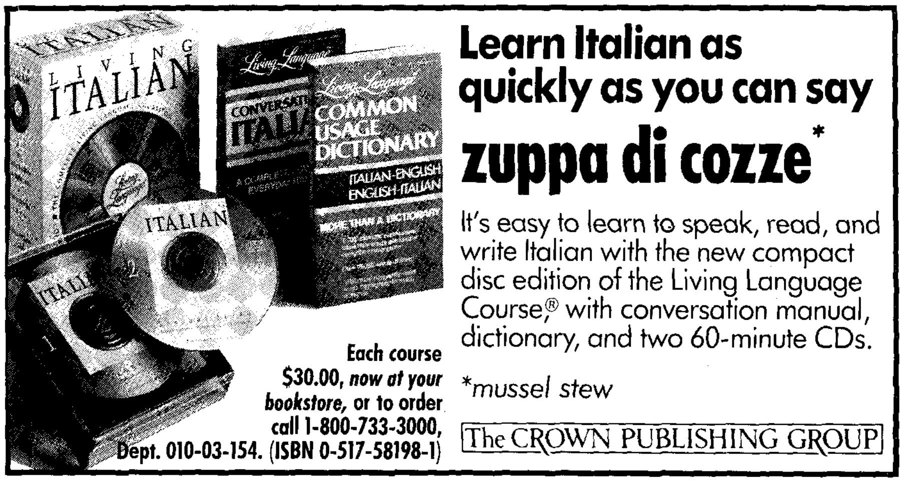
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The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP

tion, penetration as evident as tact. Even a sentimental, didactic tale—"Two Sisters," by Sophie von La Roche (1730-1807)—features a heroine shrewd enough to point out that when we've injured people we're apt to dislike them precisely because we've injured them. And "Ledwina," a technically accomplished unfinished novel, by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff (1797-1848), whose Romantic heroine resembles its author in that she is an ailing and somewhat isolated daughter of country nobility who appreciates scenery and sympathizes with peasants, brings us people making un-Romantic calculations. When Ledwina's mother and a friend discuss their daughters' futures, they conclude that spinsterhood is preferable to marriage to a poor man, because "the decision to support one's daughter for life is better than the likelihood that the family will later spend generations trying in vain to patch up the sad circumstances of her descendants."

And there's the remarkable story by Sophie Mereau (1770-1806) called "Flight to the City." Its narrator, a girl who is fifteen when the story starts, flees an arranged marriage by running away with a lover, Albino. In the big city, the youngsters make a charming new acquaintance, an actor named Felix. Soon, however, Felix deviously separates them and then persuades the heroine to follow him onto the stage. She's a hit—she and Albino fell in love acting in amateur theatricals—but Felix is an overbearing and possessive lover, and she leaves him for a gentle artist, who dies. When Albino finds her again, she is a star, and he has made a fortune by gambling and investing. They decide to marry and go home: "Nothing seemed funnier to us than to remember how we had once left our country as heroes, full of pathos, and now returned, imperceptibly transformed into married bourgeois." In her biographical preface to the story, Jacqueline Vansant, its translator, sees it containing "a passionate plea for free choice, for love and pleasure without guilt and without society's interference," but I read it as a witty narrative whose sparkle portrays the reality that young people may be shallow, impulsive, and narcissistic without being deeply evil, and that thoughtless adolescents often become middle-aged pillars of society. (I can't think of another heroine as unflappable as Mereau's until 1932, when James Laver's comic novel "Nymph Errant" introduced nineteen-year-old Evangeline Edwards.) Zantop's foreword mentions that the Prussian civil code not only permitted divorce—several of the authors, including Mereau, were divorced—but allowed married women some control over their own property. Prussia has never been widely associated with liberty, the way England was—Blondchen, in "The Abduction from the Seraglio," announces in a Turkish harem that, since she's English, she's born to freedom, a cliché boast apparently familiar to Mozart's Viennese audience—and so it's a shock to realize that Prussian women at this period were freer than their English and American sisters. I wonder if Mereau was able to imagine a story that feels so very modern because she enjoyed a few modern freedoms.

There are some examples of eighteenth-century sentimentality, but fewer than you'd expect. More often we hear the authoritative voices of people who know they can cope. For example, Dorothea Mendelssohn Veit Schlegel (1764-1839), between marriages, concisely reports in a letter to a solicitous friend both the poverty and the relief that divorce has brought her: "This is in a few words all I *own*—but how shall I enumerate everything that I *am rid* of?" Dorothea published her work under her (second) husband's name, but she wasn't awestruck by masculine greatness: in a letter to Rahel Varnhagen she describes the poet Novalis as "common," and, though she's thrilled to meet Goethe, she can't help regretting that he's grown fat. A similar casual response is Caroline Schlegel-Schelling's (1763-1809) comment that "Hegel plays the *galant*, the Cicisbeo for everyone."

References to spinning and sewing document the demands on the time of these women, but another aspect of their lives—the prevalence of sickness and sudden death in the days before scientific medicine—is rarely mentioned. (There is one heartbreaking letter in which Caroline Schlegel-Schelling describes the death of her two-year-old daughter. She was to lose all her children.) Women, of course, were particularly at risk—Mereau died in childbirth—but men died untimely, too; their death often made it necessary for these women to work.

Several of the writers received considerable recognition in their own time: Naubert, who wrote anonymously, was one of the era's best-sellers (deservedly, I'd say, on the basis of "The Cloak"), and, in the trade, anyhow, her identity seems to have leaked out: the editors tell us that Sir Walter Scott credited her with inspiring his historical novels, and according to Denis Sweet's biographical note Wilhelm Grimm consulted her before he and his brother published their fairy-tale collections. To be sure, the writers in this volume weren't all successes or survivors. The poet Karoline von Günderrode (1780-1806) committed suicide. Bettina von Arnim's memoir of their friendship suggests an emotional instability that I don't find in either of two poems by Günderrode included in the anthology. But generally, however candid these women's letters or troubled their lives, their published works rarely suggest that they were needy or depressed. When I read Petersen explaining how she knows, for a certainty, that we're all going to be saved, or Dorothea Schlegel describing her ideal novel in the unpublished dedication to her own novel, or Naubert cheerfully mocking fantasy as she weaves fantasy, I suspect that people who take up pens against a sea of troubles forget their troubles in the pleasure of invention.

—Naomi Bliven

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CULINARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From Downtown News, a community paper in Los Angeles*]

On Valentine's Day, Salisbury Manor is serving a $35 per person dinner which includes Chive Potato Crepes, Prime Rib, Lemon Sorbet and a harpist.

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ATTENTION

Youth Club members and parents: The study of Presbyterian Sex scheduled for October 12 & 13 has been cancelled.
—*Postcard from the First Presbyterian Church of Pueblo, Colo.*

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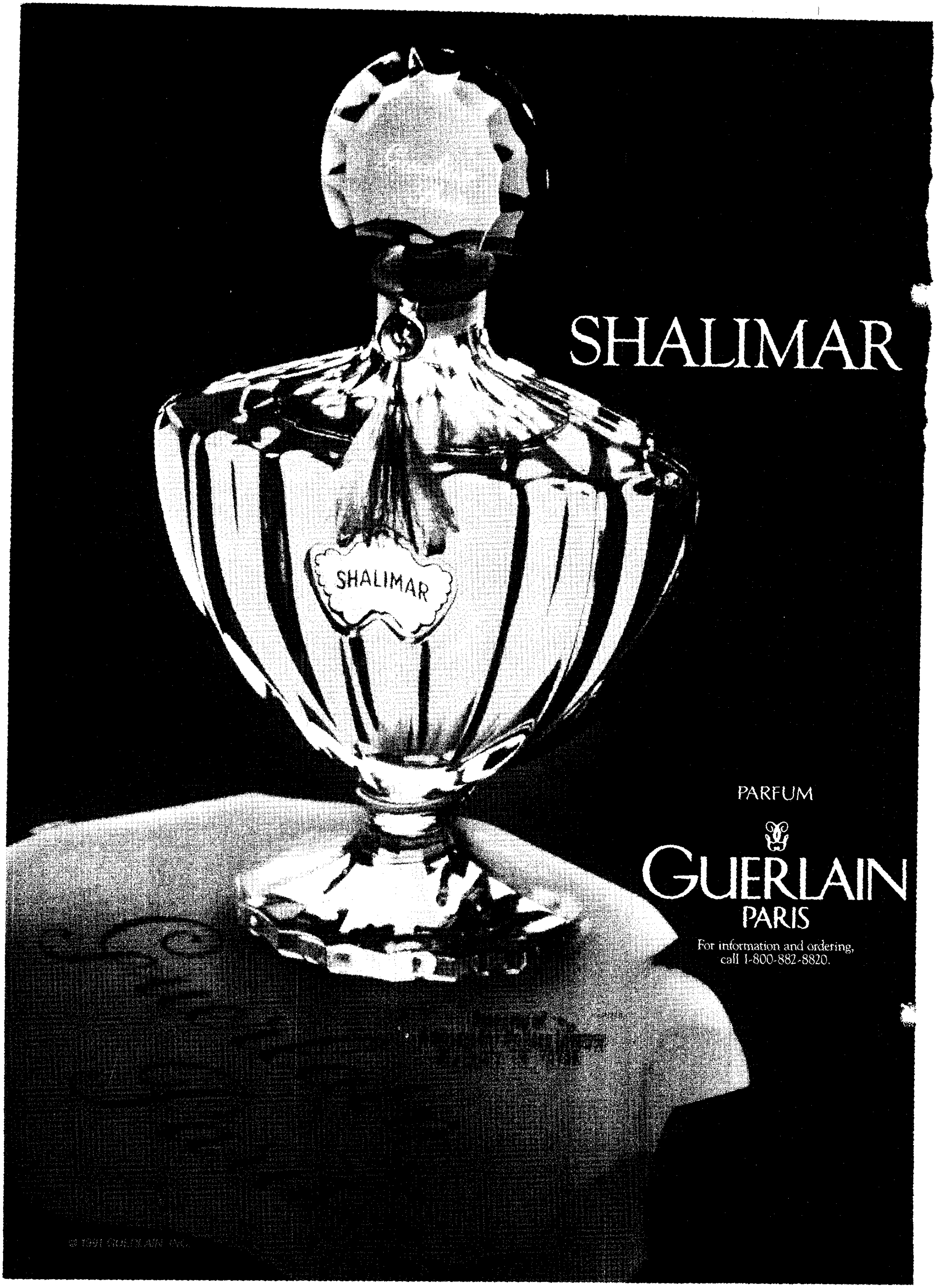

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